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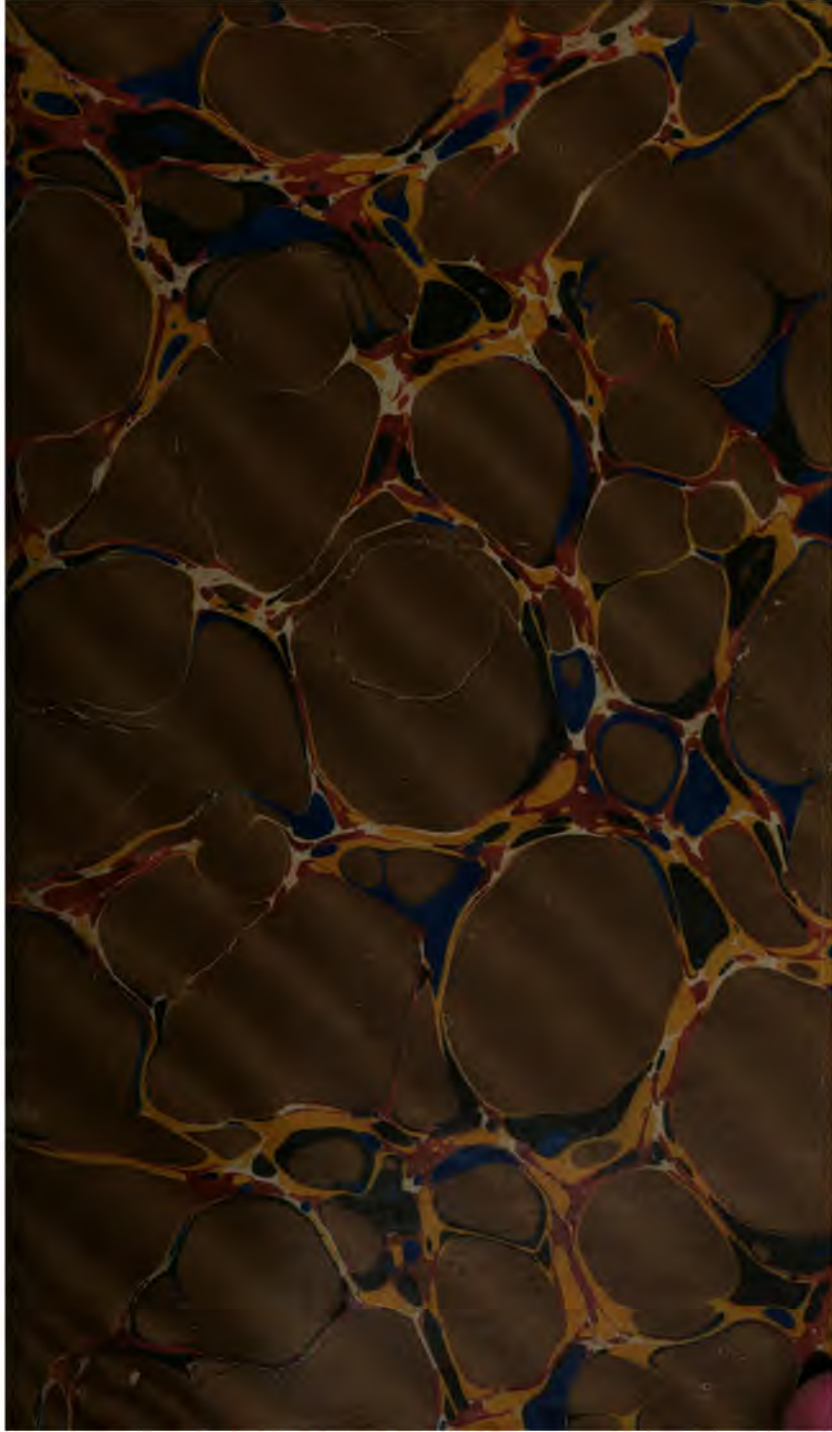
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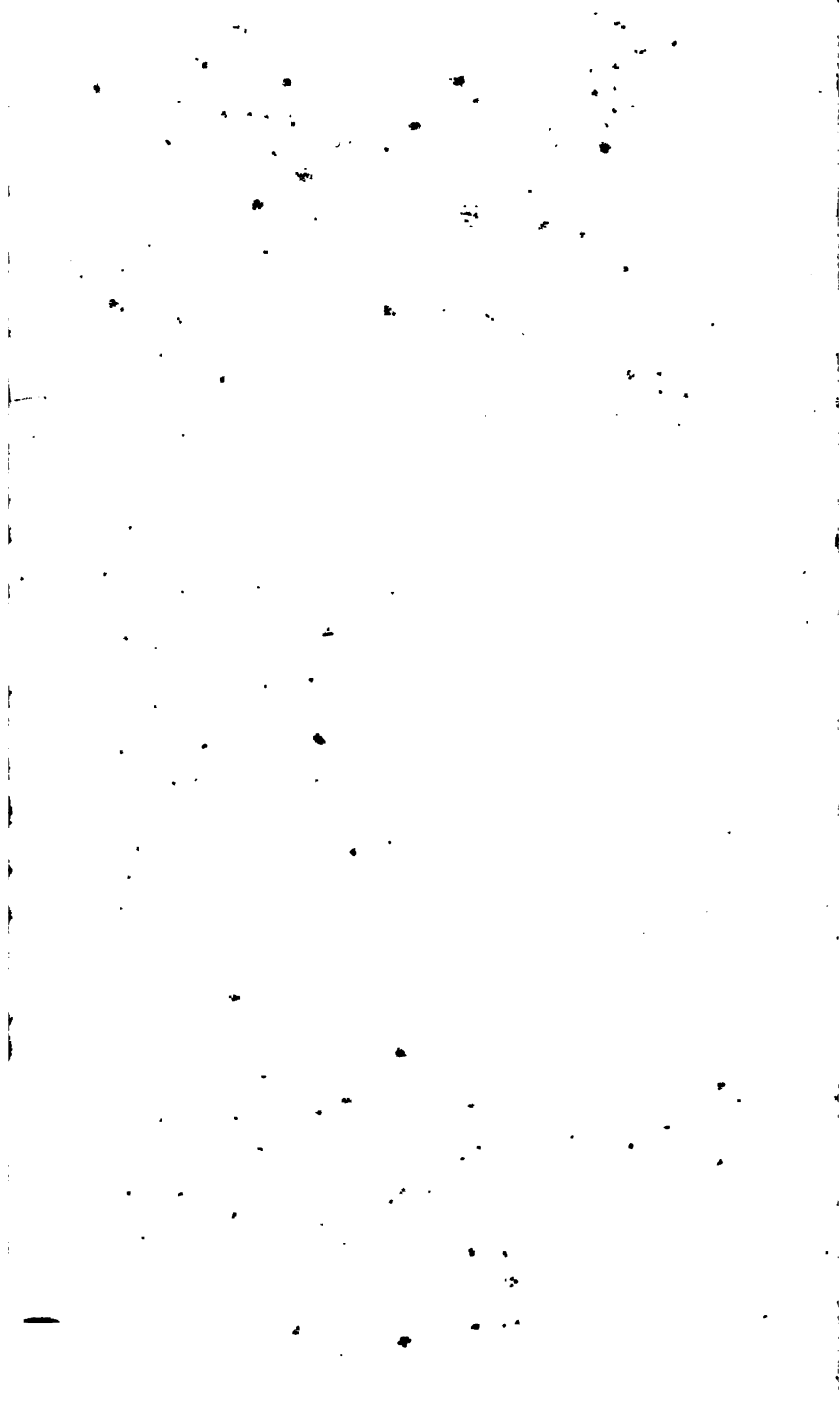
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PICTURES
OF
T H E W O R L D.

VOL. III.
THE ENTHUSIASTS.



PICTURES
OF
THE WORLD

AT HOME AND ABROAD;

BY
THE AUTHOR OF
"TREMAINE," "DE VERE," "HUMAN LIFE,"
&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.
THE ENTHUSIASTS.

Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ.—HORACE.

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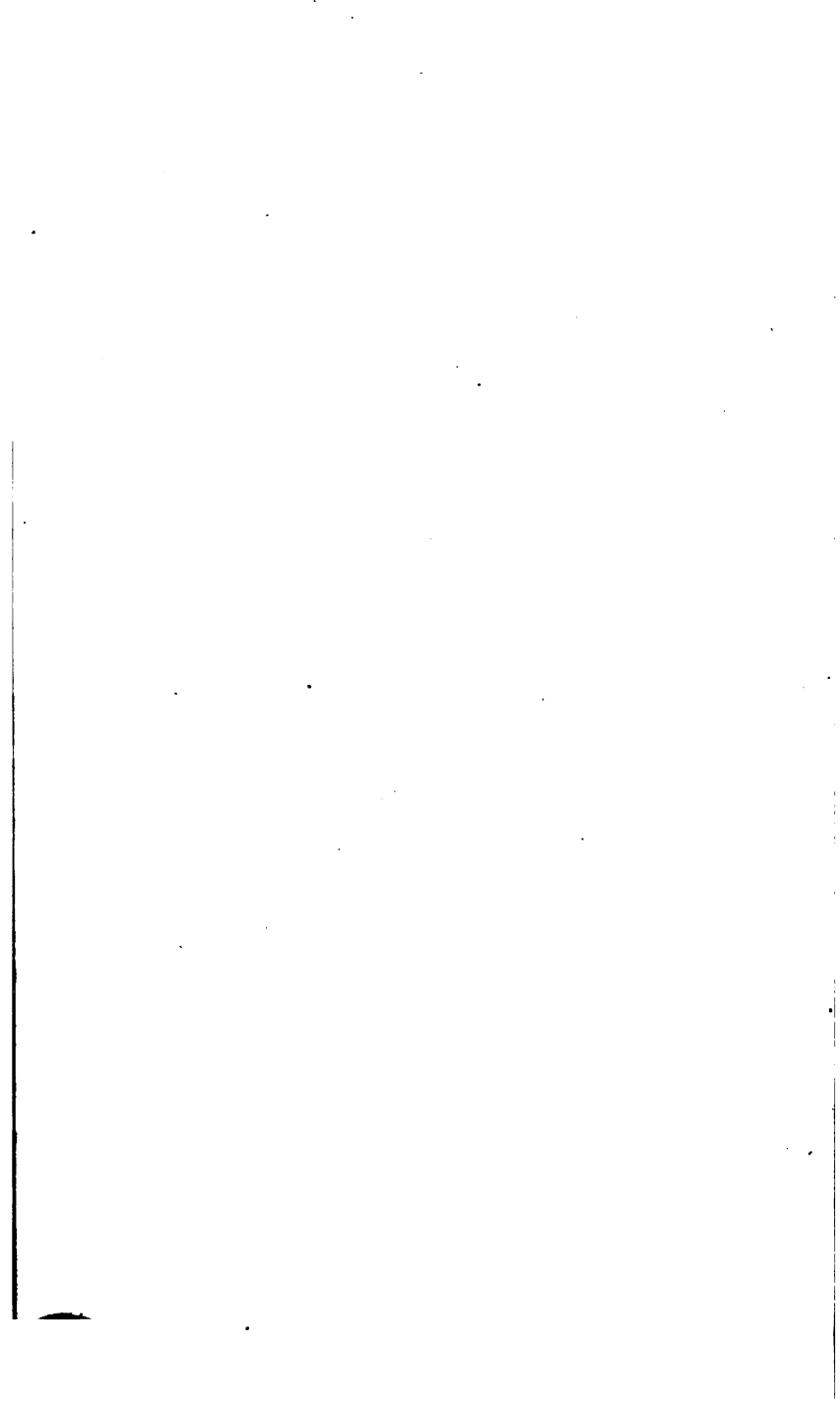


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THE ENTHUSIASTS.

VOL. III.

B



P R E F A C E.

I HAVE no reason for wishing to give the following letters and papers to the world, but that they seem to me to exhibit in its true and proper colours the hideousness of Ultra Radicalism, as it has existed in other times, and as it actually does now in some places exist. It may therefore, like other pictures of depravity which inspire detestation, do good.

It may be said there is no such being as Herzstein, at least in our own moral and peaceable nation.

Are we then indeed so happy, so moral, and so peaceable? And has not assassination, incendiarism, and resistance to authority, been openly

both preached and practised among us, by self-created judges, who claim to supersede the laws of the land : many of them even bound by their duties to enforce them ?

I shall be happy therefore if any young and inflamed son of supposed liberty, like Rheindorf, should, like him, retrieve his errors, from seeing their tendency in time ; though not like him.

But I must not anticipate.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

ON

ENTHUSIASM.

WHAT is Enthusiasm? Madness, says one. A heated imagination approaching to it, says another. A divine afflatus, says a third. An absorption by some great passion, that will not listen to reason, says a fourth. An exaltation of the fancy, beyond the truth of things, says a fifth. A belief that we are chosen by Heaven, for some great purpose, says a sixth.

All these accounts agree in showing that, with or without reason, Enthusiasm is some very strong or violent affection of the mind, impelling to action; but none of them demonstrate of what character that affection must be; that is, whether it necessarily impel to good, or to evil. Hence a very wicked, as well as a very good man, may be an enthusiast, or, as it is called, *numine percitus*.

Hence, also, it must depend upon the character and disposition of the man, whether his enthusiasm benefit the world, or fill it with crime.

Hume, among his Essays, has one upon Enthusiasm ; but though he professes to treat of it generally, he confines it, I think, to Religious Enthusiasm ; whereas, according to the above account, this is only a part, though a very important part, of the subject at large. He calls it a species of false religion (which it certainly may be) ; but it is evident that this is only one of its divisions, and cannot be the definition of the whole thing.

Hume describes his own notion of it, however, strongly, if not accurately : “ The mind of man,” says he, “ is subject to an unaccountable elevation and presumption, arising from prosperous success, from luxuriant health, from strong spirits, or a bold and confident disposition. In such a state of mind, the imagination swells with great, but confused, conceptions, to which no sublunary beauties or enjoyments can correspond. Every thing mortal and perishable vanishes, as unworthy of attention ; and a full range is given to the fancy, in the invisible regions, or world of spirits, where the soul is at liberty to indulge itself in every imagination which may best suit its present taste and disposition. Hence arise raptures, transports, and surprising flights of fancy ; and confidence and presumption still increasing, these raptures, being altogether unaccountable, and seeming quite beyond the reach of our ordinary faculties, are attributed to the immediate inspiration of that Divine Being who is the object of devotion ; and the fanatic madman delivers himself over, blindly and without reserve, to the supposed illapses of the spirit, and to inspiration from above.

Hope, pride, presumption, a warm imagination, together with ignorance, are, therefore, the true sources of Enthusiasm."

This is an able description, and in many things just. But is it so in all? No! Even if it only apply to Religious Enthusiasm (to which, as I have said, I believe Hume confined it), it is not quite correct. Hope, pride, presumption, and ignorance, *may be*, and are often, sources of enthusiasm; but not *the* (if that mean *exclusive*) sources of it. The Apostles had hope, and the influence of the Spirit; but even if that were fancy, were they proud, ignorant, and presumptuous? To be sure, the modern apostles Calvin, John Knox, and the mob of bloody sectaries in England and Scotland, in Germany and Switzerland, were not deficient in those respects, any more than the Romanists. But was Luther ignorant? Was Melancthon proud? Were Fénelon, Massillon, Bossuet, or Porteus? Were the good Bishops Hall and Horne, the latter of whom resolved almost every word of the Psalms into prophecies and types of Christ, in the same manner as the enthusiast St. Jerome turned every bit or twig of wood mentioned in Scripture into an emblem of his cross? Was Jones of Nayland, or Bishop Kidder, of this description? The first of these proved the Trinity, as he said, to *demonstration*, because Isaiah happened to dream that he had seen Jehovah, and heard voices singing holy! holy! holy! (three persons therefore); and the last saw a certain type of our Saviour feeding the multitude with the five loaves, in Joseph's buying up corn in a famine.

These things prove enthusiasm and folly with a vengeance ; but in the instances of the sincere persons named, they prove any thing but pride and presumption.

So much for Hume's *religious* enthusiasts.

But if the description is meant to include all enthusiasts, it is still less accurate. View the different species of this great class. Was Petrarch proud, presumptuous, or ignorant ? Yet he was an enthusiast of the first order, in love. So was Cæsar, in ambition ; Alexander, in military glory ; Appius Claudius, in patrician feelings ; the Gracchi, in plebeian ; Scylla and Marius, in lust of power ; Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in chivalry ; and Hampden, Sydney, and Ludlow, in democracy. Lord Russell, in Anti-Popery, was a greater bigot than the papists themselves ; but I apprehend, whatever their pride and presumption, none of these were ignorant or fanatical.

This is rather excursive ; but Hume is by many thought so deep a philosopher, that I have deemed it right in the outset to clear my way from the inaccuracies of the account, eloquent as it is, which so considerable a person seems to have thrown about the subject.

The history of this powerful source of action, its different natures, its results, its effects upon society, upon governments, upon laws, upon religion, and upon conduct, would be an instructive and most interesting philosophical research.

I wish I had powers or stores enough to engage in

it, or even to make a commencement, much more to bring it to an end.

Enthusiasm is certainly a great source of our greatest actions. No toil, trouble, or danger, can withstand it ; it unbars gates of adamant, hews down forests moves, mountains, and turns the course of rivers. It impels the soldier to the storm of the fortified rock ; the sailor to brave the splitting tempest ; both

“ To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bosom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.”

What did it not do for

“ Macedonia’s madman, or the Swede?”

What for Columbus? What for Montrose? What for Nelson?

In poetry, how are we not carried away by the fire of its priests! How do we follow the flaming chariots of Homer over the plains of Troy? With Milton penetrate the gates of Heaven, and tell “of things invisible to mortal sight ;” or when the storm rages without, and while beneath the nations tremble, with Shakespeare, “look abroad from some high cliff superior, and enjoy the elemental strife.”*

But when Gray apostrophises his instrument with this rapture,

“ O! lyre divine, what daring spirit wakes thee now?”

* The fine thought, of which this is an epitome, is in Akenside.

do we not feel that he is one of those who are *æstro percussi* ?" *

If we turn to the softer scenes of poesy, will not the same enthusiasm refine our best pleasures? Can we walk the forest without seeing Comus, or the Genius of the Wood in its green shrouds, or perhaps, like Horace perceive Calliope herself?

" Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire, et videor pios
Errare per lucos." †

Or may we not, under this *amabilis insania*, hear the nightingale, even though she be silent,

" Warble at eve when all the woods are still."

Such are the sweet illusions of the favoured few, whether of old or modern bards, really *æstro percussi*.

But what shall we say to the other arts, ennobling or soothing the soul with contemplation holy? To Music, Painting, or Sculpture, filling us with wonder? Michael Angelo, when he sees the Pantheon rising from the ground, exclaiming with noble confidence, " I will have one also, but it shall be in the air !"—Timotheus, or him who sung him better than *he* sung Alexander; or Handel, the very exemplification of that magic power that can

" Dissolve us into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes."

But can we forget love, whose very high priest is Enthusiasm—without the excitement of which the pas-

* Struck with poetic emotion.

† Ad Calliopen. l. iii. c. iv.

sion would be drowsiness, dulness, and mere hebetation, instead of delicious vehemence, raised hope, and a swelling heart? Even its melancholy is sweet, and the enthusiast is often happier in the thought of one who never smiled upon him, than of another who never frowned.

'Twas this that drove Camillo to the mountains; made George Douglas devote his life to a queen and mistress of whom he despaired; and Petrarch think his hopeless complainings to the groves and fountain of Vaucluse sweeter than all the success of ambition.

Petrarch must have been a lover of nature. Has that lover, even without a mistress, nothing to derive from enthusiasm? Behold St. Bruno, the pious! the holy! the sublime! climbing over pathless rocks, and savage fells,* the better to survey the works of Heaven. He listens to the roar of the torrent, and enjoys the roll of the thunder as it echoes from steep to steep. He penetrates the dark night of the forest,† and, at every step, is kindled with higher and higher contemplations of the Deity. He halts; he pauses! He is seeking for the most appropriate spot on which to erect a temple to perpetuate his religious admiration. His heart is full of genius, as well as of religion; his hands are raised; his eyes sparkle; he kneels; he worships; he adores!—In such a scene God seems more present

* "Per invias rupes, fera per juga."

† Nemorumque noctem.

to him,* and the enthusiasm which founded the Chartreuse is consummate!

But what shall we say to thee, thou brilliant and delightful Claude; priest of the sun, and, to an admiring world, dispenser of its light, its warmth, and its loveliness? Even winter has no gloom for thee! Sure nature in all her glory hung over thy cradle when thou wert born! the Muses were thy nurses, and Phœbus himself filled thy heart with a portion of his own fire!

Nor less was he who seemed to share the enthusiasm of the Baptist, when he showed him in the wilderness, warning a generation of vipers to flee from the wrath to come. Observe the rocks and wild foliage of the desert; desert no longer after his preaching began. I would wish to hail the enthusiasm of others, in pourtraying the lovely imagery of scenes of nature, whether sylvan and wild, or domestic and polished, such as are traced by the magic of Poussin, or Wouvermans; but this of Salvator is enough to show what high-wrought things can be done by the enthusiast in this branch of representation. See the multitudes of would-be converts, who flock around this lover of nature and retirement, to gather the awful truths that fall from his lips; more awful for scenery so vividly painted.†

And are there not enthusiasts who enjoy still more the reality, without being able to represent it? Yes!

* "Presentionem conspicimus decem."

† The allusion is to the wonderful picture, by Salvator Rosa, of St. John preaching in the wilderness.

and where the enthusiasm is real and lasting, and not merely temporary, or from love of change, they are capable of a delight unknown to the denizen of the world. The admirer of nature in pencilled portraits, admires her still more in her real charms. The woods, the rivers, the hills, the vallies, speak living language to his heart. They move all his contemplations, whatever their character ; they excite his wonder, his reverence, his love ; they people his mind with imaginary beings ; hamadryads or fairies, and even angels, will not refuse to appear if his thoughts court them.

In short, the landscape-lover sees his own soul in the scene ; it excites his cheerfulness, or soothes his melancholy. The lover, like Orlando, is found " marring trees with love-songs in their bark ;" the high-hoping youth breathes triumphantly in the mountain air ; the bereaved father or mother welcomes the gloom that " accords with their soul's sadness."

Even Ambition, and that perhaps disappointed, mortified, irritated, can calm its troubles and recover its tone, if the victim of it is an enthusiast for such scenes ; while retired Philosophy seeks them as its very element. On the other hand, the seer of superstition beholds ghosts beckoning him in the forest, walking on the flood, or sighing in the wind.

But the scene changes, and I see, in my own enthusiasm, a long procession of forms, full of wisdom and firm sedateness, clothed in the weeds of peace ; or with looks of fire, and thoughts that breathe, exciting the timid, confirming the bold, and appalling the mean.

These are legislators and philosophers, or founders of religion, who have benefited mankind ; or patriots, who have delivered their countries from thralldom ; Lycurgus, Solon, or Leonidas ; Decius, Curtius, or Scævola ;

“ And what, though rare, in later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.”

Among these, can Oratory be forgotten? O! no! Enthusiasm, as is known, is its sharpest spur. It acts upon the orator, as it does upon the poet, and you see the eye of both rolling in fine phrenzy. Without it, a man may be logical ; he may persuade ; he may convince ; but the heart is not moved. There may be lightning, but no thunder. Cicero therefore was right in saying that the first, the second, and the third requisite for an orator was, action! action! action!—in other words the external symbol of enthusiasm.

It was this which gave Demosthenes most of his power. It was this that distinguished Mr. Fox, who has been compared to him ; * while Burke, who greatly excelled Mr. Fox in imagination, and with whom, as

* See the brilliant account of his oratory by a very brilliant man, Mackintosh : “ When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward ; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manner. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on.

a writer, he cannot compare, tired the House by the tameness of his manner.

Those who have had the good fortune to hear Lord Chatham, or Mr. Grattan in his earlier day, will know how to appreciate the value of this energy. All Ireland proclaimed their sense of it to Mr. Grattan ; all England to Lord Chatham.

But see the train of worthies I have fancied advance—the sages of antiquity at their head—and foremost of them, the great lawgiver and deliverer of Israel ; amid darkness amounting to Cimmerian, the luminary of true religion, the assertor and apostle of theocracy, sole among the nations of the olden time, and the still existing wonder of the present.

What must have been his enthusiasm, to have been able, during forty years of painful passage through the Desert, to retain a stiff-necked people, a mutinous people, a people too given to idolatry, in obedience to himself, and knowledge of the true God ? It was this and this alone that enabled him to impose upon them a new and onerous code of religious duties ; and what is more, to inspire them with equal enthusiasm in obeying it. It was by this and this alone, that he also overcame danger, privations, rebellion and death, in

on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean orator since the days of Demosthenes."

the conquest of that promised land, of which all but himself had begun to despair. *

There have been other lawgivers and philosophers, and other chiefs, but none so great—Zoroaster, Lycurgus, Solon, Brama, Odin, Mahomet !

Without an enthusiasm almost equal to that of Moses, Lycurgus could never have prevailed upon the Spartans to suffer him to make of them, as it were, a new people. Whoever reads his laws, and their obedience to them, so totally opposite not only to all that ever had been known before, but to all the feelings of our nature ; the extinction of the affections, merged entirely in the love of country ; the contempt of wealth, of luxury, of common comforts, and the preference of hardships, wounds, and death : whoever does this, must reverence, though he repudiate, the lawgiver who could effect it, and think his force of mind more than mortal. Can we leave him, and not add that enthusiastic attachment to his system, repulsive as it was, made him voluntarily, as is said, terminate his life on Mount Taggeta, in order to render that system irrevocable.†

But what shall we say to Mahomet ?—the voluptu-

* It ought to be added, however, that superstition in his followers, which no doubt he well understood, was a strong ally to his and their enthusiasm on all occasions.

† It is supposed that, being about to leave Sparta, he procured a promise from the citizens never to alter the laws, until he returned ; and in order that he might never return, he killed himself. This was enthusiasm with a vengeance.

ous, the sensual, the aspiring, the warlike, the most daring of impostors, the most profound and persevering of hypocrites? He who, beginning with a few devotees of his own family, took twelve years to augment his followers to six score, and then made whole nations bend before his sword and his sanctity! The love of power made him bloody; but the blood was shed in the field, and only of those who opposed him. There was an open daring in his ferocity, that made his enthusiasm almost sublime.

War and revenge will indeed do much—will, as it were, give us another being, and another nature. Instead of order and security, we then love slaughter; instead of friendship, injury; peace is a disgrace; forgiveness, treason; and our very drink will be only sweet when quaffed from the skulls of our enemies!

Such was the religion of Odin—such the enthusiasm of his followers.

Of a piece with this are the Druidical and Mexican sacrifices, and the shouts, the dances, and the joy of the savage Indian, when he feasts on the bodies of his prisoners, after exhausting the invention of man in torturing them to death.

But these are the crimes apparently of our nature; or at least so interwoven with it, that where passion is indulged, and nursed into feelings which it becomes almost honourable not to repress, our inward man is changed, and we are turned into new creatures.

Alas! we have still worse crimes to survey; we have to contemplate those who live in cold-blooded, deliberate cruelty, and call it religion. We have to

sigh over the horrors of our nature in her self-deceptions; if indeed demons worthy of hell can deceive themselves into thinking they can please heaven by legitimating murder. But death alone does not satisfy their craving; it must be death by torment; coolly, and ingeniously perpetrated by monsters in the shape of priests, who shock the moral, still more than the corporeal feelings. Hark! the roar of agonizing suffering! It is the cry of infants smouldering in the furnaces, which form the altars of Moloch and Saturn; or the shrieks of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, condemned to them as a proper road to Paradise, as well as a fit offering to conjugal affection.

By whom was this last ordained? By a religious enthusiast; the deceiver of millions as well as of himself—if that can be; by the insatiable but holy savage—the enthusiastic Brama.

But oh! worse than this, because practised by the professors of a mild and more enlightened religion, and in more enlightened ages, behold the horrors of the Inquisition!

It would be not easy, sitting calmly in our closets, and endeavouring to analyze the nature and character of our being, to account for the ferocity and gloom, which at the same time inflame and darken the minds of inquisitors. Still less, in a philosophical point of view, can we give a reason for the rage, cruelty, and revenge which tear their hearts, and impel them to punish man with the most dreadful torments, for, at worst, a difference of opinion. The tortures we read of were sometimes inflicted with their own hands, by

the successors of the Apostles, in the name, and for the service, of the meek Jesus—nay, for the very good of the souls of the sufferers themselves. It fills us with astonishment, while it revolts all feeling, to hear of St. Dominick, Bonner, Gardiner, and others, being executioners as well as judges.

The judges of the Inquisition presided over the rack, the wheel, and the pulley, previous to the flames. How many thousands have been consumed by fire in the *auto-da-fés* of the popish countries! Nor, to the disgrace of Reformers be it spoken, has our own moderate church escaped the horrid contamination.*

The same enthusiasm, however, which impelled to crime in the persecutors, did still greater wonders in the breasts of the sufferers. Struck indeed must we be by the patient and resolute endurance, the fortitude, resignation and religious confidence, with which the whole army of martyrs submitted to torments, and went to death, rather than renounce their faith.

The torches of Nero are well known; *Christiani ad*

* Calvin burnt Servetus; and bestowed the appellations of "dog," "hell-hound," and "beast," upon Luther, on a difference in doctrine.

Our *Writ de Heretico Comburendo* was not repealed till Car. II. Cranmer himself burnt a heretic, and two Arians were burnt so late as James I. Nay, I believe it is upon record in the history of the Scottish reformed church, that a whole family, father, mother, and three children, were hanged for eating goose-pye on a Sunday. Is this the way to serve God? But such are the crimes of enthusiasm, when acting upon hearts naturally bad.

leones was the constant cry. And how did the Christians bear it? In the very fangs of the beasts, and in agonies such as to think of is torture itself, enthusiasm buoyed them up, and their last sigh pronounced their confidence in heaven, and their certainty of reward.

But even before Christ, and when such certainty was not so clear, the power of this all-kindling spirit had been nobly shown in a manner to astound, and fill us with wonder. I allude to the death of Eleazar, and the torments inflicted by Antiochus on the widow and her seven sons, as set forth in the book of Maccabees. Of all the examples of mental resolution in support of religious principle, look we through all history from the commencement of time, this perhaps is the most overpowering to our astonished senses. Seven brothers, one after the other, and in the presence of their mother, are brought to witness tortures such as the heart of man had never devised. Tongues were to be cut out; limbs to be mangled; the scalp of the head torn off, previous to being consigned to the boiling cauldron, or heated pan.

Antiochus himself presided, and at every stage of the torture, the brothers were offered deliverance, and finally their lives, if they would only so far renounce the ordinance of Moses, as to eat of the hated swine's flesh.

Eleazar, a man of ninety years, was assailed by his friends to comply. They pointed out to him that he might deceive his persecutors by eating other meat, feigning it to be swine. But he rejected the deceit.

"I willingly," said he, "set an example to youth, how to die for 'the honourable and holy laws ;'" and when he had said these words, says the record, "he immediately went to the torment ; and when he was ready to die with stripes, he groaned, but said, he was well content to suffer these things, because he feared God "

The seven brothers, who, we have seen, were still more tortured, showed the same determination. They encouraged one another, and were encouraged by their mother (herself about to die), and in their last agonies reviled the tyrant king to his face, and denounced against him, in terrific language, the wrath and vengeance of heaven.

What then will not enthusiasm do in influencing conduct? What indeed has it not done? For do we not owe the establishment and diffusion of heaven's last best gift, the consolations of our faith, and the certainty of futurity, to the enthusiasm (literally here the spirit of God) of the apostles and martyrs.

Where would have been the Crusades, with all their train of knights and warrior kings, their "tales of antres vast and deserts idle," through which they marched to the recovery of the holy sepulchre, and performed those deeds which delight, and ever will delight us in story, old and young ; where, but for the preaching of an enthusiastic hermit ?*

In still later times, where would have been the reform of the grossest errors in doctrine, and of the

* Peter.

corruptions of priestcraft, but for the enthusiasm of Huss, Wickliffe, and Luther ; the vigour of Knox, the sanctity of Bernard Gilpin, and the sufferings of the martyrs of Smithfield ?

To be sure, religious enthusiasm, which, as we have seen, could do such wonders in elevating our nature, has often degenerated, since those holy times, into superstition, sometimes the most blind. Witness the dreams and apparitions we read of ; the ecstasies and convulsions ; the voices in the air, so common with the Jews,* and to which St. Austin himself says he owed his conversion : in short, the

“ Calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
The airy tongues that syllable man’s names.”

All these, with weak minds, and often with strong ones, when separated from the world, in awful solitude, operate upon the fancy, and make them see visions and undergo temptations.

Hence Luther himself, in the gloom of his cell, brooded over sin, and the means of destroying it, till, as he thought, he saw the devil in person, and actually threw his ink-stand at him ; and St. Dominick was supposed to be visited by the same personage, whom he only resisted by seizing him with red-hot tongs.

Yet the real energies of both these temporary visionaries, and their influence upon the fate and character

* The Bath Kol, or *filia vocis* ; one of the authoritative modes of receiving the communications of heaven, asserted by Jewish divines.

of the world, are matters of astonishment to this day. The high courage of Luther, which braved the whole force of Rome, and spread his great truths over the greatest part of Europe, shows how little his enthusiasm was tinged with superstition.

Can we, or not, indulge here, in the recollection of the victory over the evil one, of Simon Burley, of Balfour? We see him in his cave, resisting and defeating the tempter. To be sure it is fiction, but the fiction of one who always drew from reality, and has painted to the life the enthusiasm of the Scotch Covenanter, murderer, and self-erected judge. There cannot be a better comment upon the passion of mind of which we are treating.

Again De Rancé and Loyola.

De Rancé, the most dissolute among the dissolute French. Young, full of health, wealth, and passion, and little restrained by virtue, his energies (which were great) ran riot. He went through many dangers in safety, though prosecuting a wicked career. In some he was preserved by seeming miracle,—certainly, as he thought, by express intervention of Providence. It shook, but did not reclaim him. At length, maddened with passion, and, as he thought, going to possess his mistress, he found her a corpse. The shock had its effect. He became totally and suddenly changed. He fled from what he thought a den of wickedness, Paris; made over his estates to his heir; and took refuge in La Trappe. There, from his penitence and humiliations, he was at length chosen abbot. The discipline had become relaxed; the pe-

nances were not severe enough: he looked back on his sins, and his conversion, and thought himself elected by heaven to restore order, piety, and severity among the brethren. He did so; the fasts, the prayers, the self-denials of all kind, especially of speech, were renewed under his government and by his persuasion. His enthusiasm, both in his sins and his repentance, became almost proverbial.

Before him lived Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the most active, devoted, and dangerous order of popish priesthood that ever visited mankind. It is no part of my design to review the policy, the ability, or the crimes of the Jesuits, in every popish country in Europe—crimes which have at length been visited by universal expulsion. But their rise was from enthusiasm; they were nursed by it into notice, then into power, which it required all their crimes and criminal principles to make them forfeit.

The history of their founder is well known. A soldier of valour in the wars of Charles V., he received a dangerous wound in the defence of Pampeluna, and, during a solitary and lingering confinement, had no amusement but the lives of the Saints. These he brooded over till he thought himself one of them, chosen by heaven to form an Order, that should instruct, enlighten, and govern the world. Miracles were of course ascribed to him, equal, it is said, to any that he saw in his visions. Yet he did not succeed in the object of his ambition, till he agreed that the main principle of the new order should be a dedication of themselves, heart and soul, to the service of the Pope.

With what sincerity of devotion, and what ability, this was performed, is known to history ; and it plainly refutes a strange mistake of Hume, in his account of religious enthusiasm, that it has always militated against the power of priests.*

Innocent is the contrast between this and the thousand barefooted, but cheerful children of hope and forgiveness, who crowd the roads to holy shrines, to smell to the odour of a dead saint's bones, which immediately to them becomes an odour of sanctity.

Sanctity indeed was never so powerfully shown as within not many years, and in a place which sanctity has not generally chosen for its abode. The supposed miracles of the Abbé Paris, in the French capital, owing entirely to the enthusiasm of penitents, for a long time divided the court, the church, and the bar.

The whole story is a matter of such wonder, it engaged so many men of piety and learning for so long a time in the contest, and occasioned so much excitement both at home and abroad, that the reader may be glad to refresh his memory with an epitome of the account.

In the contests between the Jansinists and Jesuits, the Abbé Paris (of the former sect) had been distinguished through a long life, for so many voluntary mortifications of the flesh, and such undeviating sanctity, that when he died, miracles in the cure of diseases were said to be wrought at his tomb. Religious enthusiasts of all sorts of course flocked to it, and poured

* Essay on Superstition and Enthusiasm.

themselves out in prayer ; the diseased imploring to be cured. Great numbers of these were thrown into convulsions by the fervour of their imaginations ; and those among them whose disorders were occasioned by inaction of the nerves, or obstructions in the glands, (which are often much relieved by great excitement) experienced benefit, and some few were cured.

The *enthusiasm* that this occasioned grew wider and wider ; men caught it of one another, and the madness so increased, as well as the consequent disputes among divines and physicians, that it became a state affair. The church-yard was closed, the tomb built up, and by a *de Par le Roi*, Heaven (blasphemously, as it was deemed) forbidden to perform any miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris.

But the most remarkable proof of enthusiasm in this affair was given by Monsieur Montgeron, the historian of the miracles. He was a gentleman of education, a lawyer, and a judge ; and has detailed his own case, among others, in a manner which at least proves his sincerity. Scarcely had he entered the church, when, he tells us, he was struck with awe and reverence, having never before heard prayers pronounced with so much ardour and transport as he observed amongst the supplicants at the tomb. Upon this, throwing himself upon his knees, resting his elbows on the tombstone, and covering his face with his hands, he spake the following prayer :

“ O thou, by whose intercession so many miracles are said to be performed, if it be true that a part of thee surviveth the grave, and that thou hast influence

with the Almighty, have pity on the darkness of my understanding, and through his mercy obtain the removal of it."

Having prayed thus, "many thoughts," as he said, "began to open themselves to his mind; and so profound was his attention, that he continued on his knees four hours, not in the least disturbed by the vast crowd of surrounding supplicants."

During this time, all the arguments which he ever heard or read in favour of Christianity occurred to him with so much force, and seemed so strong and convincing, that he went home fully satisfied of the truth of religion in general, and of the holiness and power of that person who, as he supposed, had engaged the divine goodness to enlighten his understanding so suddenly.

The result of this enthusiasm was disastrous to poor M. Montgeron; for, having written his account of the miracles, and their effect upon himself, and presented it to the king, he was committed to prison (perhaps as an impostor, which he seems not to have been), from which he never came out.*

When we consider that all this occurred when the eighteenth century was pretty far advanced, our surprise would be the greater did we not advert to the credited mummeries of Joanna Southcote at the end of it, and the ravings of Irving, and his congregation, almost in the time present.

But, leaving superstition, let us approach the poli-

* See Douglas's Criterion, p. 214.

tical enthusiast: whether the real and noble lover of liberty and his country, virtuous and free from stain; or the fierce and bloody democrat, or the throned despot, who in that liberty and country only loves himself. In the first of these, hail we the perfect Alfred (as far as humanity can be perfect); Bruce and Gustavus, Tell and Washington, in addition to the ancient heroes already adverted to. In the last, combined with superstition, let the muses of History and Memory close their eyes if they can to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and of Ireland; the dire perpetrations of the otherwise noble Guises; the cruelties of the bigot who revoked the edict of Nantes, to repress freedom and atone for sin at the same time.*

These were enthusiasts of aristocracy; behold now the fanatic of democracy. Visions of perfection "play round his head, but never reach his heart." He has set up an idol called Public Utility, to which he has sacrificed all private feeling and private honour, except where private interest interferes with them. Where these are not, view his holy rage! Deep in his study, he contemplates the woes, and the wrongs of mankind; he also pictures their rights. He cannot bear the contrast between what is, and what ought to be. He resolves to be the deliverer of an enthralled world. He will destroy the giant corruption wherever he finds it, except in his own house. He sallies forth, and, impatient for the combat, attacks—windmills.

* See this remarkable compound of a frightened conscience and suspicious despotism curiously depicted by St. Simon, and a host of memoirs of Louis XIV.

But he is near-sighted. He sees in the distance, but imperfectly, a beautiful mountain which he resolves to climb. He sees not, at its base, the quagmires and quicksands in which he may be buried. No matter ; when he arrives, he plunges in, and perishes.

Observe another of the same class ! He too is appalled at the inequalities amongst men. He too resolves they shall be levelled. But his character is different from the other. He is not less daring, but he is less chivalrous. He has dark thoughts, and loves the gloom in which he meditates to madness over his ultimate designs. He is broken in fortune, and stained in character ; and is therefore ferocious, and minds not blood. But he is silent and secret, and weaves an iron web for the destruction of his opponents. Life is but a speck with him, and must be blotted out without remorse, if it interfere with his prospects of relieving the world. Above all, like Belial, he can make the worse appear the better reason ; he therefore writes libels and lies, and thinks or swears they are true ; but, true or false, he justifies them for the public good. Like the first Brutus, who, exciting the people, told them that the blood of Lucretia was so pure that nothing but *royal* villany could have polluted it. As if a democrat could not commit a rape as well as a prince !

Under this hypocrisy he institutes societies, secret and bloody, in order to *force* people into the happiness he designs for them. But he is cautious, though determined ; and he will not at once act in person. He therefore sends out his emissaries ; and, reversing the

passover, orders marks to be placed on those houses which he means to destroy. In this way he pours a secret poison, a "leprous distilment," into the easy, or wicked ear of man, and calls himself, not a knave, but a benefactor. What is remarkable, ten thousand fools believe him !

Of this character were almost all the leading mad-men who acted in the French Revolution, after they had torn up the ancient constitution by the roots, with a view to amend it. Much did it want amending, but enthusiasm destroyed it. Why ? Because the principal enthusiasts being vicious in themselves, became wicked, bloody, and self-interested in regard to their country.

We shall see how this is developed and illustrated in the following narrative.

Less wicked in intention, but almost equally bloody, ruthless, and unjust, how do some of the most vaunted patriots of our own history disgust and terrify us, in the Protestant bigotry of the Popish plot. What crimes, what murders were not committed ! What perjuries not rewarded ! Men of the highest rank and education, and even of benevolent dispositions in all other things (for such was Russell), became phrenzied with religious zeal, to the utter destruction of justice, and even of decency. When the object was to destroy the accused of popery, innocence little bootied them, any more than the accused of royalty in France ; and the revolting institution of the undefined crime of being *suspected*, which imprisoned and murdered so many unfortunates in France, was almost equalled in

England, by hateful bigots who are yet, from party failings, canonized in history.

Yet the blood of Lord Stafford, if nothing else, cries out against this; and the ruthless cruelty of the enthusiast Russell, who doubted the power of the king to remit the horror of tearing Stafford's heart out while alive, revolts us for ever. On the other hand, the perjured Oates, who was the instrument of all their miseries, was taken to their bosoms, and fostered by them with every mark of gratitude and approbation.*

But turn we to holier and happier scenes. Observe the enthusiasm of the Sciences; of the scholar, whatever his study; of the antiquary, whatever his inquiry; of the natural philosopher, whatever his search; of the moralist, whatever his creed. Day and night are to them the same; they are consecrated to their happy labour. The lamp of the scholar is proverbial; one of the greatest of our scholars as well as poets wished that his might often

“ At midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where he might oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, to unsphere
The spirit of Plato; to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.”

* He was pensioned, (I believe £1,000 a-year,) visited, and a table and equipage kept for him, but always retained at hand to be ready when a life was to be sworn away. Such crimes will ill-directed enthusiasm commit! Lord Russell

was

This was Milton's enthusiastic lamp. Behold another, but it is on the freezing heights of Torneo. On its top stands an astronomer, who sweeps the sky with his miraculous telescope. He has left his warm home amid Parisian delights, and encounters Nova Zembla miseries to measure a degree.—This was Maupertuis.

See another labouring in clouds of smoke, and panting with perpetual heat, the mysterious crucible in hand, pregnant with wonders!—It is Davy.

See a third, exposing himself to all the dangers of a thunder-storm to ascertain the nature of electricity, and he dies in the attempt.—It is Muschenbroke.

Or, lastly, a grave and noble Roman, struggling with lava on the brink of Vesuvius, and perishing in the enterprise!—It is Pliny.

But, alas! we approach the chambers of death. A faded and sinking form is in agony. It is the plague; and all comfort is fled with those who, but for their fears, might have given him comfort. Every one has fled, save only one, who exhausts and endangers himself in the endeavour to save, though in vain. In him we see the beautiful energy of the enthusiastic Physician.

Through almost as much danger; encountering the was held by all to be an amiable man, when his phrenzy was not concerned; and the affection and exertions of his sainted wife prove it. What can we say then to this contrast, but alas! poor human nature? I have no hesitation in saying that the legal murders of the popish plot equalled in iniquity those of Jeffries, execrable as they were.

rough and squalid looks of barbarians, and exposed to all that is noisome, mephitic, and disgusting, what but the enthusiasm of benevolence could prompt yonder person, human indeed, but allied to angels, to pass half his life in visiting prisons?—It is Howard.

More gratified, but not more useful, I view a *solitary* enthusiast, with no companion but his own mind. He feeds upon past recollections, and to do so he rises at the peep of dawn, and stretches his listless length under an oak till noon. There, he will pore upon the brook that runs at foot, and mutter wayward fancies :

“ Now smiling as in scorn,
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn.”

—This can be nobody but Rousseau.

A very different, but far better person—equally, but perhaps more sincerely fond of solitude, like him flies the city to seek the flowers of the garden, and reason on the beauties, as well as wonders of the creation ; or he meditates among the tombs, and reasons on a world to come. See him by moonlight, silent and slow, contemplating the “starry heavens.” His arms are folded, but his looks love not the ground. Though abstracted, he has much mental talk, and ever and anon bursts into fervent soliloquy.—Does not the reader here recognize the happy enthusiast, Hervey ?

There is another devotee of thought and recollection whom I would class among these. The Antiquary : the admirer of old times. I mean not him who would pore for hours over a rusty medal, or write folios upon a cave or gateway, (though *he* is an enthusiast in his

way;) but him whose heart is full of classical or historical associations. Such a man loves the aisles of a Gothic cathedral, and feels himself, as Johnson says he will, a poet, when he contemplates its ancient pillars rearing their marble heads,

“ To bear aloft its arch’d and pond’rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity.”

Such a man will revel by the hour, and think it too short, in exploring “ storied urn, or consecrated bust.” His mind runs over with the recollections of ages, and events the most stirring are recalled by the swords and pennons that still threaten the air.

Such a man, too, would make a pilgrimage barefoot to the house and tomb of Shakspeare, and feel a holy inspiration swelling in his heart when he viewed them. But how will not his soul overflow at the sight of the groves and ancient palaces of Oxford and Cambridge! when he thinks of the various sons of science, the philosophers, and theologians, the poets and polite writers, who have done honour to those most venerable and most interesting of all institutions consecrated to learning.—How often in summer have I not myself paced till midnight, the walk formed by Addison!

A man of this sort, and in such a place, is independent of the world, and will feel the force of, perhaps he will repeat, the beautiful burst of Cicero:

“ *Movemur enim, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ, non*

tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus."*

This man is, as I have said, above the world.

So much for Enthusiasm ; that powerful quickener of the human mind, for good or for evil ; for it is this with which we set out. The different species of it, and the illustrations of each species by examples, I have endeavoured to set forth—with what success I know not ; but, if with success, we must not wonder if Germany,—which is supposed to be the cradle and fostering nurse of all enthusiasts, particularly those of a dark and gloomy character, and which once produced the Secret Tribunal,—should also produce the Herzstein of the following narration.

* " We are moved, from I know not what cause, by the sight of the identical places which show the traces of those we have loved and admired. For myself, even Athens does not so much delight me by its magnificent and exquisite works of ancient art, as by the recollection of great men, caused by viewing the places where they resided, where they were seated, and where they taught."



THE ENTHUSIASTS.

LETTER I.

Herzstein to Rheindorf.

Fears for his friend on embarking in a court life, after having been trained to the doctrines of Liberty and Equality in the associations of B——.—Cautions him against a change, but hopes every thing from his firmness.

B——, May.

You have left, then ! Left the seat of the muses of liberty and free thoughts, for the buckram, the mask, the slavery, and the insolence of courts ! I seem indeed to have lost my friend. Not his presence only, but his mind. That mind which I admired for its wide views, its disdain of all trammels, all prejudice, all fear of asserting its noble conceptions, as much as I loved it for its clearness, its amenity, and its good-will.

I am agonized to know what will be your fate ! whether you will be dazzled with the gold (shining but hollow) which will encircle, and possibly, though not probably, seduce you ; or whether you will continue in the sturdy, republican simplicity which you imbibed here, and which, spite of my fear, I believe, or at least hope you never will part with.

No ! you never will forget those sacred promises which we all of us made to one another, on the altar of Liberty, never to lose sight of her glorious cause, whatever might be our fortune. What may be sacrificed by me, is little worth enquiring. The poor son of a *petit bourgeois* can be of no consequence to any cause. He cannot have the merit of disinterestedness, for he has nothing to lose. Whatever, therefore, his exertions, or, as you were sometimes pleased to call them, his *energies*, his *example* can sway nobody, for his station confers no authority. But you, who, though not rich, are patrician, as it is called by the clods we wish to animate ; you, who are among the Hochwohlgeboren, can show yourself at court, and may pretend to its honours and employments ; you may do much. To see *you*, among the great, the sincere defender

of the doctrines of equality ; the determined enemy of exclusiveness ; the contemner of unworthy privileges ; the warm opponent of slavish deference for the adventitious advantages of birth or fortune ; to see you, in short, the advocate for the equal rights of man, whatever their lots or conditions, and resolving all distinction among individuals into the distinctions of personal merit ;—this indeed will be a glorious conquest of reason over prejudice, and give joy to the myriads of our fellow men who now feel “the proud man’s contumely.” Against this we have declared eternal war, which you may wage powerfully by example, while I can only act by precept and argument.

It is true much may be done even in this way ; and you, and other warm spirits, noble lovers of liberty, are pleased to say that here in our quiet gardens, and almost slothful halls, I have sounded a trumpet whose notes will go forth to the world. It is true I have been mainly instrumental in forming that society of nascent patriots who, in time, may carry virtue and reform into the hearts of nations, now steeped in prejudice ; and this to me would be glory enough. But yet I sometimes, with those who remain with me, tremble for the

changes which their lots may make in them, though at first starting they may feel every pulse beating with earnestness for the holy crusade they have vowed; not less holy than that powerful one of religion which formerly convulsed the world.

That religious crusade was true to its object. It knew that it could not succeed except by immense sacrifices of ease, and of wealth; that its footsteps would be marked with blood; its struggles with death; yet it pressed on through all, with a self-devotion which nothing but a holy enthusiasms could inspire. And yet its object, holy as it was, was perhaps a mistaken, certainly not a politic one. Is ours? the sacred cause of liberty—of the restoration of the rights of man—and the destruction of our tyrants—is ours less holy than the recovery of an empty sepulchre?

Forbid the thought, all honour, all generosity, all love of glory, all love of country!

Yet I know how much must be encountered before we can succeed; and above all I know that we never *shall* succeed if there is the least hesitation, the least womanish fear of *going all lengths*, extending even to the deaths, whether of ourselves or our opponents, should things, now too

quiescent, ripen in time so as to bring on the contest.

You have not *yet* arrived at these stern convictions; but you are so anxious to be right, that I have hopes, in the end, with me for a Cassius, that you will yet be a Brutus. You will not fear using the dagger against Cæsar, if necessary, even though you loved him :

“ Brutus loved Cæsar, but the people more.”

You will, at least, not be like the fluttering butterflies we have seen; impressed, as they thought themselves deeply, with the flame we kindled here, but, as soon as they leave us, impotent of purpose, and open to every glitter of temptation. With this, alas! the slaves, our enemies, know well how to assail them. For example, we have just heard, and with grief, of the effect of the court upon that self-boaster, Liebenstein, who forswore his title of baron, under the spreading chestnuts of the Museum, where we so often walked, and called them trees of liberty. How did he vow never to quit the glorious object of forcing the sovereign (sovereign though he be) to perform his promise of granting a free constitution to his subjects! And

yet how soon has this evaporated, under the sun of that very sovereign, merely because it has shone upon him ! How soon has his admiration of equality been lost in his admiration of a woman, because that woman is a royal highness ! Shall I add his admiration of his own embroidered coat, and title of *gentilhomme de la chambre* ! He now wears the order of the Eagle, instead of that of William Tell. But you, high-minded Rheindorf, will observe better the lessons which you have carried from these groves of philosophy, and which, like our abounding Rhine, will, I hope, prove inexhaustible.

Certain it is, there can be no dallying with principles, or liberty is lost. Delay on our part seals our slavery. We are told that the government is patriarchal, and the people happy. Infamous delusion ! Who can be happy who has an irresponsible master ? We are told of his virtues. Let us answer, with the English Cato :

“Curse on his virtues ! they’ve undone his country !”

This weakness, disguised, forsooth, under the name of kindly feelings, will ruin us. Our ardent spirits, though they hate monarchy, love the monarch.

This is our bane. They say he is just. Can a sovereign be just?

There were times when such feeble principles would not have prevailed, and mere private virtues would have sunk to nothing before an exalted patriotism. Lewis XVI. was reckoned good. What then? his sacrifice was necessary for the welfare of thousands as good as he. Let him, then, blame fate for having made him a king; not those with whose rights he interfered.

Away, then, with all pity, all softness! There should be no vacillation, no waverers, no Liebensteins.

So impressed am I with the necessity of sternness in our purpose, against such silly milkiness, that I only lament that the Secret Tribunal of Old Germany is not revived. Relentless justice might then do much; and fear might operate that which public virtue fails to create.

Adieu! Effler, Krantz, and Lindenthal commend themselves to your recollection. They will never fail us, and have no doubts, any more than myself, of your constancy in your principles. Yet they are not without uneasiness, from your passion for elegance, at the dangers to which you are about

to be exposed. As to mere authority of place, they think you safe. The admirer of Sandt and Kosciusko, they say, can never consent to think it an honour to be the *employé* of a Comte d'Altenheim; but the loveliness and sweetness which all the world allow to the female sovereign you are about to visit, combined with her royal rank, knowing your susceptibility, inspire them with fears.

But again, adieu, *mein lieben*; I call you not baron, because you yourself hope soon to be divested of that title. It will be a happy day for our *vaterland* when that time arrives. No insolent, exclusive sets of men, not better than ourselves, perhaps inferior, will then be allowed the affectation (for it is no more) of denying us their acquaintance, because we are not barons, or (quite as good a reason) *because their coats are cut differently from ours*.

I meet your worthy tutor and guardian, the Professor, sometimes. He is an excellent man, but of a school gone, or fast going. He looks coldly upon me. He need not, for in common with every body here, except a few of the younger Renowners, I respect him as much as I *differ* from him.

I should like to observe your demeanour, and

hear your answers, to men of stars, ribbons, and all such trumpery, when they question you about your associates here, and you tell them that one of them is the son of a little notary,

Your friend,

LEOPOLD HERZSTEIN.

LETTER II.

THE REPLY.

Rheinsdorf to Herzstein.

Assures him his principles are too deeply founded to be changed. Discussion on the offensive demeanour of the great. Its impolicy, because leading to the crisis most feared, Revolution. Picture of a young Aristocrat, full of disdain of his inferiors.

Bingen, May.

You do me but justice, Herzstein, in believing that I shall not be seduced by the court. I trust my principles are made of sterner stuff. No! if any thing could convert me to approve of the present state of things, or adopt the maxims which I every where see acted upon, it would be my deference and love for the excellent person you last mentioned in your letter, the friend of my father, the guardian of my youth, the experienced observer of the world he has so much mixed with. It is

true, his great knowledge of men, and the relations of things, if I could bow to any one on mere authority, would make me bow to him. But, young as I am, it is long since I resolved to see with no eyes but my own, and to resist usurpation of every kind, in whatever shape, but most particularly in that of the cold self-sufficiency we complain of.

Indeed, in this resolution my good tutor, far from opposing, only confirmed me ; and had I not been firm in it myself, he would have taught me to be so by his own example. Never was a more sincere person. He has his prejudices ; but they are honest, and it must be owned he defends them stoutly. He has also the greater hold upon me, because, from the very moderate circumstances in which I was left by my father, I have my own fortune to seek ; a difficult undertaking for a man who will not bend to measures, manners, or maxims, though pursued or enjoined by his superiors, unless he approves them himself. This my good guardian knows, and, as he often has said, foresees the obstacles to advancement I am preparing for myself, unless I relax a little in what he calls my philosophy.

Thus, at least, his opposition to my notions

always proceeds from a regard to my interests ; which naturally gives him a greater weight with me ; and I must do him the justice to say, that his precepts and recommendations are given with so much suavity, such little usurpation of the authority he might assume from his age and experience, nay, they are often given so playfully, that I feel always, in a measure, disarmed of what he calls my Brutus and Cato weapons, in the contest, and feel that he sometimes almost gets the better of me.

There is one thing, however, in the aristocratic manners of the present day, which he allows he cannot defend. It is the insulting airs of superiority, and the proscription of all advance from the lower to the higher orders, (the latter modestly claiming to be themselves the judges of this superiority,) which have long prevailed in the upper circles, so as to occasion bitterness, resentment, and discontent in the parties disdained ; generally, as may be supposed, by far the most numerous.

This, he allows, is as impolitic as unreasonable ; and as affront is always less bearable than injury, may go farther in the end to produce the so-often-announced revolution, than even gross oppression.

This he also owns is proved by all history. The

destruction of the Decemvirs at Rome, he thinks was owing, not so much to the brutality of Appius Claudius, as to the insult of such conduct in a noble to a plebeian. Had Virginia been patrician; he affirms, the people would never have stirred.

The whole Roman history is full of examples of this spirit; and even the French Revolution, which overturned society, was mainly owing to it.

Mr. Winter goes on to say, that this affronting conduct in the upper to the middle ranks, was originally the growth of England; and that if England can be overset by any thing, it will be by what is there almost technically called "Exclusiveness." It is certain that, in the long visit which he made me pay with him to that celebrated country, the airs of the aristocracy, or rather of people pretending to belong to it, gave me more the idea of oppression, and its resistance more of personal indignation; than all the political grievances they have felt for the last hundred years.

In this my sagacious guardian agreed; and observing upon the anomaly that the Whigs, who had always respect for the people in their mouths, were themselves the proudest and most offensive of all the aristocrats, he has sometimes said that



the Duke of ——— who prided, or was supposed to pride himself upon his Whig popularity, would by his tone of exclusiveness, and the disdainful finery of his character, do more to produce the revolutionary spirit in England, than all the vehemence of all the orators, trading or sincere, put together.

The quizzing of Doctor Franklin's green spectacles, by some foolish sprouts of fashion among the British aides-de-camp in America, created perhaps a more personal feeling of republicanism, and called forth more determined obstinacy in the American armies, than many of the declamations in Congress.

All this was allowed by the sage Winter, who deplored it ; and he cannot, therefore, be surprised at my feelings being in unison with yours upon this subject.

On the other hand, he cautioned me not to let it carry me too far ; and when, with a view to my preferment in the State (of which, from his intimacy with the Minister, and my father's reputation as a high magistrate, he had great hopes), he sent me to seek my fortune at court, his last words were, " beware of *false pride*, which is the bane of good sense, and by no means what it is taken for, a proof of independence."

Allowing the force of this well-grounded precept, it will not deprive me of one of those opinions upon the false position of the world, which, young as is my practical observation, I have gathered from it already. Books have taught me much ; you, much ; my feelings more ; the court will perhaps wind up *all*.

I fear that things are not ripe for our wishes ; that Germany is still a hundred years behind our speculations ; and that even the sharp spurs you recommend to quicken its pace, may not bring up the lost way. If so, all that a man wishing to be honest can do is to lie by, watch progress, and seize opportunity ; at worst, keep out of sight.

For myself, small as my fortune is, I can bring down my mind to it, and will, if I see any thing revolting in the scene I am about to enter. Be assured, our university speculations are not idle ones. Something may be said for monarchy as government ; though democracy be preferable ; but oligarchy, and the insolence of fellow-men, will never cease to be combated by

Your friend,

RHEINDORF.

Manheim, May 14.

Since writing, strange to say, I have had a visit from what we used to call your contrast, and old antagonist, Rosenthal. He drove into the inn yard, in his handsome *calèche*, and exhibited his handsome person with a most aristocratic indifference of manner, while the landlord and his wife, and all the waiters, not to mention all the maids, stood round him to greet his arrival, and ask his commands. His furs and Brandenbergs, and "pouncet box," reminded me of Hotspur's fop, which we used to read over together in that delightful Shakspeare. How he came to muster up so much courage as to attack Sand's memory as he did, and in answering your defence of that zealous though mistaken patriot,—to presume to insult you by his fashionable airs,—nay, to affect to criticize your manly though plain appearance, is quite a problem to solve. However, his empty laugh at the cut of your coat was only well repaid by the cut of your sabre; and I am proud to have been your friend in that patriotic duel. Yet, though he carries the mark of your honest resentment on his cheek at this day, I have learned since that he boasts of it, as a proof of his chivalry against a

bristly boar of the Black Forest, as he calls you. Though vanquished, therefore, he far from conceals this rencontre, or the cause of it; in which I am sorry to say he is supported, and almost envied, by his brother Vons, for his fearless contempt of a plebeian giant, which they suppose you to be.

Well ! magnanimously forgetting that I had been your friend upon the occasion, on seeing me, he condescended to send me a message, which he took care should be conveyed in all proper terms to "the Baron von Rheindorf," asking leave to wait upon me for a quarter of an hour, while his dinner was preparing. This could not be refused, and as my dinner was preparing too, behold me enjoying the high honour of eating at the same table with the Comte de Rosenthal, perhaps the finest coxcomb in Europe; but mark me, excepting those of London and Paris.

My reason, however, for mentioning this incident is to introduce the conversation which followed, and which, being much on the same subject as what I have been writing upon, I am willing to bestow upon you gratis.

We began, as was natural, to talk of the place where we had met, and studied together; and the

young Count, nothing corrected by the ugly scar you gave him for the liberty he took with you, asked if B—— contained as many boors and upstarts as ever? adding, he wondered how a real gentleman like myself, could have remained in it so long. When I mentioned Schlegel, and the excellent Winter, the responsible friend of my orphan years, he replied, "O! aye! that is true; but still I wonder that you could so habituate yourself to the gross and ignorant notions of *philosophes soi-disants*, and still more to the gross swaggering manners of those vulgar Burschen.

"I could forgive their republicanism," said he, "because I trust we can punish, or at least repress it, notwithstanding their threats; but what really annoys one is the presumption of these fellows, who with their horny hands and feet, their coarse gait, and coarser ill-cut garments, presume to be aggrieved if they are not admitted into the same range of society, and to assume, if they can, the same ease and marks of gentility, with us of the court."

To this I replied, "that when we were under the overwhelming flood of the French armies, which made every king, be his court what it might, tremble

with fear, these Burschen shewed themselves true and brave patriots, and flocked freely and loyally to the standards of their country, against no mean enemies, whom they greatly contributed to discomfit. I therefore thought it would not be unreasonable in the patricians, who had so profited by their exertions, if they were to relax a little in their stiffness, break down the walls of exclusiveness, and admit them into fraternity with them."

Spite of his nonchalance, Monsieur de Rosenthal stared at this, and eyeing me through his glass, though within a yard of him, asked me, "if I really thought we of the Hochwohlgeboren * could approximate to a set of beer-drinkers, who might be very good scholars as well as good grenadiers, for aught he knew, but who, from their birth and manners, were fit only for a tap-room or a *casern*."

"But I heard," said he, with a raillery bordering, as I thought, upon impertinence, "you had gone to England to *complete* your education; and much, it seems, you have gained by it. Proud, vulgar, canting, selfish people! Who pretend to be wiser, and honester, and even better bred, than all the rest of the world; yet are hypocrites in

* High born.

religion, rebels in politics, thieves in trade, and, as to the manners of the great, mere "monkeys who have seen the world."

At this, with great complacency he filled a glass of champagne, which his valet had brought from his carriage, and smiling with a look between a good-humored coxcombry, which disarmed me, and a self-confidence of being in the right, which almost made me angry, he drank my health, wishing confusion to pretended patriots.

Though I despised all this, yet as his manner to me was rather politely indifferent than uncivil, I could not give vent to my indignation as the occasion deserved. At the same time, I could not help envying the cool intrepidity of assurance, the quiet self-possession with which he uttered all this nonsense, as if totally unconscious of its arrogance, as well as injustice. The man ought to be threshed, thought I, the only punishment for folly beyond a cap and bells. Yet when I saw the cicatrice on his cheek, and recollected how well, though defeated, he had stood up against your superior strength and superior sword, in a cause so unjustifiable as his, I was not altogether without respect for his very insolence, which at least I knew was so accompanied with

gallantry. In short, I was most angry to think that there could be any thing but unmixed contempt for a court coxcomb, or that such evident folly should be able itself to believe, as well as to assert, that it was really in the right. If Rosenthal should be shot in his next duel with one of the Burschen, perhaps I should not be sorry for his fate, which would be deserved by his cool insolence, and that of all his class; but that very coolness would make me more than sorry that, though slain, he would not be humbled. It is against the impregnable impudence of this usurpation of superiority in the vain over the modest, who are, and ought to be treated as quite equal to themselves, that we make war. We could easily shoot them, but we cannot make them renounce their self-conceit; and unless we do that, we do nothing.

Heaven knows I am in no humour at present to make my way at court. A very little disgust, and almost one other Rosenthal, would make me renounce all thoughts of it. But adieu; it is time, and luckily for you I have no more postscripts to add.

KAR. R.

LETTER III.

Herxstein to Rheindorf.

Reasons for a change in the system of things.—Farther discussions on aristocratic pretensions.

B——. June.

YOUR letter charms me ! Your principles are safe ! Your account of Rosenthal proves it. They will survive the court.

As for the coxcomb, he deserves a flogging, and I would willingly undertake a journey to inflict it, but that I have in some degree already been his executioner. Yet I must do the fellow the justice to say he was brave, and stood up to me with a spirit worthy a better cause. But so much the worse. I would have every aristocrat mortified. He was not. He was only beat, and that without dishonour.

Yet the trade, the occupation, the fool's paradise of an aristocrat, is to mortify and dishonour others ; and, moral cowards as they are, always those below them.

It is this unworthy feeling, this arrogant self-sufficiency in pseudo magnates, that causes revolutions—first in society, and then in governments. In society, instead of being knit together, the component classes are all sternly separated. Whatever their equality under the law, their inequality under opinion is pronounced, marked, and unalterable. Hence we are not one people, but several; we have different laws, customs, and feelings. We do not love one another. How can rivals do so?

Our compact, therefore, is not *social*, it is federal; and every man, or at least every class of men, is a state by itself, jealous, cold, and indifferent, except as to the common interest of general defence. The gentle amalgamation of different ranks, softened into a gradual scale of harmony, and, I may say, affection, such as unites the different branches of a family, is totally unknown among us.*

You say it is much more so in England, which you have studied! So much the worse. We may

* This was written long before Mrs. Trollope's spirited and interesting account of the strong line of demarcation between the different classes of society at Vienna, than which there cannot be a more powerful comment upon this sentiment of the radical Herzstein.

not be oppressed—in fact, we are not. But what of that? There are rights beyond those of the law, and dearer, because more connected with our sensibilities than our mere interests. Were men modest, virtuous, and pious, and really alive to their humbleness before the Being who created us all, and is our common father, * I might not quarrel with distinction of rank; but then there must be no distinction either of birth or of class. There must be partial inequalities, partial degrees of power, and, *perhaps*, inequality of property. But the first need not be made insulting, nor the last allowed to be overgrown.

Power, *pro tempore*, may and ought to give rank. Hence respect to office, *while it lasts*; hence military respect from subalterns to their general. But all this is upon the principle of utility—the public, not the private good; and hence there can, or ought

* From what has appeared already, and much more from what will appear, concerning Herzstein's character, it may seem extraordinary that he should give into this strain of piety. But how often is not the enthusiasm of piety drenched in blood? Who were more pious, and at the same time more ferocious, than the fanatics and covenanters of the sixteenth century?

to be, no monopoly of it by individuals, no privileged orders, no what is called *nobility*, no titles except to denote personal service to the country—not personal favour from a king.

Above all, there should be nothing hereditary ; no distinction but what is acquired by a man himself. It is neither more nor less than ridiculous, because my father was a legislator, that I am born so. What had legislative knowledge to do with my being conceived and born, any more than with a ploughman ?

I would allow a first magistrate, but not a king ; no prince or princess ; no royal family, to upbraid us with our factitious inferiority. King's children, far from being highnesses, ought all to merge in the general mass of citizens as soon as born, as the progeny of the queen-bee become mere labourers in the hive.

But grant distinctions of title, privilege, and the trumpery of stars and ribbons ! why is this to create exclusiveness, which is unkindness ? or at best a stiff civility, which is impertinence ?

The night before you left us, with what emphasis did you not read the English bard you are so fond of.

"I was born free as Cæsar! So were you!
We both have fed as well, and both can bear
The winter's cold as well as he.

What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together; your's is as fair a name.
Sound them! It doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them! It is as heavy. Conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

This excited all your hearers; but how were we thrilled when, despairing of reform, you exclaimed,

"Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!"

Alas! I fear so. Germany has too many Rosenthals. Their freezing looks and impudent assumptions must be physicked, must be cut off, if not by reason and justice, *by something sharper*. Do you understand me?—*Excision*, to which the surgeon comes at last, is always the surer cure, and makes him lament the thousand palliatives he has previously used. Again, I say, do you understand me?

Rosenthal fought well enough; but he was beaten. *So may many Rosenthals*. But, in good truth, I wish anxiously for your real opinions upon this: your impressions too—your conclusions, from what you will have seen and examined on your first

entering the presence-chamber; that wonder-working place, the source of reflection and ridicule to many a real philosopher; the bane and destruction of many a pretended one. How many *embryo* patriots, after sacrificing to liberty in their hearts, have afterwards sacrificed themselves on the altars of royalty! How many disciples of Equality have left their mother church to become heretics in the temple of Vanity! That I know will not be your case. If it is I shall despair, not only of Germany, but of the world. Meantime, however, I am your friend and brother-labourer in the cause,

HERZSTEIN.

The answer to this letter is suppressed, being in substance the same (though in less detail) with one written to another person, which will presently appear. But as to the *sharper* remedies, the *excision*, to which Herzstein alludes, his pupil begs explanation.

LETTER IV.

*Professor Winter to the Baron Karl von
Rheindorf.*

Answer to a letter from Rheindorf not inserted, in which he announced his flight from court. Rallies him on his causeless jealousy of a grandee, who is supposed to slight him. Gives a picture of himself to himself. Approves his retiring from court if for the sake of study, but demands the real cause. Prophecies, and advises his return.

B—, May 20th, 18—.

AND so you have quitted the court; and not only that, but have taken pet at your calm and quiet old Schloss, where you thought you had found all that a wise man of two-and-twenty could possibly want,—ease within, and independence without! And for what? Because you have a neighbour who overshadows you, and runs away with the adulations of the crowd (“mane salutantium,”) that throng the gates and courts of his castle!

This I collect from your letter, disguise it as

you will, and I am quite ashamed of you. You, who used to receive my lessons of philosophy with so much unction, and after feasting with me on a page of Seneca, or Epictetus, or your favourite English Addison, would laugh at the pomp of the great; the glare of riches; the noise of guards and carriages, and even the plumed and silken beauties that smiled within them, practising, as it were, the proper graces to be exhibited in the presence! You! who shunned all this, and plunged into our shades and avenues here, in order to meditate with the aforesaid sages on the inefficiency of grandeur, and what you and Solomon called vanities, are already scared from your retreat, because a whiskered baron, six feet two inches high, with a sword proportionably long, and a horse proportionably tall, passes by you without deigning to notice you, except with what you call *insolent civility*! You look too at the gates of his castle, which, you say, seem to frown upon all who are not as great as himself, and look as if they were closed to any thing but a coach and six!

Why this is the very wantonness of a self-tormentor;—surely the most feeble, as well as the most unhappy of characters! For Heaven's sake

what is this baron to you ? You say you would not care if he were ten miles off, and out of sight ; but to see him every day amid bending peasants, receiving visits from officers of royalty, or messengers in royal liveries, scarlet and gold, all of them empty vanities—this you cannot bear.

If they are really empty vanities, why mind them ? Why believe them even to exist ? Why not fancy them the ten miles off, which, it seems, would give you ease ?

You say, it is not that you live in a decayed castle, and he in a modern palace ; that you walk the humble meadow, while he courses the proud park ; it is not this that annoys you. Then what does ? He has no power to put you in the stocks : he cannot eject you from your ancient home ; he cannot spoil your pretty garden ; he cannot interrupt your studies, your amusements, or take away the esteem you say your neighbours give you. He is not even without civility when he meets you.

What, then, would you have ? Perhaps his palace, his park, and his place at court ! I fear this is the truth, and that, spite of Epictetus, you are a little envious. As your Mentor, by your own choice, as well as your father's dying request, you

see I act up to my character, and shall not spare my young Telemachus, if he does not know himself. Give me leave, therefore, to make you better acquainted with the gentleman in question.

In the first place, he is a lot of contradictions. He is very proud and aspiring, though indifferent, *as he says*, to his dignity ; and not the less so because it is higher than his fortune. Yet he is easy, and almost humble in his tastes, and will feel often quite as happy with a peasant as with a lord for his companion.

Then he even thinks diamonds, and feathers, and embroidery, fine pictures, fine houses, and fine ladies, very fine things. These, you told me in your little scrap of a note, when you took fright at the court, and fled you knew not where,—these were *near* laying hold of you, when you first saw them. Yet you say you visited them against your will ; that they gave you a feverish excitement ; and that you greatly prefer mediocrity and a few roses, *et cetera*.

In these moments, too, a Bohemian peasant girl gives you more interest than could a duchess of the time of Lewis XIV.

Well, no harm, if these humilities please, and while they please. But why not also the duchess,

when it comes to her turn? which be assured it will, or I greatly mistake.

Let me see—two-and-twenty; not quite so high as your baron, but six feet good; well shouldered and well legged, head well put on, a cheek full of health, and an eye full of fire, yet not the worse for something like constitutional sensibility. You are a baron, too, as well as your proud neighbour, and you have a château also, only it is not so large, and a little out of repair, which is a bad thing.

But time, that grand restorer, may restore that too. On that account, with that hope, and waiting the farther explanations you promised, but have not sent, I did not oppose your retiring for a year or two, especially as I trusted to your fondness for study, which can do no young man any harm, and may hereafter lead to fortune, if you do not throw it away.

But pray, Monsieur le Baron, what would you have? When you say you are not fitted for the world, and would rather be a hermit with your liberty, than the slave, as you call it, of a court, what are we to expect?

No doubt, you think this will last, at least as long as it did with the King of Navarre and his

three lords, who forswore even the sight of a woman for three years, for the sake of their studies !

“ Navarre shall be the wonder of the world,
Our court shall be a little Acadème.”

You know, however, how the king and MM. de Biron, Longueville, and Dumain were all forsworn ; and I shall probably soon have some such sophistical excuse from you as was given by Dumain :

“ A *woman* I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a *goddess*, I forswore not thee.”

For this, however, I wait. My present business is to call you back to common sense and true philosophy ; not from love, but a pride which has always been your bane, and, upon this occasion, saving your noble presence, a very foolish one.

For heaven's sake, what was the fright which the court and the minister gave you ? Something, I suppose, like that you now take at your fine neighbour. But if this Baron were Tondertentronch himself,* of what possible consequence can either his countenance or his discountenance be to you ? You are neither his tenant nor his tributary ; you owe him no allegiance ; nor does he, that I can find,

* The Baron, in ‘Candide.’

exact any from you. I cannot even discover that he requires any particular civilities from you ; I am sure, if he does, he will be disappointed. I will not say you revenge *his* neglect, for it is you, it should seem, are the neglecter ; and should he write to anybody about you as you do to me about him, (which the chances are he does not,) I should not wonder if he complained of you as a churlish republican, who thought it high spirit to be rude.

You see I spare you not, for I know your foible, which indeed I lament to say was your good father's before you, and he was not the happier for it.

But I wait still the promised letter, in which you say you will amply and *satisfactorily* explain why you quitted the court, and especially why you slighted the patronage offered you by Count Altenheim.* I am afraid the reason does not seem so satisfactory to yourself, for you have made me expect it these three months.

Meantime, Monsieur l'Hermite, (not of the Chaussée d'Antin,) you have buried yourself on the banks of the Moldau, to enjoy, I suppose, visions of the Palatine Elector struggling against the Austrian tyrant of the Thirty Years' War, or

* The minister.

perhaps to indulge in the vision of Guillaume Tell himself.

Count Altenheim wrote me, to say that he knew not what to make of you, (which I could easily believe,) yet he added something of your open front, and intelligent physiognomy, which he hoped would not be spoiled by crotchets. I hope so too, but will say no more now. In truth, I cannot till I *know* more.

Imploring you, therefore, to resume your full confidence, and give me your undisguised reasons for quitting the court before you had seen it, I remain as much as ever,

Your affectionate tutor and friend,

HERMANN WINTER.

LETTER V.

THE ANSWER.

Rheindorf's account of himself.—His impressions of Courts and Courtiers.—His conference with the Minister—disgust, and flight.

Schloss Rheindorf.

My dear Friend and Mentor :—

How shall I begin the letter you expect ?

It will be anything but what you wish, and what you hope. I told you I had disobeyed you, and feared you would be angry ; so merely informed you of my retreat, and proposed operations with a view to improvement.

I told you indeed of the mortification occasioned by my proud neighbour the Baron de Quatre Tours, which rendered my retirement unpleasant ; but I still kept aloof from revealing the impressions made upon me by the mere sight of the court, and my conversation with the minister.

Your letter makes me forget the foolish fears I had about it, and I will therefore brace myself up to the detail of my feelings, though I know it will make you scold. In a word, then, I quitted the court, where you were pleased to be so sure I would make a figure, because I was not fit for it; of which my first and only visit gave me ample proof. I have nothing to say against the sovereign; still less against his fascinating consort. Both were sufficiently gracious, and are, I believe, not only naturally good, but even unspoiled by the strange dispensations of fortune, which place them where they are, me where I am, and others still lower than I. No! I have nothing to complain of in them, and if there are to be sovereign princes, though I wish the words were blotted out of language, I know no persons better qualified to make them bearable.

But the worshippers of these personages are very different. They are like serpents; fond of displaying their rich scales and jewelled crests to the sun, in a perpetual struggle, who shall bask longest and warmest in his rays. What then can sovereigns do, who never know men or women as they are? What knowledge can they have of their own species, who never see it but in a mask?

On my life, when I see them approached with one common surface of countenance, though exhibited by ten thousand different faces ; when I see them in vain attempting to discover character, under one universal sameness of smile, assentation, and adulation ; on my life, I say, I pity them.

What is there in the atmosphere of a court which occasions this disguise, for such it seems ? Persons, who yesterday conversed with you with freedom to-day hardly know you ; and all, for aught I can see, because they are in the drawing-room of a palace, instead of a plain mansion. There was the Marchioness de Hattenfeldt, who made her house at B—— so agreeable both to you and to me, yet now so occupied with greater ladies than herself, that she did not, or would not recognize me, and turned upon her heel as I advanced to address her.

Think you I did not burn with indignation ?

Whatever, therefore, the character of a courtier, it seems to be left in the carriage when it arrives at the gate of the palace ; or if it really accompany you into the court-yard, it is sure to be discarded at the bottom of the stairs.

Yet, under all disguises, an observing individual can discover some at least of the ruling passions, in

which envy, hatred, and malice, jealousy, vanity, and pride, peep through the eyelet holes of the mind, small as they are.

According to the way of the world, I laughed at this when I saw its effects upon others; but I own (and here I shall give you fresh cause for scolding) I writhed under them when applied to myself.

You always told me I was too thin-skinned to be happy any where. It is at least true that I cannot be so at court; nay, I there feel as if I had no skin at all. In fact, I have had nothing but scratches since you attempted to make me, spite of myself, a courtier; and how could it be otherwise, considering the education given me, first by my father, and then by you? Did you not both instil into me, that truth and independence were greater jewels than a crown; and that uncompromising love of right and detestation of wrong were the riches of a free man?

These seeds, sown by yourselves in not an ungrateful soil, were certainly not stifled by the studies I pursued, or the companions I studied with at B——. Happy abode of letters, of philosophy, and freedom of thought! how ill exchanged for the painted sepulchres I have visited!

You will tell me this is common-place; the in-

flated vision of a mere recluse, to be shaken off with his old-fashioned garments and hot-brained fellow students, when he gets into better company. But *is* the company better?—that is the question.

As I know you wish me to open my heart to you, even in things you may disapprove, I will tell you fairly the causes of my indignation, or what you will perhaps call my weaknesses; nor can I do it better than by setting before you the impressions which my first attendance at the Drawing-room made upon me.

The first person I beheld was Liebenstein, our bully patriot, as you used to call him, for his threats of proscriptions against kings and aristocrats. But in their presence he humbled himself, even to sneaking, before those very persons whom he so professed to hate. He was penetrated with the mere sight of the sovereign, and seemed to devour, instead of kiss, the hand stretched out on his presentation. He afterwards slunk behind the ranks of all those he had so abused in private, as if ashamed of himself. He was grateful for any the smallest notice taken of him by anybody (which indeed was very little), and got away as soon as he could, in a manner very much like a dog with his tail between his legs.

I felt not so much for him, as for humanity itself, when I saw such a falling off, yet nobody about me seemed to exhibit the fair open character of ease and straight-forward independence which I had hoped to have witnessed.

Of the women I will presently speak ; but as for the men, they seemed as strange to themselves as they were to me. No ease, no openness; much effort, much embroidery, little grace. Their minds, as well as persons, were in masquerade; the latter, indeed, with the exception of some of the military, gave me almost the idea of the sweepers on a May day, whom I saw in our visit to England.

All this was only ridiculous. Soon appeared what was really disgusting. What think you of bending the "crooked pageant of the knee," nay, of kneeling itself, by one human creature to another—that other with all the same weaknesses, passions, and infirmities as ourselves ! Yet this I saw, and most marvellous I thought it, that man should show to fellow-man a reverence due only to his Maker.

I was the more astonished, because having asked the *maréchal de la cour* whether this form was imperative on being presented, he told me that it was optional; "Never, then," said I, "will I so disgrace my nature."

Not so the Comte de P——, the first person who made this honourable exhibition. I believe he took the sovereign for the Pope: he would certainly have kissed his foot instead of his hand, had he been allowed; and I must do the sovereign the justice to say, he seemed to be alive to the servility. Yet the Comte descends from sovereigns himself, and has sixty thousand florins a year in the districts of the Rhine. Had one of his own *vignerons* done what he did, I should have been ashamed of him.

The next person who greeted my eye was a very honourable gentleman in appearance, for he too was all over embroidery, and even orders; he was also a Comte, and scowled most majestically, *naso adunco*, over us inferior noblesse. Yet his liege lord looked coldly upon him; and I afterwards found that his fame as a notorious gambler, not too honest, was spread all over Germany, and that he was even a partner in a gaming bank. These two worthies made me wish, with the English satirist you are so fond of, to

“Dash the proud gamester from his glittering car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.” •

I pass the tribe of officers in their splendid uni-

• Pope.

forms, bent double almost with bowing; the knot of ecclesiastics, and lawyers, with countenances evidently drilled to the appropriate portion of necessary gravity, who came to offer their homage, full of duty to their master, and hopes for themselves. But I cannot pass what I little expected; and what I am ashamed to say sunk deep in my mind, so as to gnaw me with resentment.

You may remember Rosenthal, who gave himself such airs over the Burschen, for which he was so justly punished by Herzstein. I had fallen in with him on the road, and we had actually dined together but two days before. Would you believe that he pretended not to know me, and when asked in my hearing by a starred noble, who I was, he replied, he *believed* he had seen me at B——.

My indignation was not on my own account; for a silly weak coxcomb can only be despised; too much so to give me a thought for myself. But I felt for the odious state of society, when coxcombs can be allowed to give themselves airs with impunity, and, from the pusillanimity of those they offend, to think they have a right to do so. No one seems to resent this contemptible arrogance. On the contrary, Rosenthal is left to think himself the better for it.

This is the sting ; and if this be aristocratic insolence, can you wonder that I wish it put down, and the whole order of things changed ?

But I have another and worse case than this presently to relate. I will here only add, that whatever notions in favour of universal equality I had imbibed, they were all confirmed, and even extended by observing the impudent pretensions of the various orders I have been describing.

I will not live where I am not upon an equal footing with the highest and most exclusive peacock of the aristocracy, and will yield a right to consider himself above me to no human creature, except those who, by merit, or the law, are, for the advantage of the community at large, invested with superiority. Let dandy butterflies, like Rosenthal, beware, and look to themselves.

But, to resume. The minister himself now approached, and you are eager to know how I was impressed by the man, (yours and my father's friend,) who you say is to make my fortune, if I myself do not mar it.

Dear friend, and kind adviser, I know all I owe you for the pains you take to free me from the weeds, and make me spruce, and trim, like a garden

for ladies to walk in. I allow too that I have certain roughnesses that I might as well be without. But you yourself, though trained in the world, and knowing in all ranks of it, have never yet glanced at a wish to deprive me of sincerity, or that I should think of truth, but as of a diamond of the first water. You would not, if you could, I am sure, forbid me

“To strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplac’d, unpension’d, no man’s heir or slave.”

I do not apply this to your minister, who, you say, (who ought to know) is a man of honour, and who certainly might do me good, if we *both of us* pleased. Still I do not like him, and I will try to tell you *why*.

First, he acts too well. Next, with all his power, he is himself but a dependant ; thirdly, with all his smoothness, he is ten thousand times more imperious than his master.

To be sure he could be smooth when he pleased ; but it was easy to perceive, spite of the dissimulation of the place, where his smoothness was a mask. Inexperienced as I was, this was as easy to distinguish, as between the rouged cheeks of the high

dames that crowded the presence, and the natural roses I had left at B——.

Half-a-dozen persons all over lace, and full of smiles too, but who probably had not a hundred rix thalers between them, had advanced, as soon as he appeared, courting his notice with the most profound obeisance, which he received, (nor was I sorry to see it, so servile was the manner of it) with a haughtiness bordering on contempt. A scarcely perceptible bend of the chin was all they got for it, and a wave of the hand most unmercifully authoritative to make them give way to higher people, instantly dissipated the whole bevy.

All these were *employés*, or candidates for preferment; and their sycophantic demeanour made me shudder for myself, and think of what has been said by a retired statesman, that “a place at court is like a place in heaven, only to be got by being much upon one’s knees.” But it was now the minister’s turn to be humble, for the hereditary prince came up to him; and humble he was, even to crouching. He bowed lower than the grubs he had shaken off; every word of the high individual was met with a smile, or approved by a laugh; so that we all thought that the prince, though, in fact,

a plain, unaffected person, had a whole volume of *bons mots* at his tongue's end.

The incense was received, as was not unnatural, with complacency, and the minister seemed the reverse of what he had been to his poor dependants. But, O ! the caprice of fortune ! The late minister, who, it was said, the Comte had tript up, and who was supposed to be on the brink of exile, had made his peace, and actually appeared in the circle ; and, to our great man's dismay, he was not only well received by the sovereign, but, when the compliments were over, was taken by the arm by the prince, who seemed to have something to communicate to him.

A thunder cloud loomed on the brow of Monsieur le Comte. He turned red, and then yellow, and then livid ; bit his lip, and in vain endeavoured to disguise an evident internal commotion, by engaging in loud conversation with the different nobles who accosted him.

The devil take power, thought I, if it is to be so purchased, or so enjoyed.

My attention, however, was now diverted to a very old courtier indeed, who appeared far more fit for a grave, or a confessional, than a drawing-room.

He seemed to be above eighty, and was halting with lameness from palsy. He had a vacant stare from two glazed eyes, that scarcely looked conscious of the scene around him; trembling hands, trembling limbs, and shaking head. Yet he was richly attired, and wore several crosses. He was, in fact, the old Count Von Zulestein, a man of the first family; bred from his cradle in courts, the atmosphere of which had become so essential to his health, that, like the circumambient air, common to us all, he could not breathe out of it. "Disreputable, contemptible being," said I, apart, as he hobbled by me; "how well might those silver locks become a really venerable head; how little reverence do they give to thine!" I afterwards found out that his paralytic attacks had been mainly occasioned by chagrin of mind, for having, at seventy, in an evil hour, retired from a command in the Guards, to which his physician represented to him he was not equal.

Bad as all this was, the behaviour to him of the other courtiers, especially the younger ones, was worse. One would have supposed that his age might have pleaded for some little reverence. But no! He seemed universally dropt, and, except from

the sovereign himself, who showed him some benignity, he walked in, and walked out, without the smallest notice being taken of him.

Think you this exhibition increased my reverence for courts ?

And now, as if contrast were wanting, a different exhibition was presented, by a very different veteran, the Margrave of ——. He was in his grand climacteric, but even still famous for the *bonnes fortunes* which had attended him through life, and made him the envy of the men, and the delight of the women. As a part of his happiness, (though he frequented them as presentations of the world,) he was a great deal above all courts, except that of Cupid. There he was as assiduous as ever ; and not a week had elapsed since a discovery fatal to the peace of a deserving husband, had been made, which might have covered another person with infamy. But he was a Margrave, and the only brows that looked displeasure when he approached, were those of the sovereigns themselves. He consoled himself, therefore, with the surrounding throng, whom, far from shunning, he addressed with almost more than his usual ease. And well he might ; for he found no difference as to reception, unless perhaps in

his favour, either from man or woman. Such are thy judgments; O world! Such the morality of the dissipated!

I could go on, *ad infinitum*, with these august portraits of men who, no doubt, had they known what I was about, would have turned up their noses at the little pedant from B——, who had, God knows how, clambered into such good company. But I hasten to the women, if women they were; for I took them for a moving bed of tulips. Certainly they were as radiant—as rich, as variegated, as every thing, in short, but as silent. They were the “breathing roses of the wood,” that Milton talks of.

At first, I thought I could have looked at, and admired them for ever; but the *éclat* of rouge, diamonds, and feathers soon went off. The mask fell; and I found them as commonplace as the men, only louder, and more eager for notice; and as vapid as a set of peasants, only without their simplicity. Some affected haughtiness, and commanded—others, timidity, and implored you to look at them. Some (especially those who had good teeth), were constantly laughing, in affectation of ease; some stared with boldness, in very fear of

insignificance. One thing was clear : all were acting, and Nature, dear Nature, banished ; or if she did appear, it was in the sovereign lady herself ; and, as it was once said, that the last retiring place of honour was the breast of a prince, so here the last hold of Nature seemed to be in the bosom of a princess.

I cannot describe this exquisite lady, who displayed the most delightful combination of dignity and sweetness that the warmest imagination can paint. In outward elegance, a bird of paradise is not more radiant ; in manner, though sufficiently commanding, a dove not more modest. If any thing could reconcile me to a court, it would be this, the first female in it.*

But, alas ! that I should have to record what accompanied my presentation. The princess was, of course, surrounded by her ladies. Among them, one who amazed me. You knew, and once admired the Countess of Mansfort, and, as I have heard you say, she returned your friendship. From her father, a little baron, just within the pale of nobility, but a most learned Professor, I

* This is not an imaginary portrait, as those who have been at the court of —— can witness.

had the honour of receiving much notice, as you know, as well as much instruction from his lectures at B——; and afterwards, when his merit placed him at the head of our Protestant synod. I was like one of the family. How did I not then admire the opening graces of the young Pauline! How gaily did her cheerful frankness, and pleasant accomplishments, make the hours run! All my intervals of study were absorbed by the delightful society at her venerable parent's, she the head, the ornament, and directress of it! Well; she married, and made a high alliance far beyond her state, and from the modest manse of her father, was transferred to the chateau of the Count de Mansfort; and, what is more, became the ornament of a court, as she had before been of a provincial town.

If my heart, therefore, beat high on arriving at the metropolis, it was because of the pleasure I promised myself in seeing again this admired friend. Indeed, when she quitted us, with the apparent warmth which I thought belonged to her, she made me promise never to be within ten miles of her house without coming to see her. Think you I did not remember this? I had not been two hours in the town

before I flew to the hotel of Count Mansfort ; but to me it was closed. The Gräfine saw no company, although a minute before I had seen a laudau blazoned with the ducal arms, and carrying the *grande maîtresse*, of the court, enter the *porte cochère*. The obsequious Cerberus too, who denied me, bowed to the ground as it passed.

This did not much annoy me. I did not want to shew my sensibilities before company, so gave my card, and said I would call the next day at the same hour. I did so ; and, to my astonishment, was again refused.

“ Did you give my card and message ? ” said I to the Swiss, rather impatiently. He growled out a “ ja,” while he held the gate half open, but said, the order was general against all but the *gens de la cour*. “ *Aux enfers*,” said I (you know my hastiness), “ to the *gens de la cour*, and the *cour* itself ; ” upon which the grim villain retreated, slamming the gate in my face.

“ She cannot know I have been here,” said I to myself, as I walked off ; “ but I shall see her at the drawing-room.”

Eagerly I looked for her, but found her only in the *beau milieu*, absorbed among the *dâmes d'hon-*

neur, with starred and ribboned cavaliers and cambellans. Still I pressed upon her notice; and, to my utter confusion, was scarcely recognized. A cold return to my salute, a grave look of dilemma, as if endeavouring at a recollection which would not come, was all I could obtain, and I was allowed to pass on as if a total and intrusive stranger, or an acquaintance (I will not say friend), whom she had dropt.

Choking with anger, as well as hurt to the quick, I could stay no longer witnessing this silly exhibition of upstart pride, but returned home, in what humour you may guess.

A bad preparation, you will say, for the minister, on whom I was to wait by appointment, as soon as the court was over.

He did not console me by his reception. "I will be very frank with you," said he. "Your father was much respected for his learning and knowledge of the laws, and his administration of them in his court was unblemished. But, though born in the aristocracy, he did not seem to love it. It was the virtue, therefore, not the policy of the government, that continued him in the presidency. We were jealous that, when he could, he laid aside his order,

and never insisted upon his title of baron, with persons who were too willing to deny it him. Since his death, you, too, have been watched at B——. not by me, but others; and we are sorry to think that your associates, at least, have not the best report, as lovers of the present order of things. You were even a second to one of them in a political duel, occasioned by a dangerous admiration of Sand. For myself, my high respect for your father, and my value for the admirable Mentor he bestowed upon you, a man not less distinguished for learning than the coolest judgment of things, gives me a true interest in your well-doing. But, high as you young reformers may rate your superiority in wisdom over us poor old followers of a beaten track, you will, perhaps, give us credit for sufficient watchfulness to avoid putting swords into hands that may turn them against us. I do not say this will be done by *you*; but as I have been very open to you, I expect you will shew the same openness to me, and tell me, if I give you a place in my bureau, leading to higher things, what your principles are in regard to the important questions now agitating in various countries between sovereigns and their people."

Thus called upon, I resolved not to discredit my good Mentor's tuition, as to the assertion of truth, however embarrassing the circumstances in which it was required. I had heard, it is true, that the Comte was an old fox, and not, therefore, entitled to plain dealing; but, at least, his behaviour to me had been fair and open, and he therefore had a right to good faith. I, however, thought it but fair to myself to request he would let me into the nature of the information he wished, by asking specific questions, on the subjects he chose for consideration; assuring him I would be as fair and unreserved in my answers as he could require.

He said my request was reasonable, and he could desire no more. "To begin then," said he, mildly, "with the court, where I understand you have never been till to-day. What do you think of it, and how did it impress you, in comparison with the seat of learning and philosophy, where you have hitherto passed most of your life?"

I answered with the sincerity I had promised, and began by saying what I thought of the general appearance of the company; "brilliant," I observed, "but any thing but natural; and, moreover, that there were many persons there who, I had heard, had

much better have staid at home." He shrugged his shoulders, and said, with a sneer I did not like, he was afraid I was *un peu maligne*, and certainly, for so young a person, a considerable *philosopher*. At this word the sneer increased, and I therefore added, as was true, that I was an admirer of the frank manners of the sovereign, and perfectly fascinated by the grace and dignity, as well as beauty, of his consort.

"Good," said he; "and perhaps, therefore, you would not think yourself called upon by any duty or principle to join, or not to oppose, an attempt to dethrone, much less to destroy them, under the notion of an equality of mankind that never existed:—upon which last point I should be glad to know if you are like other young untamed dreamers, who have long crowded and disgraced our universities."

I thought this at least ill-bred, to say nothing of its impolicy, if he really meant, as a friend, to reclaim me if I was wrong. How different from you, my dear second father! But thus it is with any minister, corrupted as he must be by power. While I answered, therefore, that I should never think of destroying a sovereign merely because he

was so, if he did not seek to make himself a tyrant ; yet I was so far a friend to the equality of mankind, that I thought it was a pity that governments had not been instituted without so universally committing power to one man, who could not possibly be so wise as many, and could still less have any right from nature to set himself above the rest of mankind.

Monsieur le Comte looked not a little black at this, and said, with something like spleen, " You are then a republican, it seems ?"

" Not so," I said ; " I respect the laws which have ordered me to obey my sovereign ; and that sovereign is happily a good man."

" *Happily*," returned he, laying a stress upon the word ; " *but*, if *unhappily*, he should be a bad one !"

" I should still obey him," answered I, " as long as he kept within the law."

" And if he did not ?" asked the Comte, with emphasis.

" Monsieur le Comte," said I, " your excellency ought not to tempt me."

" Ha !" returned he, " you give me then my title, which I assure you I take as a mark of great

condescension for an equalizer of mankind, who perhaps thinks that the kingly government is a usurpation, and that kings are slaves in reality to those they are appointed to command; in other words, that the people may revolt whenever they please, and merely because they please. I put this to you, because I have heard that you have been in England, and are an admirer of doctrines there, which will never be tolerated here."

Though the tone of this was *badinant*, as well as sneering, it was accompanied by a look sufficiently searching to make me perceive how much he was upon the *qui vive* upon the point. He was not more quiescent when I professed not to understand the extent of the question, and that I feared to exemplify the maxim "*in generalibus versatur error*."

"I see," said he drily, "you have not been at college for nothing. I have heard that they teach logic at B—— remarkably well. However, I will allow it is rather too much to expect a young mind to open itself to an old statesman, upon a subject of state-craft. You will, therefore, perhaps scarcely allow me to ask in what cases your English tutor in the science of government would allow you to take arms against a sovereign?"

I answered without hesitation, in those where by infractions of a constitution, the sovereign seeks to set himself above the laws.

“And pray, young gentleman,” said he, more and more drily, “who is to be the judge of these infractions; and when is the case to be held to have legally arisen, so as to give license to the resistance?”

He smiled when he saw me pause a little, and showed a sort of triumph in having, as he thought, brought me into a dilemma, by his skill in putting difficulties in a matter on which he was evidently much practised.

I was preparing to urge the usual topic, that every man's reason was a law to himself, and would enable him to judge with as much certainty as the best formal tribunal; but he stopt me with a loud and emphatic “*Bah!* according to this, every man that pleases may be a rebel.”

Then, as if he had quite settled the question, he told me, if I would go back to B——, and reconsider my principles, which wanted a little pruning, he would be very glad to renew our conversation, when he hoped our sentiments would approximate more than they did at present. Then, in a tone which he meant to be polite, but which savoured, I

thought, too much of sneer as well as protection, he added, "you will dine here to-day, and will meet some public men, though I am afraid you will think them too little refined, or too little advanced in political philosophy, to be on a level with you. In fact, they are plain and vulgar practical people, who care not for theories, however fine, if in the practice of them, they do not work well for the security of mankind."

At this he rose from his chair, evidently wishing to bow me out, and I had tact enough not to seek to protract the interview. I was even so foolish as to appear to acquiesce in an invitation which appeared too like a command to please me, or make me accept it; and found myself in the street, surprised and angry with myself for having shown such a want of self-possession, before a man, whom, except in being practised in the world, (and that, not the best part of it,) I by no means acknowledged to be my superior.

Much out of humour, I returned to my lodgings, in my way to which I passed the silly Countess's door, with a sigh to think she could be such a slave to finery, on her unexpected elevation: and as to the minister, I wrote him a note, to

say I could not dine with him, on account of my intention to depart immediately.

I did so that evening, by a sweet moonlight ; and, whether from a better air, or from having quitted what I thought a land of meanness, prejudice, and hypocrisy, I slept ten miles off, in an indescribably delicious tranquillity, which I never should have enjoyed had I remained in the Vanity Fair I had left.

But I have written too long. My proceedings shall be the subject of another letter. Meantime, I am your devoted friend, if not in all things your follower,

K. RHEINDORF.

LETTER VI.

Rheindorf in continuation.—He visits his decayed castle in Bohemia.—The state in which he found it, and of an agreeable neighbour he discovered there.

Schloss Rheindorf.

I PROCEED with my narration. The place where I put up for the night, though homely, was yet so decent, and at the same time so pleasant, with its little garden, its hay-field, and above all, with a sort of kindly civility in my host and hostess, that, if only for the contrast of their plainness and simplicity to the artificial dignity and manners I had left, it would have justified me in staying with them, as I did, the whole of the next day.

This was besides necessary, in order to devise some plan of operations for the future. For I had left the golden court in such a hurry, and upon so sudden a thought, that I knew not well what I had in view, except to get rid of what was, and I foresaw would continue to be, exceedingly irksome.

At first I thought of coursing along the Rhine, and a second time visiting England. "I shall there," thought I, "at least breathe the air of liberty and sincerity;" and I wrote to Herzstein to that effect. But when I recollected what a trade I had seen made of patriotism, even there, by the vile brawlers who hawked their damaged wares, both in and out of Parliament; what regiments of ready-trained hypocrites, panders to the people for wages still more corrupt than those of a minister, I gave up the design.

And yet I had some strange and contradictory misgivings. I cared not a pinch of snuff for the countess, that was clear; still less for the trappings and grimace of the actors and actresses in the presence chamber. Yet there was something in the lovely person and dignified affability of the presiding female, which spoke so home to my feelings, that I could not forget her. She was everywhere present to me—in my dreams at night, and my recollections by day. I thought *son altesse* an enviable being, not, God knows, for his sovereignty, but for his wife. Nor (you will approve this) was I so prejudiced as not to confess, that he seemed both to enjoy and deserve his good fortune, in

having such a companion, not only for his state, but for his happier moments of privacy and love.

I began to fear I was a little in love myself, though I might as well have loved the moon, or better: for the moon once did descend from her orbit to make a shepherd happy, a thing which my mortal mistress would never think of doing by me.

Be this as it may, I found myself walking by the hour, with folded arms, on the bank of the little river which watered the village where I had put up; and though nothing could make me endure the thought of being again one of the mob of courtiers, such as I had seen, I thought that to be in the family, and about the person of this lovely lady, whether as her knight, her *cambellan*, or even her *gentleman-usher*, might add to my happiness.

Well, you will say, my Sabine notions of homeliness and equality had received a shock; and had I not seen and been angry with the minister, had I stayed over one other court day, my character and principles might have been shaken!

Perhaps you may be right. But the evening came, and I lost myself in enjoying its calm, while I watched the shadows of the hills stretching out

farther and farther as the sun descended, till all became of one neutral colour in the twilight, save where the water now and then emitted a twinkling gleam over the valley which it threaded.

My contemplations, however, were mingled with other thoughts. I wished for *you* ; not to consult about abandoning the court, (for that I wanted no counsellor,) but to advise as to the future. However, I managed so far alone, as to recollect that not only my knowledge of the world, but my book-learning wanted much reinforcement, and as it flattered and soothed the temper I was in, I resolved to retire for a while to complete the studies I had left, for the *terra incognita* you had told me to explore.

You will say, why did you not return to B——? And I said so too.

To own the truth, I believe I was a little afraid of *you* ; and I certainly was puzzled what to say to my brother students in reform, in regard to my feelings about sovereigns, courtiers, and ministers of state. The last I could still join in abusing, but was not so clear as to royal highnesses. Besides, the studies I was most bent upon, philosophy and belles-lettres, were so little of kin to the political disqui-

sitions of the *Renowners*,* that I thought my pursuit of them would be allowed to be any thing but free from interruption. I thought, therefore, of a more perfect retreat than B——, (dear as it had been,) and I thought not a little of my old ruined *schloss*† in Bohemia. Ruined, however, as I knew it to be, I also knew that there were still preserved an inhabitable apartment or two; and the grey-headed old man, who, by my father's will, traversed Germany to deliver me to you, was still there.

The president's library, after his death, had also been deposited in one of the towers; I hoped there was at least a cabbage-garden; and though I had never remembered a neighbour near it, in the humour I was in its solitude was almost an additional recommendation.

I would have told you all this, and indeed had begun a letter to you, but I knew not comfortably how to explain the truant I had played, and besides, was by no means fixed as to my plan, so put it off

* Renowners are nearly the whole body of students in a German university, who think their honour concerned in making themselves *renowned* for breaking the peace, no matter in what way.

† Castle.

till I could myself assume a more settled aspect. This will account for my not writing immediately on my flight from the court.

To shorten a long story ; not being at all resolved what to do, I almost laid the reins on my horse's neck, like a knight of old, quite satisfied if he took me away from courts or trading towns ; for I own I was all for pastoral, whether on mountain or plain, or by river's side. I therefore, after leaving the Rhine, avoided Frankfort and Ingoldstadt and Ratisbon, and wandered carelessly enough among the villages along the Danube :

“ Sicut meus est mos

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.”*

I can hardly tell you how it came about, whether from my own or my steed's instinct, but I diverged almost insensibly from king Danube to the north, and found myself, without knowing it, on the banks of the Moldau. My favourite Englishman here came into my head, and I cried out,

“ Imagine me,

Gentle spectators, that I now may be

In fair Bohemia.”†

* According to custom, meditating on I know not what trifles, but wholly absorbed in them.

† Winter's Tale.

In truth, I was, without at first being conscious of it, at Rosenberg, and therefore only a little way from my old schloss.

An odd way this, you will say, of going to one's own house. But its whole domain had been long sold, and I had quitted it so young, and had been there so little, that I scarcely remembered it; and you must not be surprised if all I recollected of it was, that it was upon the banks of the Moldau, and that I only knew it again when, pursuing the pleasant river path, I beheld the round towers which flanked it. I was even then obliged to an ox-driver for the name which proved its identity.

I asked if it was inhabited; and he answered, with German wit, "Ja! Ja! plenty of owls and bats!"

The sudden interest I had conceived about it was not repressed by this information. "Its appearance," said I to myself, "shall decide my resolution." And verily that appearance was by no means such as would have made you expect the resolution I took; for it was there I resolved for some time at least to take up my rest.

As nobody had lived in it for fifteen years, and even in my father's time he had been very little there,

it had gone much to decay. I expected, therefore, to find it sufficiently desolate, but own I was not prepared for the exhibition it made. Had I not recognized the town of Rosenberg as I passed through, to which I knew it was near, I should not have known it at all.

Figure to yourself a ruined gateway, falling in shattered fragments, which lay scattered across the road, so as to prevent all access in a carriage. Indeed I was forced to dismount, and lead my horse through a labyrinth of broken walls and damaged timbers, belonging to what had once been stables and other offices, before I could arrive at the house door. This being of massive oak, with many flourishes of iron in the shape of foliage all over it, had resisted time and neglect; but I found my great grandmother's sixteen quarterings in stone, together with the Gräfines' coronet, and the armed lancers given as supporters to the family by Maximilian I.,* all broken from the headway of the gate into separate pieces, and lying embedded in the clay which had received them when they fell.

"So falls many a house," said I aloud, "and why not this? Why should not every one have his

* Maximilian I. reigned in the fifteenth century.

turn, as nature and the course of things have provided? The Baron of to-day becomes the peasant of to-morrow, as the peasant of five hundred years ago becomes the Baron of *to-day*. Thus, spite of our opposition to it, equality, on the long-run, is pretty nearly balanced, and really seems the law of our nature."

My moralizing however gave way, not only to curiosity, but to the necessity there was to explore the real situation of my castle; and in particular to ascertain whether any, and what garrison might be in it, besides the bats and owls described by my informant. Accordingly, as all entrance in front was debarred, I made my way through a side wicket, not so large, but as massive as the door itself, and found myself in a garden of weeds, indeed, but mixed with a fair rising crop of potatoes and onions, with a few spontaneous roses, indicating that it might not be ungrateful for any pains that might be bestowed upon it.

A very fierce cock, with at least a dozen wives, had got possession of its sovereignty, and seemed to dispute my title. I felt, however, pleased with his presence, because it indicated signs of inhabitancy which nothing else did. I shall soon find out old

Hendrick, thought I, if still alive ; and meantime I indulged with pleasure in a view of the swift and clear Moldau, which, for want of a fence, seemed to flow through the garden itself.

But what most fixt me was this front of the house, which, considering all things, though dismantled, was not in ruins. Two of the round towers I mentioned were in fair order ; their corbels, loop-holes, and cupolas gave them a venerable appearance, different indeed from the casemented façade which extended between them, and had been modernized not above one hundred and fifty years ago. The plaister and stone to be sure were stained and discoloured by the storms they had abided ; but they were not peeled off or broken through and through like the other parts of the building.

The door of this front was wide open ; so as I could not see any representative, I thought I might so far exercise my right of ownership as to walk in. The hall was desolate enough ; but I was agreeably surprised, on opening what I thought a parlour door, to find a library, not inconsiderable, and in tolerable order as to arrangement, though by no means the better for damps and cobwebs of ten

years' standing which mantled the walls, and some of the shelves.

My surprise was increased when, on the noise of my entry, a sort of tapestry hanging was lifted up from the inside, by a person who seemed by his habit to be a pastor, and who advanced towards me with looks of inquiry equal to my own. He appeared about fifty years of age, and of a good address. With the air of a person at home, he offered me a chair, and asked whom he had the honour to see?

"I might return that question," said I, smiling, "for I believe I am in my own house, though so unexpectedly, that I fear I may be taken for an impostor."

The pastor (for so he was) *seemed* a little confused, yet looked searchingly at me when he said, "This house belongs to the Baron von Rheindorf, who has been long absent from it, and is I believe at the University of B——; so that unless you are the Baron himself, I cannot exactly make out your intimation of ownership. But," added he, seeing that I smiled with too much ease for an impostor, "such a thing may certainly be; in which case all apologies are due from *me*; though, as pastor of the village, I perhaps may not be thought guilty of

too great intrusion in now and then visiting the château of its seigneur, especially where there are such attractions as these good books, and where I actually have two old parishioners who are always glad to see me."

"They are then alive!" I returned, "I am glad of it, for I am certainly Meinheer von Rheindorf, and ought to have announced myself, instead of suddenly invading even my own property. But not the less am I glad to see that, while I remain, I have a chance of such a companion."

At this we made mutual bows, though I could see the good pastor was still under a sort of restraint, as if not perfectly certain of the fidelity of my assertions. However, a few minutes' conversation, in which I related my history since my father's death, (with whom I found he was well acquainted, as also with you,) began to reassure him; and although he seemed to think an excursion without an object, except to get rid of a court, and which only by chance led to a visit to my own house, a rather extraordinary occurrence, he at length trusted my credentials, and treated me with all the respect due to the master of the house.

It was now his turn to explain, and relate how

he came there. It seems his great attraction was, not so much his parishioners (though they were good people he said) as the library, which was very convenient to a German pastor, fond of study and not himself overstocked with books. The president's collection, he said, was excellent: of course, the *corpus juris civilis* was most prevalent, but was rivalled by a great deal of divinity, and set off by an extensive class of belles-lettres, and history; so that I might almost fancy myself at B—— itself.

You may suppose this intelligence, supported by the evidence of the books, was not unacceptable, and I promised myself much advantage as well as pleasure, from the neighbourhood of the pastor, whose name of Becker, you will of course recollect.

I was desirous of now learning something of old Hendrick, who had been sent, it seems, by his wife to a neighbouring mill, while she had gone on marketing business to *my* village, as it is still called, though I have not now a house in it; and I was glad to find that both had strength and activity enough left, to supply all my wants as servants; and Mr. Becker undertook to get me a groom lad for my horse.

All this suited my narrow finances, as well as the sort of romantic humour I was in ; nor was I scarcely less pleased with a proposal of my agreeable pastor, to go home and dine and take a bed with him ; which, as I had come so unexpectedly and was totally unprovided, you may suppose I accepted.

Just then, old Hendrick and his wife arrived, and after all the customary greetings were over, and their surprise had subsided, I left the schloss for a pleasant walk of a quarter an hour, which brought me to my good pastor's plain but welcome table, to which, having walked or rode for several hours without refreshment, I did not fail to do the most ample justice.

The pastor seemed much pleased ; talked agreeably of you, and respectfully of my father ; and, to render, as he said, the enjoyment of the meeting perfect, descended himself into his cellar, whence he brought a bottle of genuine old Hockheim, which had been ten years in its present berth, and was reserved, he said, for great occasions only, such as the present.

A worse dinner than his well-baked *chevreuille*, his ham and eggs, and fine bread, seconded by such

excellent wine, would have put me in good humour with mine host, though he had been a different person. But he was really a well-informed man, and of a most agreeable conversation, especially when relieved from a little shyness with a stranger, whom he thought his superior in station, (falsely and foolishly indeed, but) the consequence of living much alone, or seeing few people but the honest boors about him.

Here he had arrived fifteen years before, and here he had remained ever since, almost without stirring, or desiring to stir from the precincts of the neighbourhood, except when called by an annual visit to attend his diocesan at Prague. Here too, like his predecessor, (I quote the words on the modest stone erected to his memory in the church,)

"Vixit sibi, aliisque utilis:"

in which, Mr. Becker said, might be comprehended all the moral duties of man, which to deserve, he added, (and I believed him,) was all the ambition he himself possessed.

This man, thought I, would have run away from a court as well as myself. A farther acquaintance with him confirmed these ideas, and he soon became an illustration of what another English author

whom I remember to have pleased me, calls, "the simplicity of an untarnished life."

We, of course, talked much of the country, his neighbours, and his way of living. Nothing could be more simple than the latter. His time was divided between his duties to his flock, his studies, and his bodily exercise. The latter seemed laborious, but eminently useful: for he shewed me the neatest and best-kept garden, both for vegetables and flowers, I had ever seen in Germany. And though that is not saying much (for we are not famous for our horticulture), yet even in England it might have been praised. Its walks were all neat, its crops all healthy, and the whole the work of his own hands.

When I complimented him upon it, and observed how much it must have contributed to his health, how useful a husbandman was to his country, how far superior to the loitering flatterers of a court—"Why yes!" he said, "I sometimes console myself for my labours by thinking that I resemble the classical Sabines, so celebrated of old for their homely lives:

"Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere."—SABINI.

There is at least independence in it."

"And what can be sweeter?" answered I. "But even your profit is a good lesson for me, who have so little left of the fortune of my ancestors; though had all mankind all they are entitled to from nature, I mean a more equal distribution of the products of the earth, I perhaps, as it is, have more than my share, certainly more than my desert."

Mr. Becker stared, and, I saw, did not know what to make of this ebullition, which I own escaped me involuntarily: for though it would have been only in character in our clubs at B——, (that is, when you and other college grandees are absent,) I knew enough of the opinions of the great bulk of the world as to property, to know that none but the destitute could be real *Owenites*, and they not from pure disinterestedness. No! great as our advances have been in the march of reason, and on all other points of reform, the times are not yet ripe for that.

Mr. Becker, however, on whom nothing seemed thrown away, rather courted an explanation of what he evidently thought an extraordinary sentiment.

"I see your surprise," said I, "as also your curiosity; and I perceive that my good Bohemian

brethren have not profited so much as those I left on the Rhine, by the rapid advance of intellect, and knowledge of the rights of man, which have been grievously lost among the people, but which still distinguish our universities."

The pastor shook his head, as much as his deference for the lord of the castle would allow, and in a tone of hesitation for which I did not like him, (for, whatever his opinion, he ought to have asserted it boldly,) begged my pardon for differing, but hoped the doctrines I had alluded to would never reach us.

"We are happy and contented," said he, "though poor; and protected by our government, though not ourselves governors; why then should we be disturbed?"

"Then as to the rights of man, if by these you mean rights, clear and intelligible, and the obligation to conform to which is settled, so as that they may be exacted, I own, even in my youth, I never could distinguish them from laws. If you mean rights founded upon natural feelings, or sentiments of justice, and which every man therefore interprets according to his own opinion, I confess I can see nothing like right in such uncertainty. I may

think I have a right to the more equal distribution of property you talk of. Shall I therefore help myself by distressing you? Is this one of the rights of man?"

I rather pitied him for his want of enlarged views, and trusting so much to chance for the continuance of his tranquillity, which ought to be secured on better and firmer foundations than the will of a prince. Yet I found, by his answer, that he was no stranger to the subject; for, citing the death of Socrates, and Phocion, and the banishment of Camillus and Cicero, he asked if the will of the people afforded a better security than that of a king.

"It is our duty," said I, "to seek it against both, and not because we are well to-day, to suppose that we may not be ill to-morrow, when it may be too late to take physic."

"True," said he; "but being well to-day, I will not take physic before my time, lest a remedy not wanted, may itself occasion a disease."

Finding he was so little advanced in our Burschen doctrines, I dropt the subject, though tempted to invite him to go deeper into this famous question, as it was discussed by the wisest heads in

France, where it rocked the cradle of the revolution, and opened men's eyes to their miserable ignorance of first principles.

“What say you to this in the abstract, with all your contentment under the present order of things? Was not the declaration of the *droits de l'homme*, liberty and equality, the real treasure, as it was the real wonder of the age?”

Seeing, however, that the good pastor did not understand this, I turned the conversation, and talked about my meditated plan of life; in which I requested, and he promised, all the assistance he was master of; which, in truth, seemed not inconsiderable. For, except in the narrowness of his political philosophy, of which I have given you a specimen, I have every reason to think myself fortunate in finding such a companion for my retirement.

But more of this as we proceed. At present my lamp is nearly out, and the pastor's couch looks too tempting to a weary man, not to be enjoyed.

So adieu! *Adieu revoir, mon bon tuteur et ami.*

Scold me as you will, I am for ever yours,

RHEINDORF.

LETTER VII.

Winter to Rheindorf.

Comments upon the preceding Letters.—Defence of the Upper Orders.—Refutation of the prejudice against Courts; the evils attributed to them are not exclusive, but extend to all mankind.—The Lower Orders still more guilty.—Mischiefs of Theoretical Perfection exemplified by the French Revolution.

B——.

I HAVE received your two letters. You have told me many important things. You have set a moving picture before me, prompting, with your criticism upon it, much in return.

At the same time, I must say, you have proved yourself the open and confiding, as well as warm-minded pupil I have ever found you. I can have no fears for you on the score of disguise, or concealed designs, whatever I may have as to opinions which I think erroneous. But if those opinions are, as they seem to be, the offspring of a prejudice

luckily too exaggerated to last, the prejudice is at least sincere, and not that of the bulk of reformers, *selfish and intolerant, and therefore incorrigible*. If you lean too much to republicanism, it is from no personal vanity, *which is the most powerful manufacturer of democrats*. No ! you are not brutal and bloody, by way of proving your feelings of *universal love* ; nor is your heart so Spartan in its patriotism, as to refuse tribute to beauty, grace, and virtue, because they are on a throne. Witness what you say of your lovely sovereign.

Although, therefore, I have much to say, and blame you deeply for your rash and hasty judgment of what you saw, and your still more rash and hasty retreat from court, I honour you for the justice you do to both sovereigns. Many of your patriots-run-mad, whom you have left here, would not have done so—your favourite Herzstein certainly not.

But I will proceed by steps. I do not greatly disagree with you on what you say of the absence of nature in a court scene, and certainly not in what you say of the personal characters of many of the actors. But what then ? Is it *because* it is a court scene, that the men and women are actors ?

Are there no actors in the other, aye even in the lowest classes of life? Is it only from the palace that Nature flies? The sovereigns who presided there, you say yourself, seemed both amiable and natural. Can it then be their fault that the persons you criticise are not so? Would not the effect from example be rather the reverse? The fault, then, must be in the individuals themselves, who would be equally actors in any other scene which equally excited their passions.

This blame of the court, therefore, is a mere unjust, and let me add, without offending you, a very juvenile, common-place prejudice, arguing little fairness, and less knowledge, than with your good intentions you will soon acquire.

But grant there is no nature at court, (which, with submission, had you given it fair play, you would have found not to be true,) would you, on that account, shut up the doors of the palace, and prevent a king from having intercourse with his subjects until mankind had grown better? If you are so rigid, why not shut up a theatre, or a ball room, or even a church?

You will say, as to these, why are they admitted? But do not even democrats say they

have a right to be admitted to their sovereign? What a cry would not be raised if they were not! and what a sore and insulting grievance would it not be held, if there was any exclusion! Is not exclusion that of which you complain so bitterly, as if it were the worst of all wrongs suffered by one order from another?

Blame not a court, then, for not discriminating; for it would trench upon your darling equality if it did.

You allow that both sovereigns looked coldly upon those who deserved it. What could they do more? You may say, forbid bad characters. What! would you judge character on mere report, and even allow a king to decide without trial? Is it you, the advocate of the people, who embrace this doctrine?

But grant that a king may, and ought to purify his court; there must then be a new office, and, in addition to a marshal, a censor. I doubt whether this would suit the notions of you reformers, as to liberty and independence. Why the very creation of such an office would produce rebellion.

Confess then your wrath in this respect was hasty; that a court is no more to be blamed for

bad company, than any other assembly ; and if bad characters are found there, you must condemn mankind, not courtiers alone.

Even had the assembly been of legislators, instead of courtiers, are you sure it would have been better composed ? that the proportion of purity would have been greater ? If you doubt, look at the history of all your dear republics—Rome, Athens, the Conventions of France, and even the illustrious children of liberty and reform in England.

But courtiers are insincere, and have two faces. Have men then in the streets but one ? Look at that hotel ; a carriage and four drives up to it ; the master runs at the head of a regiment of waiters, all breathless, and eager to welcome the guest, as if he were a demigod ; what a number of bows—how low, how obsequious ! One would really suppose them the most supple of the courtiers you have described. The hotel-keeper must be the minister himself : yet none of these were ever at the drawing-room.

Behold the shopkeeper ! Is he honest, with his smooth tongue and his two prices ?

Is the patriot honest, when he says he acts only from love of his country ?

Are there no double motives in almost every man we meet? Are you sure even of yourself, when you say that only *for* yourself you despised Rosenthal for a silly coxcomb, whereas your indignation was kindled against the aristocracy on behalf of society at large? When we personally despise people, do we generally allow our minds to be "*gnawed by resentment?*"

But you were cut—cut to the quick, by another friend; an old friend,—a *lady* friend! *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Are you quite certain that your heart was not here concerned still more than your pride? If so, I will not lecture, but sympathize with you. Yet if so, again I say, do not blame the *court*. If the Countess of Mansfort, as she seems to have done, proved herself a heartless person, drunk with worldly prosperity, forgetful of those she once favoured, nay, dropping them from mere upstart insolence, would not she have done so into whatever condition she had been thrown? Or if her lot, from being humble, had prevented this disposition from betraying itself, would that have been from any thing but want of opportunity?—would not her nature have remained the same?

I knew the Countess of Mansfort, or rather the

Fraulinn Markhoff well, both before and after marriage—young, gay, buoyant, affable, unaffected, full of intelligence and seeming feeling, and not ashamed to show either;—fond of old friends, admired and loved by them. She took some time in spoiling, but spoilt she was. Her eye, from sparkling with the natural pleasures of heart, became dim and deadened with worldly pride. Her old friends fell off, but her new ones made up for them, for they had titles and fashion, which the old ones had not.

When I saw her last, she had already lost the nymph-like grace, springing from simplicity of mind, as well as from youth, which made her so popular. No matter; she had gained in court favour, in ceremonies, in show, and above all, in *exclusiveness*. Yet there are moments, as I have been told, when the genuine hilarity of former days comes across her, and she thinks of the many proofs of true attachment which were once shown her by her then equals, now lost and changed by the change in herself. For she is laughed at and despised by many who once, like you, respected and loved her. It has been said that she sometimes wishes to recal those days. But the impression does not last. A visit from the duke puts memory to flight; yet the duke

himself treats her as *parvenue*, and scolds the comte for having degraded his order. That with your downright nature you should feel her change for a moment, does not surprise me, but esteem gone, regret will soon go too.

Blame her nature, however, not the aristocracy. Be assured there are many Countess Mansforts without shoes and stockings in a village; and there is much village purity, but without village coarseness, even in a court.

The same may be said of your gamblers—*hommes à bonne fortune*—seducers, flatterers, and silly admirers of the mere trappings, *not* the high character, of sovereigns.

Cast your eyes on the other classes of life. Go from courts to camps—to the senate, to the bar, and even to the pulpit! Let your range be lower still; walk in the peaceful fields; dive into the simplicities of cottages; or, in towns, admire the pure and unenvious generosity to one another of operatives and tradesmen! Depend upon it, you will find a court minister in every farm, and every shop, and every loom; for is it not an old observation, that *two* of a *trade* can never agree?

Come we now, however, to our minister himself. Here, at least, I detect none of the pride you saw.

His correction of the pushing adulators who, you say, surrounded him, showed rather a sense of propriety than self-importance. If they were adulators, they deserved the reception they met.

But he was himself guilty of adulation, and laughed at his prince's jokes. Well ! how do you know they were not worth laughing at ? But even if not, how many bad jokes have we not all laughed at in our time ?

If a man's happiness depends upon being thought a joker, would it not be cruel to baulk him ?

What would become of us, if all our motives for assentation were proclaimed aloud ? Are there no parasites in private life ? None among schoolboys, who are all nature, yet assent to all their master says ? None even at B——, where all is independence ?

A minister of state may certainly be a parasite ; but not *because* he is a minister, or the court the scene. The same may be said of his jealousy, his intrigue (if he has intrigued), his envy, his mortification, if he was mortified.

And now for your political catechism with the comte. Here I again do justice to your probity. You disdained tampering with your good faith, or

compromising your principles, as you understood them. You were right. The count, though you may not think it, would not have liked you if you had. I told you he had reported favourably of your candour, and if he wished that that candour should bestow a little more attention than it seemed to have done, upon one of the most difficult points in all the various theories that have heated the brain, and thwarted the judgment of the tyros in political science for the last hundred years, did he do more than prudence and candour, on his side, suggested ?

His answer to your opinion of the rights of man, of which, you said, every one was to judge for himself, as well as of the lawfulness of rebellion, was sound, just, and irrefragable. Such a tenet would make any man a rebel that pleased, and defend him too in his own eyes. Think ! declaim ! lash yourself into holy rage for a thousand years together, if the *lawfulness* of insurrection be the question, you cannot resist that answer. It is clear, that to *resist*, you must arbitrarily *break* the law, not protect yourself by it. The whole history of mankind, from Genesis to the French Revolution, affords no one instance of such a law of the land (I speak not

of closet speculations), as that by which a people, or any part of a people, may *declare themselves in a state of lawful insurrection*, and act *constitutionally* upon it—that is, not be amenable to punishment.

It was, indeed, reserved for that dreadful mockery of true reason and patriotism, the French Revolution—that horrible Moloch to whom fathers “passed their children through the fire;” that compound of public fanaticism and private wickedness, to conceive and to permit the case of *impe-rium in imperio*, under which not merely the nation itself, but any part of it that pleased, might proclaim, with the ease with which a private meeting announces a resolution, *that they are in insurrection*.

The consequence was, what might be expected, a constant, and, at one time, an almost daily civil war, in which such torrents of blood were shed that the streets ran with it, and exclusive of the murders in the streets, the legal murders became so multiplied, that four deputy butchers, in the shape of deputy public accusers, were given to the principal assassin, the public accuser in chief. Four additional slaughter-houses, in the shape of four new

revolutionary tribunals and juries, and additional guillotines were also erected, from very lack of power in the original one to do its holy work.

The rascal, Garat, however, solved all difficulties as to the right of the governed to rise at pleasure against the government, by assuring the Assembly, in his quality of minister of justice, when cannon were planted, and twenty thousand men surrounded them, demanding the arrest, that is, the deaths of the Gironde, that there was nothing to apprehend, for it was only an "insurrection morale."*

Thus, too, the just and virtuous Madame Roland, execrating the Parisians *when they turned against her*, exclaims,—“Vous étiez nécessaire pour donner à l'action des tribuns qui vous gouvernent, *l'air d'une insurrection légitime.*”†

In what code does this foolish woman find an *insurrection légitime*? How would it be described? What are the precise cases that are to authorize, and bring it under the definition? Who are to be the judges to decide when they have arisen? Be assured, the whole is nonsense.

Under this beautiful fabric of human reason,

* Mignet, tom. i. p. 264.

† Roland. Mém. ii. 73.

however, this sacred flame of liberty, lightening our darkness, it was almost common (it was certainly not uncommon), for these partial sovereigns, thus declared in insurrection, to march with a regular force, horse, foot, and cannon, to force laws upon the sovereigns of the nation, the Assembly ; and as common for another regular force, to march the next day and undo all that had been done ; the only effect, during the progress, being, what might be expected, the multiplication of murders, arrests, and executions, as one or other party got the upper hand.

In the course of this, almost all the inventors and leaders of this hellish principle, fell themselves a merited sacrifice to their own wickedness. Where all was mob, how could it be otherwise ? The mobs of the Mountain and Girondists *destroyed* the monarchy. This satisfied the Gironde, who gained the power, but not the Mountain, who did not, and who therefore destroyed, first the monarch himself, and then the Gironde for attempting to save him.

The machine which they thus set a-going, ran amain, and would not stop. Danton, the great original murderer, was himself murdered by Robespierre and St. Juste ; and Robespierre and St.

Juste were murdered by those who thought murder ought to be stopt.* But all these murders were in the name of the law; and as the right to commit them emanated from the right of insurrection, which might be assumed at pleasure by those who chose it, this admirable principle admirably contributed to the security of social order, and the well-being of man.

And what is its justification?—Necessity. Necessity, therefore, is the rebel's plea as well as the tyrant's.

It is curious enough, and, but for the horror of the subject, would be not unamusing, to observe how enlightened and just a man suddenly becomes, when the axe he prepares for others is about to fall upon himself. When the *commune de Paris* declared itself in insurrection, with a view to force

* It was computed, that for many weeks fifty heads a day fell under the guillotine, for no proved crime. (Mignet.) One young man was put to death for expressing his indignation at the illegal arrest of Madame Roland. (See her Memoirs.) His father died of grief in consequence. All this was exclusive of the *mitrilles* of Lyons, and the *Noyades* of Nantes. Scylla cut the throats of six thousand men in one butchery; Marins equalled him; this equalled both. But all was honour, virtue, and the people!

the Assembly to decree the prosecution of the Gironde, (in which they succeeded,) Vergniaud, their leader, who had passed sentence on the king, protested mightily and indignantly against it. "Un grand nombre de citoyens," said he, "en est venu au point de *confondre les insurrections séditieuses* avec la *grand insurrection de la liberté!* de régarder la provocation des brigands comme l'explosion d'*âmes énergiques*, et le brigandage comme un mesure de sureté générale."*

What right had Vergniaud to call the insurrection of the commune *séditieuse*, or Marat or Danton *brigands*? Were they not all "*âmes énergiques*?" Were they not all *séditieux* and *brigands* together, when they attacked the king and destroyed the monarchy on the 10th of August?

Who can pity any one of the *Girondistes*—*ces illustres proscrits*? Who will pity any one of those noble patriots in England, whom you so much admire—themselves legislators and even ministers, yet preachers of resistance to the laws, calling upon the people to "agitate! agitate! agitate!" and subscribing to monuments, and funds for rebellion! Who will, I say, pity these fools, if the more noble,

* Mignet, tom. i. p. 346.

because more sincere, beasts of prey they let loose, turn upon and devour them first?

As to the famous question of the rights of man, that tottering, crumbling, and now broken base of the French Revolution—that painted sepulchre, which all *young* students of law and liberty once imagined so beautiful—I really thought I never should again be called upon to review it. Herschel might almost as well be desired to refute the old solar system, and prove, in the nineteenth century, that the sun really did not go round the earth. But as you question me as if you really approved it as it tumbled out of the hands of the French Reformers—now all gone to rest—together with the famous *Declaration* itself, I will just supply you with what Dumont, a very rational and very observing man—moreover, a warm friend to the Revolution—said upon it when it was started.

His account of that eventful time, and the character of its leaders, is by far the most masterly, sagacious, and eloquent sketch (unfortunately it is no more than a sketch) that has appeared upon this inexhaustible subject. It is curious that Mirabeau, who moved the Declaration, disapproved it as a demonstration *à priori*; and held, with the wise

few, that rights could not be sustained except *after*, not before a constitution was established. Even when he proposed it to the Assembly, "Je vous annonce," said he, "que toute déclaration des droits *antérieurs* à une constitution, ne sera jamais que l'almanach d'une année."

But I meant not to go so far into any of these questions, but with a view to that made by the minister, in your interview with him, to show merely that it is sufficiently difficult, as well as important, to make an old statesman anxious that any one he meant to enlist under him should not judge of it rashly; or if he had done so, that he should give yet a little more time for consideration.*

For any thing I can see, this is the head and

* Winter satisfies himself with referring his pupil to Dumont, on the question about which he has been so anxious, "the Rights of Man."

We remember when that mere phrase turned the heads of almost every man, woman, and child in England, as it did in France. It got pretty well settled, or rather silenced, during the Twenty Years' War; but after twenty years' peace it is again revived, and as it may again do mischief, we think we cannot do better than set Dumont's sensible account of it before the reader more at large. Observe that Dumont was a republican, a Genevese exile, though a voluntary one, because the government was too despotic. He was sincerely
attached

front of the count's offence; and for this you set him down as proud, arrogant, and designing, and, to punish him, fly, not so much from him as from yourself. Forgive me if I say this reminds me very

attached to liberty in England, and at first a devoted revolutionist in France. It is thus he writes :

“L'assemblée nationale réunie commença d'abord la fameuse déclaration *des droits de l'homme*. C'était une idée Américaine, et il n'y avait presque personne que ne regardât une telle déclaration comme un préliminaire indispensable. Je me rappelle cette longue discussion, qui dura des semaines, comme un temps d'ennui mortel : vaines disputes de mots ; fatras métaphysique ; bavardage assommant. L'assemblée s'était convertie en école de Sorbonne, et tous les apprentis de législation faisaient leur essai sur ces puérilités. Après bien des modèles rejetés, il y eut un comité de cinq personnes, chargées d'offrir un nouveau projet. Mirabeau, l'un des cinq, eût la générosité qui lui était ordinaire de prendre sur lui ce travail, et de le donner à ses amis. Nous voilà donc avec Duroverai, Clavière, et lui-même, rédigeant, disputant, ajoutant un mot, en effaçant quatre, nous épuisant sur cette tâche ridicule, et produisant enfin notre pièce de monnaie, notre mosaïque de *prétendus droits naturels, qui n'avaient jamais existé*. Durant le cours de cette triste compilation, je fis des réflexions que je n'avais point faites jusqu'alors. Je sentis le faux et le ridicule de ce travail ; *ce n'était qu'une fiction puérile*. ‘La déclaration des droits,’ disais-je, ‘peut se faire *après* la constitution, mais non pas *avant* ; car les droits existent par les lois, et ne les précèdent point. Ces maximes d'ailleurs sont dangereuses : *il ne faut point*

much of the Frenchman, whose rage, in a quarrel with a turnpike-man in England, once so amused us:—"To punish you, I will not come through your pike again to-day." This is not like you, nor

point lier les législateurs par des propositions générales, qu'on est obligé ensuite de modifier et de restreindre. Il ne faut pas surtout les lier par des maximes fausses. Les hommes naissent libres et égaux : cela n'est pas vrai ; ils ne naissent point libres ; au contraire, ils naissent dans un état de faiblesse, et de dépendance nécessaire : égaux ! où le sont-ils ? où peuvent-ils l'être ? Entend-on l'égalité de fortune ? de talent ? de vertu ? d'industrie ? de condition ? Le mensonge est manifeste. Il faut des volumes pour parvenir à donner un certain sens raisonnable à cette égalité que vous proclamez sans exception.' En un mot, j'avais si bien pris mon parti contre la déclaration des droits de l'homme, que pour cette fois j'entraînai l'opinion de notre petit comité. Et Mirabeau lui-même, tout en présentant le projet, osa faire quelques objections à l'Assemblée, et proposer de renvoyer cette déclaration des droits après que la constitution serait achevée. 'Je vous annonce,' leur dit-il, dans son style énergique et saillant, 'que toute déclaration des droits antérieurs à une constitution *ne sera jamais que l'almanach d'une année.*' Mais si l'assemblée avait perdu beaucoup de temps dans les discussions sur les droits de l'homme, elle en fit une ample réparation dans la séance nocturne du 4 Août. Jamais on n'expédia tant d'ouvrage en si peu d'heures. Ce qui aurait demandé une année de soins et de méditations, fut proposé, délibéré, voté, résolu par acclamation générale. Je ne sais combien de lois furent décrétées ; l'abolition des droits féo-

daux,

worthy the young philosopher of B——. Had your friend, the gloomy Herzstein, done it, he would only have been in character.

Well, however, you have fled, and are, no doubt, fishing or bathing in the Moldau, and endeavouring to convert your parson to Radicalism, and the Rights of Man, and among them the right to overturn governments—now, as he pithily tells you, that all governments are settled, and all people happy.

I shall be a little curious to know how the apostle of reform succeeds with the apostle of religion. My opinion is, he will beat you; and my reason for that opinion is, that you

“What is honour know,
And understand a pleaded reason.”

In other words, that you have candour. Your prin-

daux, l'abolition de la dîme, l'abolition des privilèges des provinces, trois articles qui à eux seuls embrassaient tout un système de jurisprudence et de politique, furent décidés, avec dix ou douze autres, en moins de temps qu'il n'en faut au parlement d'Angleterre pour la première lecture d'un bill de quelque importance. On eût dit que l'assemblée était comme un mourant qui fait son testament à la hâte, ou pour mieux dire, chacun donnait libéralement *ce qui ne lui appartenait pas*, et se faisait honneur de se montrer généreux aux dépens d'autrui.

DUMONT. *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau.*

principles are rather feelings than principles; feelings of an ardent, youthful mind, which has the real benefit of mankind, not *self*, for its object. But this is not the case with the pseudo-patriots who compose nine out of ten of the democrats, every one of whom would be aristocrats, nay, autocrats, if they could.

Your parson has told you, and I think in time will convince you, that, granting all the splendid errors you promulge about universal harmony, independence, and equality, if the world is pretty well contented with its condition, no man has a right to attempt—nay, he ought to be punished for his wickedness (for wickedness it is) in attempting—to disturb its repose. It is something like a foolish old nurse I once had in a fever, who waked me out of a sound sleep, in order to give me a soporific draught: She was only a fool—I wish the philosophers of reform were nothing worse.

You may say they are sincere. What then? Has any man a right to pull my house down, because he may be sincere in thinking it ill-built?

An atheist, though a fool, may be sincere. But has he a right to run about the country to tell the people there is no God?—Nay, is he innocent in so

doing ? But if he gets 100,000 florins a year from his disciples for telling them so, let the world say whether he is most fool or knave !

The French Revolution is a mine of political and ethical, as well as historical knowledge. Many of its most mischievous actors, while reeking with the blood of their countrymen, were sincere.

St. Juste ! the great instigator of the Revolutionary tribunal ; the patron saint of the Sainte Guillotine ; who slew thousands in cold blood ; whose legal murders, made him appear the angel of extermination :—this man was sincere ; for he was not, like the devil, personally ambitious ; and he went to his own death like a hero. Will that excuse him, or the devil himself, who was equally sincere when he said, “ Evil, be thou my good ? ”

The Radicals of France were sincere in thinking a republic better than a monarchy. Did that justify the crimes, the infamies they committed in their passage to it ?

To mention the Gironde once more,—Brissot, Vergniaud, and the rest, were sincere in advocating the form of government they wished to impose. To bring this about, Brissot (reckoned the most honest of all in his principles), fearful that if peace was

maintained with foreign powers, the nation might yet right itself under its monarch, proposed, in his secret conclave, the honest and most patriotic stratagem to disguise soldiers as Austrian hulans, who were to make an attack upon the French territory by night. This, he said, would immediately bring on a war of enthusiasm on the part of France, which was wanted.

In other things of the same kind, this pure and modest citizen had proved himself a complete rogue; and, to say nothing of what we left going on in England, among the virtuous preachers of reform and justice, in that wretchedly gulled and besotted nation,—if any one wanted to recover a warm and young mind from a dangerous admiration of supposed patriots, but real villains, he could not do better than set before it the true picture of the hypocritical scoundrel I am writing of. I cannot give it you now, but I recommend it to you as a manual in your lucubrations upon the public virtue of men, cried up and followed in their day as the most virtuous of their species. The relation is drawn up by the same Dumont I have mentioned—no mean authority on that side; for he was not only an eye-witness, but went breast-high with

Mirabeau, whose faults he has fairly recorded ; and he seems to have abandoned the theatre of patriotism, only from having been allowed a place behind the scenes. I commend the relation to your most serious attention, as the best ethical study you can pursue, with a view to historical truth.

Adieu. Take all I have said in good part ; for it has emanated from my detestation of the wilful falsehoods, or specious glosses given by bad and designing men to things which, clearly viewed, ought never to interrupt our happiness : add, my anxiety for the well-being of one, who was never intended to be either the tool or the victim of wicked, or, to say the best of it, insane and selfish ambition.

Write to me regularly, and, as usual, with the minuteness of truth.

I will not tell you not to correspond with Herzstein, though he is a gloomy, and therefore dangerous visionary. With weaker minds, and less candid spirits, he might do mischief. Whatever your present leanings, I fear him not with you, who are made for better things. Think me always,

Your real friend,

HEEM. WINTER.

Have you been able yet to endure the whiskered
Quatre Tours ?*

* See "Souvenirs d'Etienne Dumont de Genève, sur Mirabeau, et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives."

The work is one of the most interesting and important of all original memoirs, and full of lessons, as Winter tells his pupil, both for a philosopher and a politician. The picture of the *virtuous* Brissot, as he was called in his time, and before he deservedly lost his head, is so graphic, and describes the principles of party ambition so hideously well, that as Winter has only *commended* it to Rheindorf, without producing it, and as there are many young Rheindorfs in England, I may perhaps do well to give some of the most forcible passages alluded to.

The anecdote of Brissot's proposal to *force* an invasion of France, in order to bring on a war with Austria, is in p. 286. But the following is more minute, and, as a lesson in political morality, more interesting. With a view to his own advancement and that of his party, it became absolutely necessary to get rid of M. de Lessart, minister for foreign affairs. He had been supposed to have compromised the dignity of France, in his correspondence with Prince Kaunitz; and being attacked for it by the Jacobins, he resigned his office. But Brissot, who feared his return, and resolved to ruin, impeached him, and he was sent to Orleans to be tried. Dumont was admitted into the secret council of the party who drew up the heads of the impeachment. It was so vague, so exaggerated, so abusive, so unjust, that when alone with Clavière and Brissot, he mentioned his dislike of it to them. "J'étais indigné," said he,
"de

"de cet écrit. Je le fus bien plus de la réponse de Brissot. Il sourit d'un *rire sardonique*, et se moqua littéralement de ma simplicité. "*C'est un coup de parti*," me dit-il. "Il faut absolument que de Lessart soit envoyé à Orléans; autrement le roi, qui lui est attaché, le remettra d'abord dans le ministère. Nous avons besoin de gagner de vitesse sur les Jacobins, et cette acte d'accusation nous donne le mérite d'avoir fait ce qu'ils feraient eux-mêmes. Je sais bien que les griefs (contre de Lessart) sont multipliés sans cause; mais il faut cela pour faire durer le procès." He then said that the judge was a slow man, and would pore over the documents, which being so many, De Lessart would be six months before he could be delivered. "Je sais bien," added he, "qu'il sera absous; car nous n'avons que des soupçons, et point de preuves. Mais nous aurons gagné notre objet en l'éloignant du ministère."

Admirable public virtue! O! most sincere reformer of kings and states! Dumont, with more feeling than could be expected from a man so long and intimately soaked in the habits and objects of the rogues he had been assisting, goes on: "Devant Dieu," lui dis-je, "confondu de cette légèreté odieuse, vous voilà dans le Machiavilisme des partis, jusqu'au fond du cœur. Etes-vous l'homme que j'ai connu si ennemi de tous les détours? Est-ce Brissot qui opprime un innocent?" "Mais," me répondit-il *déconcerté*, (the *déconcerté* we did not expect), "vous n'êtes pas au courant de notre situation. Le ministère de Lessart nous perd; il faut l'écarter à tout prix; ce n'est qu'une mesure temporaire: il faut sauver la France, et nous ne pouvons détruire le cabinet Autrichien qu'en mettant un homme sûr dans les relations extérieures."

We

We leave the reader to make his own comments upon the words, "*ce n'est qu'une mesure temporaire*," and "*il faut sauver la France*." We leave him to apply it, as he must, to the ten thousands of English knaves, and hundreds of thousands of English fools, who take Brissot for their pattern, and who, when most bent upon mischief, say, *il faut sauver l'Angleterre*. We, in particular, leave him to mark the "*il faut un homme sûr*;" by which the hypocrite, for his own purposes, always means himself. In this place, by the "*homme sûr*," this most sincere reformer, Brissot, meant that he alone ought to be minister for foreign affairs.

At the same time we owe it to M. Dumont to add the impression made upon him by this exquisite man of virtue. "Depuis ce moment, je ne vis plus Brissot du même oeil. (How should he?) Je ne rompis pas avec lui; mais l'amitié s'affaiblie avec l'estime. Je l'avais connu candide et généreux, je le voyais insidieux, et persécuteur. Si sa conscience lui faisait quelque reproche (car Brissot était *moral et religieux*), il l'étourdissait *par la prétendue nécessité de l'état*."

After touching upon Brissot's boast of his own moderation, his simplicity of life, and freedom from all dissipation, Dumont concludes with this sensible observation: "Telle était la base de sa confiance. Il ne s'apercevait pas que le zèle de parti, l'amour de pouvoir, la haine, l'amour propre, sont des corrupteurs aussi dangereux que la soif d'or, l'ambition du ministère, et la goût des plaisirs."

The Editor trusts he needs no apology for this long note; throwing, as it does, so much light on the hypocrisy of the mis-leaders of party, whether in France or England; and proving, as it does, the truth of Winter's observation, that *necessity is the rebel's plea*, as well as the tyrant's.

LETTER VIII.

Rheindorf to Winter.

Defers to much of their reasoning in the last letter, particularly as drawn from the French Revolution; but excepts from the general blame the minister Roland and his Wife.—High eulogy of those characters.—Upholds the necessity of revolutionizing the tone and habits of Society, which he would bring nearer to Equality, and declares war upon all Pride and Privilege.—But while the present character of the times prevails, persons who will not attempt a change by force, have nothing to do but lie by in retreat.—His description of his House, Garden, and occupation.

Schloss Rheindorf, June.

I SEE your usual sense, and usual kindness, in every line of your letter, and I own myself moved. Your interest about my father's son is clear; your view of mankind, I fear, too just. Yet I am not conquered, as to the evils that really corrode the social state, though on particular points I own myself a little staggered.

The character of courts, for instance, and of certain individuals, may have been a little, though but a little, overcharged by me, and I may have been hasty in quitting the scene so soon. But had I remained to repeat my experiment, what alteration could I have expected in the Countess of Mansfort, in Rosenthal, in the Minister ?

As to the latter, I might have battled with his excellency, without much caring if, with your help, he had beaten me on particular positions ; but a wound either to affection, or pride, can with me never wear off.

This, you will say, is a leaf out of Herzstein's book, and I avow it ; for I wish there were more Herzsteins in the world. It is his sternness, his sturdy, uncompromising sternness of purpose, that is wanting to correct the usurpations of the few over the many. When that is done ; when things are brought more to the equality which nature intended ; when there shall no longer be

“ A gay, licentious proud,”

and every man shall sit, as I do now, under his own vine, not fearing his lord, because there will be no lord to fear, then there will be some chance that

man may look man in the face, and that the reign of sixteen quarterings is over. We may then, and not till then, consider ourselves as really free. By the way, before I left B——, Herzstein showed me a passage in an eloquent American writer, upon the nature of real freedom, derived from duty to conscience, which I think as irrefragable as it is splendid, and I have pleasure in sending it to you.

“ Let them (the lovers of freedom) especially teach that great truth, which is the seminal principle of a virtuous freedom, and the very foundation of *morals and religion* ; we mean the doctrine that *conscience, that voice of God in every heart, is to be listened to above all other guides and lords* ; that there is a sovereign within us, clothed with *more awful powers and rights* THAN ANY OUTWARD KING ; and that he alone is worthy the name of a man, who gives himself up solemnly, deliberately, to obey this *eternal* guide through peril, and in death. *This is the spirit of freedom* ; for no man is wholly and immutably free, but he *who has broken every outward yoke*, that he may obey his own *deliberate conscience*. This is the lesson to be taught alike in republics, and despotisms. As yet

it has but dawned upon the world." * Tondertentroneh, as you nickname my neighbour of the Quatre Tours, would eat me up if he knew of these sentiments in the head of the ancient houses of Rheindorf and St. Gall. But the head of those houses would part with his own head, could he restore the golden age to Germany, of which she has so long been robbed.† Certain it is that he sees with no regret his own quarterings, still mouldering in the mire in which they seem ominously to have fallen. It would be a shock to my principles to replace them over the once proud gate, which the finger of time seems to have touched, by way of warning of what may still be to come. Ought not we, therefore, (nobles as we are called) to put our houses in order, "lest we surely die?"

* Channing on Bonaparte *apud* Reviews and Miscellanies, p. 131. We shall see what the cool-judging Winter says to, what he justly calls, this splendid piece of nonsense.

† Like all enthusiasts, this enthusiastic young man makes facts, time, and place bend to his feelings. When was this golden age in Germany, of which she has so long been robbed? On the contrary, when was she more enlightened, or her pride and prejudice more mitigated, than at present? I do not say that Germany wants not improvement—or that it may not be improved; but when was it better than now—or even so well?

I allow you defend us most stoutly against the supposition that we are more immoral than our inferiors; but with submission, that is not the question. It is certainly not the nobles, nor the rich, who form the majority of those who are hanged, whipped, or imprisoned. The point is, are we not guilty of pride? Pride that cannot be punished, though it insult and wound so as to lacerate the heart of every man below us. It is this that ought to be remedied: which it would be, if the world would only act upon the maxim, so perpetually in their mouths, "*sola nobilitas est virtus.*"

Why should the name of count, or baron, or the moving in a certain set, put an honest man to shame? Why give one man a right to hold his head above another, a creature of the same species? These are questions which political philosophy in vain endeavours to answer. They are not answered by saying that it is the low and uneducated who are guilty of the grosser crimes. Excuse me, therefore, if I continue to make war upon pride till it succumb under a better order of things.

You have talked deeply and wisely of the infamies of the French Revolution. You make me too, I own, more awake to its real character, and that

of the principal actors in it, than I was. The murders of the Terrorists you cannot suppose me not to shudder at, as much as yourself. But the destruction of the ancient régime, though purchased by the destruction of the monarchy, and the death of a king, dazzled me ; nor could I but believe that those who effected this were lovers of justice, and of their country. I own you have in this much enlightened me, and I am forced against my will to give up Brissot, and the Gironde, as I would, and ever will, all hypocritical patriots.

One honest man, however, and one illustrious woman, there at least were, whose patriotism was without spot, and their honesty without question. Roland seems to me to have had all the virtues of a Cato ; his noble, accomplished, and incorruptible wife, notwithstanding your censure, all the merit of a Cornelia, and all the resolution of a Portia. The abilities, the high superiority of Madame Roland, to all women, and most men, added to her immoveable courage and love of liberty, would kindle a far less inflammable spirit than mine to admire, to approve, and, if necessary, to imitate her in all that she did, said, and thought.

To neither of these can be imputed the atrocities

you have so justly condemned ; and they must stand for ever the purest, because untarnished supports of the cause they embraced. In them there was no fault. Moreover, though Mirabeau might be a rogue, and Marat a butcher, both Brissot and Vergniaud, were at least, heroes, over whose fate I have wept, as I have over Cicero. What you say of them, however, will make me ponder the subject ; for which I have ample leisure.

I allow your forcible demonstration, from their example, and that of others, that sincerity in wickedness can never palliate its atrocity. Heaven knows, therefore, I loathe the revolutionary butchers as much as you would have me, and think the sincere St. Juste no better, but worse, than a sincere serpent. But not the less do I think, that it was the unbearable pride of the upper orders that first made patriots of the lower, though success afterwards made them rascals.

The storm over, let us ask whether in France it has not given a lesson of moderation to all exclusives, and whether a French duke or marquess ventures now to spurn his untitled, unprivileged countryman, or whether that countryman is the grovelling being he formerly was ?

I would not revolutionize Germany, as France was revolutionized, by force, cruelty, or blood ; but I would do all I could to effect it through public opinion ; by a change of manners, and maxims, and the destruction of prejudices.

But for these, which evidently govern him, I might be brought to bear with my neighbour the Baron. His looks are at least milder when I now meet him ; his civilities not so contemptuous. I owe this, however, I fear to Becker, who tells me he was prejudiced against me for admiring Sand, and having been Herzstein's second.

Becker has also told me something of his history. He distinguished himself in the war, much for gallantry, more for humanity ; and he makes his peasantry happy. He may, therefore, after all be an exception to the general character of his caste, which must be made to bend to the genius of the times.

Till this is effected, an honest man, a plain man, a poor man, has nothing to do but to retreat from a great world, debauched by self-sufficiency, into a little world of his own, where against self-sufficiency he may shut the door. And, if I am to do this, I am at least fortunate in having stumbled almost by chance, though my own, upon my present retreat.

You have often told me when we read the charming "*Hoc erat in votis*" together, that when you had closed your busy career, (which has made so many of us your debtors,) a river, a garden, a moderate house and a conversible friend, or, as one of my clever English poets has it,

" A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood,"

would bound your wishes.

Well! changing handsome for decent, I have here a house, a beautiful river, a garden, and a friend. The river runs rippling, and shining with, on one side, a soft green bank, always cool and fresh; and on the other, a long border, at present waving with corn.

The room I inhabit is indeed not very moderate; for it is forty feet long, and the walls three feet thick: but as I ever loved space to breathe and ramble in, I willingly forgive this very bearable evil. Then there are windows to the floor, east, west, and south, looking up and down the valley of Rheindorf St. Gall, which winds between mountains so suddenly steep, as barely to admit of being

climbed with difficulty. These are a romantic mixture of rock and vineyard, and so close that they seem a literal exemplification of Horace's description,

“Continui montes nisi dissociantur opaca
Valle.”

I might add also,

“Hæ latebræ dulces; etiam si credis amœnæ,
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.*

Behold me then enclosed in a little kingdom of my own; and, what is best, my subjects are all happy. They consist of old Hendrick the gardener, who is also my *fermier*, and milks my two cows; his wife, and a buxom brown well-shaped daughter of twenty, with dark eyes and hair; the first all merriment, even while at work; the last arranged with that elegance, or smartness (if elegance be too fine a word) which I mentioned to you as characterising our female Bohemian peasants. She makes my butter, makes my bed, helps her father to garden, and dances of an evening with her sweet-

* A chain of mountains only severed by a shady valley. These sweet, and, if you will believe me, delightful retreats, guard me for you safe from even the September heats.

heart to his fife, with a knot of boys and girls under an elm.

This alone would prevent me from thinking myself in a desert, even if there were no life or motion on the river. But there is a traffic upon it by barges loaded with country produce, just enough to make it cheerful, without the disagreeableness of too much stir. This for ever does away the feeling of dulness; and besides this, there is a hanging wood on the opposite mountain across the river, cut into walks, where groups of gay idlers from the neighbouring towns often love to stray. It then becomes a perfect Watteau. If I wanted therefore to enjoy the delight of retired leisure, without abandoning the sight of the world, I could not have made a more felicitious choice.

You will say, all this would be very becoming, as well as pleasant, if I were forty years older, and had played my part in the world;—and I agree. But, my dear friend, what part can I play? Would you have me condescend to be a follower of Count Altenheim, and give security to oppose reform? Or to flutter, like Rosenthal or Liebenstein, in the dazzle of fashion, and think nothing of the rights of society? Or, to vary it, shall I throw myself at

the feet of the Countess of Mansfort, and beg her to return to an old friend, who loved her father, and who esteemed her? Is this the way you would dispose of your pupil, or push him on in the world? Could you see me now, you would say, no.

I write to you from the garden, which I myself now cultivate, and from a trelliced arbour over which I have myself trained a vine with the most luxuriant broad foliage that ever shielded a philosopher, or nursed poet. The leaves are really superb, and the grapes hang like jewels through the interstices, promising glorious treasure when their time is fulfilled. The shade is as complete as what forms it is beautiful, and only perforated here and there to let in glimpses of the river as it runs sparkling by. In short, my alcove is thoroughly German; just what I wanted, and not the worse for not being made to my hands.

I looked for a seat here, but could not find such a thing:—so, as I could not bring the vine to the seat, we brought the seat to the vine. I say we, for it cost old Hendrick, his daughter, the pastor and me, a week's sweet labour—for sweet it was.

Would you now send me back to court?

We have also got the house into better order—at least part of it: for to restore it entirely, was so

far beyond my means, that I abandoned all notion of doing more than making the few rooms, not ruined, tolerably comfortable. I even would not go to the expense, at least immediately, of clearing away the scattered fragments I mentioned to you as lying all around, speaking mementos of what *had* been, and what to others may be to come. I have, however, expelled my twilight subjects, the bats and owls, and wait myself in the political twilight between reform and old prejudices, which now is gleaming around us. I wait and abide the time.

KARL R.

I hear from Herzstein sometimes. He is thoroughly formed upon the old models—Tell, Sydney, and Hampden. I balance your letters against one another. I mentioned Quatre Tours; I must do him the justice to say he is infinitely more bearable. Why? I suppose because he has, as it were, *taken* to me. O Vanity! where art thou not to be found, when thou dwellest in a ruined schloss in a corner of Bohemia? In truth, however, he seems thoroughly a man of honourable mind, and even of candour; for he allows a man may differ with him on politics, and yet be honest.

LETTER IX.

Winter in reply.—English Ministers with a view to reform.
—True character of Madame Roland.—Advice as to Herzstein.

I LIKE your letter, and reply to it on the instant.
It is more reasonable than I expected from a disciple of Herzstein.

I am glad my revolutionary picture was not thrown away upon you, and that you see the French patriots in their true light. You say yourself you would not revolutionize Germany as France was revolutionized, by blood and cruelty ; but by public opinion, and a change of maxims and manners. Can any thing be more reasonable ? Do I oppose this ? No ! the whole bent and virtue of philosophy is to renovate right modes of thinking and acting, when they have got wrong ; which cannot be done unless blind prejudices are destroyed. But to destroy prejudice I would not destroy

the state. I would trust to time and reason ; as you say you would.

The vice of the French patriots was, that they ran headlong into first principles, as if there never had been laws, or a constitution in France ; as if their twenty millions of men, women, and children, had just met together, from God knows what caves and forests that had hid them, and had agreed, *for the first time*, to form a social compact, and enact a constitution. They found that the laws and customs of a thousand years stood in the way ; so, in their eagerness after regeneration, they levelled the whole at a stroke, and, as Mirabeau himself said, upset in one evening what it had taken ages to concoct.

You will say the concoction was bad. Be it so, as to some parts of it. But would it be wise on that account, to annihilate all, before you had even thought of any thing to supply its place ? Hear again what the contemporary Dumont, who at first was their great admirer, says to this. “ Il n’y avoit pas moyen de réfléchir, d’objecter, de demander du temps ; une *contagion sentimentale* entraînait les cœurs.” How wise, as well as how beautiful, to destroy an immense body politick in a fit of senti-

ment ! “ Le lendemain on commença a réfléchir sur ce qu'on avoit fait, et les mécontentemens percèrent de toutes parts. Mirabeau et Sièyes, chacun par des raisons particulières, condamnoient avec raison ces folies de l'enthousiasme. ‘Voilà bien nos François,’ disait le premier ; ‘ils sont un mois entier à disputer des syllabes, et dans une nuit ils renversent tout l'ancien ordre de la monarchie.’ ”

The *rational* part of mankind have long agreed with Dumont ; but too many are still *irrational*, and, either from folly or wickedness, mock the beacon which ought to enlighten them. How many hundreds in England, as well as Germany, are not at this moment doing the same thing, with the same patriotism in their mouths, and the same mischief in their hearts ! Resistance to the laws, or what is the same thing, refusal to pay the taxes, has been recommended, as I told you, by the highest ranks. Open, loud, and unequivocal threats of destruction are denounced by the people, against that part of the constitution, the House of Peers, which was created for the very purpose of controlling their excesses.

True, the House has its defenders—but they are

only in its own bosom. As true, (and as melancholy,) that those who possess the government are not among them. Its protection is left to itself. The guards against treason are themselves traitors; those who should against the murderers shut the door, "do bear the knife themselves."

Think not this exaggeration; it is fact—dry, prominent, and unglozing fact. If you want a proof, take the warning to the heads of the church by a minister himself, to set their houses in order, "or they shall surely die:" the very passage you have applied.

What are we to say to the Protector, who hints the murder of those he protects? What of the dog who worries the flock?

It is also held, that he who does not legislate in the spirit of the age, is unfit to govern. And what was that spirit when this apothegm was broached? In Ireland, murder! In England, incendiarism! Throughout the empire, revolt—revolt abroad, preached by legislators; at home, by demagogues whom the ministers worship.

But is this all? No! open defence, and recommendation of assassination—honour to assassins,

and lamentations at their failure.* Such is the beautiful prospect of this once rational people—rational no longer.

And for what is all this? To feed the ambition of some; the vanity of others; and fill the pockets and bellies of all.

Can the French picture exhibit anything worse? At first it was much better; for we all allow that in France there were abuses which required to be rectified, and which, under the good king, might have been so. Was he not a good king? Can we forget one of the most affecting scenes in history, the manner in which he was found by his virtuous defender, the venerable Malsherbes, when he came in tears to communicate the sentence of the Assembly?—that sentence pronounced by one of your heroes, Vergniaud. He was in the dark; leaning his elbows on a table, his head in his hands, and lost in profound meditation. “For two hours,” said he, “I have been occupied in seeking whether, during my whole reign, I could have merited from my subjects the smallest reproach; and I swear to

* See the meeting at White-Conduit House, where hopes were openly expressed that the next attempt upon Louis Phillipe might succeed.

you, in the truth of my heart, and as a man about to appear before God, I have constantly intended the happiness of the people, and never formed a wish contrary to it." *

Such a man could not be a tyrant ; and if the meaning of tyranny be an exercise of power contrary to law, as he was inviolable to the constitution, let those who judged him answer *who* were the tyrants.

Your friends the Girondists knew this well ; yet, though it was said they wished to save him, they joined in the murder, and Vergniaud himself was president of the lawless tribunal, and passed the sentence. He and his brethren therefore were either traitors or cowards by their concurrence : if they meant to destroy the king, traitors ; if to save him, but afraid, cowards.

As to your female revolutionary deity, your pattern of female virtue (certainly not of female delicacy), I would spare you her picture if I could, or if truth would permit me. She was, as you say, a heroine, and a martyr—but a martyr to what ? To a rebellious and ambitious spirit, deceiving itself

* Mignet, i. 328.

under the notion of justice, accompanied with much self-interest. She was, as you say, called, and wished to think herself, the Cornelia of her party,—who, no doubt, were all of them Gracchi; so far indeed like Gracchi, that they all perished in the tumults they had themselves raised.

Yet let me do her justice. This was before the revolution had become a crime in her mind, by the destruction of her party; and therefore before, according to her own account, she had considered the subject with *impartiality*. “Aujourd’hui,” says she, “*que l’expérience m’a appris à tout peser avec impartialité, je vois dans l’entreprise des Gracques, et dans la conduite des tribunes, des torts et des maux dont je n’étois point assez frappée.*”*

Certainly she was not *frappée* at all, when the French Gracchi attempted the murder of the king on the 10th of August, for seconding which so well, her husband, in his official report as minister of the interior, *commended the commune of Paris*; and as little when the same Gracchi dethroned that king and condemned him to death. It was only when the storm they had contributed to raise had pelted

* Her own Memoirs, i. 150.

most pitilessly on their own heads, that she began "*à tout peser avec impartialité, et voir des torts et des maux*," which had never struck her before.

But, grant she was all that has been said of her ; neither the abilities she possessed, nor her heroism, conferred upon her the real virtues of a woman's character. They did not even ensure to her a right judgment of the things she saw.

In her inveteracy against her king, she was indeed no woman. When we read her, we think of Lady Macbeth :—

"Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts,
Unsex me here !"

She was, indeed, with some accomplishments, fearless in unsexing herself. To me, she seems a man in petticoats, and not a very delicate, any more than a wise and good one.

In the effrontery with which she exhibits herself, she rivals Rousseau ; particularly where she displayed (nor blushed to do it) the effects of her feelings at a certain critical period of her age, which one would have thought modesty alone, even in the unchaste of her sex, would have prompted her to conceal. This too was composed at a time when she

expected to die; and only a few weeks before she actually perished.

But she was a *femme forte—égoïste*, and vain; and, like Rousseau, would rather proclaim what others are anxious to conceal, than suppose that the mere phenomena of nature were not, in *her*, of consequence to the world.*

We will not blame her little female vanity, in exhibiting her personal charms to her readers; which she does with almost as much liberality as the goddesses to the shepherds of Mount Ida. She tells us, with no small complacency, of her fresh colour, and sweet expression; that there may be many mouths more beautiful, but none set off with more tender, or seductive smiles; that no feature indeed was regular, but the whole, together, pleasing.

Hitherto our modesty is not shocked, and we give her leave to boast of those charms which it may not be indecent to describe. But what are we to say when she goes on to tell of her well-made leg, her swelling loins, and superbly furnished bosom.†

* See her curious conference with her confessor, on this subject.—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 111, 112.

† “Haunches bien étendues,—poitrine large et superbement meublée.”—Mémoires, tom. i.

Was it these passages that made Dumont say that her memoirs imitated the Confessions of Rousseau, and were often worthy of the original? Are you content to have such a lady for your instructress in philosophy? But take other instances of her delicacy.

So late as at the age of seven, her father fearing, not without reason, she was a termagant, whipt her twice for refusing to take physic, (as he thought) through obstinacy. Her father's conjecture was probably right; however she attributed it to tyranny, and her heroism displayed itself;—for, being threatened with a third whipping, she fairly turned herself in her bed, and, to use her own words, “*Je me trousse ma chemise, et je m'offre aux coups en silence : on m'auroit tuée sur la place, sans m'arracher un soupir.*”

Another time, before this, being laid across her father's lap, preparatory to another whipping, (she does not say for what, only questions the paternal authority,) she bit his thigh.

Admirable promise, in the young rebel, of that cool and dispassionate judgment in the science of government, which was afterwards to enlighten mankind. With submission, this is not the lady I should exactly select for your patron saint, or

instructress in any thing, but particularly in political philosophy.

In almost her last moments, she amused herself in prison in drawing the characters of men whom, in the revolution, she had either loved or hated. In these I impugn not her truth; but the spirit in which she writes was of the same violent temperament that always belonged to and generally blinded her. Here, considering the epoch, it was anything but Christian, (though, as a professed deist, *that* we could not expect). But neither was it commonly just, since those she abused (and they were many) had no power to answer.

In relating her own adventures with some of the revolutionary *canaille*, from her regard to truth I suppose, she gives most uncompromisingly the vulgar expressions of these most hideous of the vulgar, in all their deformity. She admires to almost adoration the genius of the obscene Louvet—that poisoner of all morals—that corrupter of all hearts, (particularly of the young); that underminer of purity, whether in man or woman; so that every father, husband, and brother may say, Woe to him or her who reads him. Yet this man is her idol,

literary as well as political ; and, that she may not be supposed to be ignorant, or by possibility misunderstood, she founds her admiration in terms, upon his, “jolis romans, ou les *grâces de l'imagination*, s'allient à la légèreté du style, au ton de la *philosophie*, au sel de la critique.”

There ! I think I have told you enough of the *philosophy* of a revolutionary lady, whether as to love or liberty : for we are not to forget that the “jolis romans” on which she founds the proof of the author's *grâces de l'imagination et ton de philosophie*, comprehended ‘Faublas,’ whose imagination and philosophy consisted in dressing himself in women's clothes, the better to carry on the intrigues and adulteries of four volumes.

So much for the taste and virtue of your Cornelia. As to her knowledge of the higher morality, we may gather it from her praises of Charlotte Corday, who assassinated Marat. Praise of her as an individual, we might not blame ; but, wretch as Marat was, what are we to say of the defence of, nay the glory she thinks may be acquired by assassination, *provided the murdered party is an object high enough* ! Marat, it seems, was too poor, in

her estimation, for such an heroic act; Danton might have been worthy of it.

But search and read her memoirs, lest you should think I am mistaken.*

As the book is before me, I transcribe again from Dumont what he thinks of her capacity for appreciating men and things:—"Clavière et Roland, après avoir vu le roi dans le conseil, revinrent de leurs préjugés, et le croyaient sincère: elle (Madame Roland) ne cessait de les prémunir contre les illusions dont la cour était remplie; elle ne pouvait pas croire à la bonne foi d'un prince élevé dans l'opinion qu'il était né supérieur à tous les hommes; elle ne cessait de leur répéter qu'ils étaient dupes, et les plus belles assurances ne lui paraissaient que des pièges. Servan, qui avait un caractère noir, un orgueil atrabilaire, lui parut par cette raison un homme énergique et in-

* *We have searched and read, and for the reader's sake supply the passage: "Une femme étonnante, ne consultant que son courage, est venue donner la mort à l'apôtre du meurtre et du brigandage; elle mérite l'admiration de l'univers: mais faute de bien connaître l'état des choses, elle a mal choisi son temps et sa victime. Il étoit un plus grand coupable que sa main auroit dû immoler de préférence.*

corruptible: *elle prit ses passions pour la grandeur d'âme, et sa haine contre la cour pour une vertu republicaine.* (Do you think I do not recal your late letters on the court, when I read this passage?) Louvet, qui avait la même prévention, devint son héros. Louvet avait beaucoup d'esprit, de courage, et de vivacité. Je m'étonnai qu'une femme vertueuse pût regarder le frivole auteur de 'Faublas,' ce professeur du vice, comme un republicain sévère; *mais Madame Roland pardonnait tout à ceux qui déclamaient contre les courtisans, et qui ne croyaient aux vertus que dans les chaumières.* Elle exaltait des personnages bien médiocres, tel que Lanthenas et Pache, uniquement parcequ'ils avaient la même manière de voir." So much for her impartiality; then as to her tact and good sense, hear how Dumont goes on:—"Il a manqué à son développement intellectuel une plus grande connaissance du monde, et des liaisons avec des hommes d'un jugement plus fort que le sien. Roland avait peu d'étendue sans l'esprit. Tous ceux qui la fréquentaient ne s'élevaient point au-dessus des préjugés vulgaires. Elle ne crut jamais à la possibilité d'allier la liberté avec la monarchie,

et voyait un roi avec la même horreur que Madame Mc Aulai, qu'elle regardait comme un être au-dessus de son sexe."*

But I have a far higher quarrel with Madame Roland before I finish; which will set her value with you, for good faith and honesty of purpose, in its true light. Happy shall I be if it deliver you from the dangerous mistakes which the best of revolutionists often fall into, that the *ignis fatuus*, falsely called patriotism, will excuse the most vicious judgments, and gild with the name of virtue, the most evident departure from honour.

Her husband Roland, minister of the interior, with less imagination, but more sense than his wife, and who, had there been no revolution, would have been a really honest man, naturally austere and firm, had written a strictly *confidential* letter to the king on his critical position—so confidential

* Dumont, 275. This last trait is quite enough. Mrs. McAulay is the authoress of a History of England, so full of erroneous opinions that, though in four handsome quartos, it has become waste-paper. She is the woman whom Johnson used to quiz about equality, and who made her very angry by asking her footman one day to sit down at table with them, as his mistress held that he was her equal.

that it began, "*Sire, cette lettre ne sera jamais connue que de vous et de moi.*"

One would suppose that whatever happened afterwards, the writer, if an honest man, could never have been tempted voluntarily to publish such a letter.

But published it was by this grave and virtuous minister, no doubt for the sake of the people, at the instigation of your heroine, his king-hating wife. The contents were of the most influential and dangerous character; for, in prophecying what a misled and excited people *might* do against their king, it at least gave them most palpable hints how to perform it; and it was actually performed. The letter was written by the minister when in office; it was published by the patriot when dismissed; and, as Dumont implies, in revenge for the dismissal.*

* Le plus grand reproche qu'on ait à faire à Madame Roland, c'est d'avoir engagé son mari à publier la lettre confidentielle qu'il avait écrite au roi, et qui commençait ainsi: "*Sire, cette lettre ne sera jamais connue que de vous et de moi.*" Renvoyé du ministère, il ne peut se refuser au plaisir d'une vengeance déguisée: il publia cette lettre, qui contenait des menaces prophétiques, sans s'apercevoir peut-être que ces menaces mêmes devaient amener l'évènement,
et

I own, all these traits of your heroine do not raise my admiration of her propriety of mind, or even of her virtue, whatever they may do of her courage; and when I see the most perfect acquiescence in all the legal murders that *preceded* those of her own friends, including the great one of the king, to which last her husband was by his office at least instrumental—when I see such crimes fail to excite a sigh, or a sentiment of regret, and both husband and wife very comfortably availing themselves of the advantages they reaped from the stupendous shipwreck—I confess that their undergoing the same fate, through the instrumentality of the same crimes, though it affords me no pleasure, gives me no pain.* Her lamentation of these

et que dire au roi tout ce qu'il devait craindre du peuple, c'était suggérer au peuple ce qu'il avait à faire contre le roi."

* As the *conservative* Winter, may by some readers be thought prejudiced in this critique on Madame Roland, let us consider what was said of her by the more revolutionary, though no less well-judging, authority he has quoted so often. After paying tribute to the "charmes extérieures de son sexe," and the "étendue de ses qualités," which he was prevented from entirely knowing by "un peu de prévention contre les femmes politiques" (we quite agree with him),

crimes is important, because coming from a most unwilling witness to the danger that attends almost all revolutions, instigated at first by enthusiasm, but continued by robbery and murder. It is a lesson unanswerable to the student in insurrection. While successful against the king, or, as she calls it "*la tyrannie*," we hear of no regrets from her or her husband. But the king murdered, and the

him), Dumont thus very sensibly describes the defects of her judgment, and a want of candour, whether from weakness or violence of mind, which shows how little she deserves her reputation for more than the courage and talents she certainly possessed. Having an energetic style, says Dumont, "*elle aimait trop écrire*." We should think so, for she seems almost to have held the pen in her hands till it was snatched from her by the executioner; nor was the subject of it even then at all employed, where one would suppose it would have been most profitably to herself, on religious preparation. Not long before she suffered, she wrote an interesting paper, entitled "*Mes dernières pensées*;" but with not one glance at the fearful transit she was about to make, except in a quotation from Shakspeare: "To be, or not to be, that is the question," which she had, with what might be almost thought levity, underlined, "*Elle sera bientôt résolue pour moi*." It was, in fact, a political testament, in which all the prominent feelings of a French Revolutionist, about to be made one of its victims, appear set off with all the attributes of a *femme forte*.

scramble for power going against them, mark her change: "*les maux de mon pays me tourmentent*; la perte de mes amis affecte mon courage; une tristesse involontaire pénètre mes sens, éteint mon imagination, et flétrit mon cœur. *La France n'est plus qu'un vaste théâtre de carnage, une arène sanglante, où se déchirent ses propres enfans.*"*

No feeling of this sort occurred on the 10th of August, when these friends of hers drove their king from his palace, to take refuge in a den of traitors, who murdered him.

Again:—"Notre gouvernement est une espèce de monstre, dont les formes et l'action sont également révoltantes; *il détruit tout ce qu'il touche, et se dévore lui-même.* Les généraux habiles sont accusés de trahison, parceque des représentans, qui n'entendent rien à la guerre, *trouvent mauvais ce qu'ils ne confirment point*, et jugent aristocrates tous les individus *plus éclairés qu'eux* (meaning, of course, Monsieur et Madame Roland). Les hommes probes et généreux qui voulaient le bien de leur patrie (meaning the same persons), et osèrent tenter de l'établir, dénoncés audacieusement sous

* Memoirs i. 68.

les plus odieuses couleurs, et de la manière la plus contradictoire, furent enfin sacrifiés par l'ignorance et la peur, à l'intrigue, et au brigandage. (Be sure there was no intrigue or brigandage before this!) Chassés de ce corps, dont ils étaient l'élite, ils ne laissèrent après eux qu'une minorité extravagante et corrompue, dominant par la tyrannie, et dont les sottises et les crimes creusent leur propre tombeau, mais en consommant la ruine publique. La nation, lâche et mal instruite, parce que *l'égoïsme est paresseux*, et que la paresse ne se donne pas la peine de rien voir, a laissé recevoir une constitution vicieuse, *qui, eût elle été meilleure*, devait être rejetée avec indignation, parcequ'on ne peut, sans s'avilir, rien accepter de la scélératesse : *elle prétend à la sûreté, à la liberté, qu'elle a vu impunément violer dans la personne de ses représentans*. (She did not see this when liberty was violated in the persons of the king, queen, and the innocent Elizabeth.)

Again. . " *Elle ne peut changer que d'oppresseurs*; elle est déjà sous un joug de fer, et tout changement lui parôit un bien; mais incapable d'en opérer un elle-même, elle l'attend du premier maître qui voudra la commander.

O Brutus ! dont la main hardie affranchit vainement les Romains corrompus, *nous avons erré comme toi.* (Of course, now they were going to lose their heads.) Ces hommes purs, dont l'âme ardente aspirait la liberté, *que la philosophie avait préparés pour elle dans le calme de l'étude et l'austerité de la retraite, se sont flattés, comme toi, que le renversement de la tyrannie allait ouvrir la règne de la justice et de la paix :* il n'a été que le signal des passions haineuses et des vices les plus hideux."

Once more, and we will finish with your heroine.

"Après les premiers mouvements d'un peuple lassé des abus dont il était vexé, les hommes sages, (meaning again M. Roland, &c.) qui l'ont éclairé sur ses droits, ou qui l'ont aidé à les reconquérir, sont appelés dans les places : mais ils ne peuvent les occuper long-temps ; (unfortunate !) car les ambitieux, ardens à profiter des circonstances, parviennent bientôt, *en flattant le peuple,* à l'égarer et l'indisposer contre ses véritables défenseurs, *afin de se rendre eux-mêmes puissans et considérés.*

Telle a dû être la marche des choses, notamment depuis le 10 Aout." *

"Notamment," indeed, since the 10th of August, for what passed before, she has no remorse.

But leave we this *soi-disant philosophe et patriote*, to come to more pleasant things. Let me congratulate you on your real philosophy, your studies, your closet meditations, and your garden relaxations. They are worth a thousand revolutionary heroes. Mirabeau at the head of the Assembly—Brissot, when he had destroyed the monarchy—Danton, when he destroyed Brissot—and Robespierre when he destroyed Danton—may have been more excited, but never were so happy. I augur well from it; for whatever your real patriotism, or supposed disgusts, no mind which can thus court and be satisfied with such natural plea-

* Memoirs i. 68, 69, 70, 71; and Vol. ii. p. 65. The picture which this female apostle of revolt gives of the horrors of that revolution, which when it tended to her elevation were no horrors at all, but after her ruin became hideous, is so striking, and such a beacon to visionary reformers, that it seems *operæ pretium*, notwithstanding its extent, to have set it forth in detail.

tures, can ever approve, much less attempt mischief under the self-deception of intending happiness.

Depend upon it, with the exception of a few zealots, heated to madness, and therefore blind, most other reformers have something of the natural-born rascal in them. Other public men may be, for a time, sensual, or vain, or ambitious, lustful of wealth, or lustful of power, and may even have something bordering on greatness ; as Rienzi, Cromwell, Richelieu, or De Retz ; but, in the end, how ever disguised, when reform is the rallying cry, you will always find added to these the plague spot of self-interest, under the cloak of patriotism.

You will ask, is there then never to be reform ? Or if denied, never Revolution ? Were Lycurgus, or Brutus, William III., or Washington, without public virtue ? and ought they not to have done what they did ?

I have neither said one nor the other : and my answer is, that the case must be determined by the reality and size of the grievance, and the proportion of suffering between the relief and the remedy. I would not take poison to release me from a headache. I would not abolish all titles because I had not one myself. I would not cut off the head of a

king, because Madame Roland chose to say a king cannot be trusted. I would not reduce all property to a level, because I am not rich. In short, I would not provoke a storm in a calm, nor preach civil war because of a difference of opinion on abstract principles of right. He who would do this, were he even himself unstained, is not the sincere friend of mankind. He who, to produce success, would let loose all crime, is its enemy.

I am sorry to say I think a man who has been, and perhaps still is, too near you in esteem and influence, is one completely of this description. You may suppose I mean Herzstein. I have long thought it. Higher powers have suspected it, and begin to think their suspicions confirmed. He is watched, and thought to have too many correspondents in Switzerland, Italy, and England, to say nothing of the North, to be explained by mere literary labours. He is gloomy and silent, particularly with me; but indeed with all but those of the *Burschen* who are most remarkable for insubordination.

I beseech you, whatever your position with this man, consider it well. I cannot give you a greater proof of the interest I take in you than in this advice.

And this brings me to the passage in your American author, which you received from Herzstein, and which you say is as irrefragable as splendid. It is splendid if you will, but splendid nonsense. It says that conscience is the voice of God in every heart. Be it so. There is certainly such a thing; but will it do more than prick you for not acting up to your principles, *whatever they may be*? Will it inform you what principles are right, and what wrong? A Spartan tells you to rob; a Persian, to marry your sister; a Roman, to strangle a captive king, or throw a Christian to a wild beast; a Druid to burn his prisoner; an Indian to eat him; a Carthaginian to offer his child to Moloch; an Otaheitan to his own lust; Rousseau (one of your heroes) to the oubliette of a Foundling Hospital. What shall we say to an inquisitor who thinks a Protestant is and ought to be damned, and roasts him for the good of his soul? What of a Jew who was frightened at a thunder storm at dinner, because he ate a bit of pork? All this was conscience; but was all this equally the voice of God, and therefore equally enjoined? Or was it more than a mere index, to tell you when you departed from the rules *in which*

you were educated, not what ought to be the rules themselves, which you see may differ in different people, as light from darkness.

But your American says conscience is a king, above all kings, lords, or guides ; that it is clothed with more awful powers and rights than any *outward* sovereign ; and that he only is worthy the name of man, who gives himself up solemnly and deliberately to obey this internal guide through peril and in death. Therefore an Asiatic kills himself when commanded to do so by his prophet or sultan. This is the spirit of freedom, says your American preacher ; for no man is immutably free but he who has *broken every OUTWARD yoke, that he may obey his deliberate conscience.*

As yet, this has only *dawned* upon the world.— It is reserved, I suppose, for your excellent Herzstein to bring it to the perfection of bright day. But God forbid ! for a child, (much more *you*) may see that conscience, urging so many different things according to every man's different notions of right and wrong, may command him to do whatever he pleases, so that he may cut your's or my throat, if he only please to think that it is right to do so. Nay, "no man is worthy the name of man,

or immutably free, who has not broken every *outward* yoke to obey this greater sovereign within." According to this, then, no man who dislikes the restraints of law or government, but may, nay ought to break through them, if his conscience (which we all know he can model to his will) tell him to destroy his king, like Ravaillac, or any other person, like Robespierre, (shall I add Herzstein?) Was I not right then in saying that your American rhapsody, if splendid, was splendid nonsense.

Adieu: read—plant, and dance if you please under the elms; but do not attack windmills.

Your friend,

HERMANN WINTER.

LETTER X.

THE ANSWER.

Schloss Rheindorf, July.

YOUR letter has moved my wonder. I thought nothing could have shaken my opinion of the Rolands. You have made them do so themselves. Strange, that I should have known so little of what I thought I knew so well. But I knew them only in the panegyrics of their admirers—as you may suppose, revolutionists like themselves. One thing was at least clear, that she was a true heroine as to courage, and an untameable spirit ; though whether well directed or not, you have made more than doubtful. So, also, as to the power of conscience as an infallible guide. I give up my American.

Your whole letter has, I own, opened a new field for speculation. It has much engrossed me, and will more, when I am more composed. Shall

I confess to you I am not so now. By a strange coincidence, the very same post brought a letter from Herzstein, as opposite to yours as different consciences; that is, as you say, as light to darkness; I might say, as Heaven to Acheron. I am absorbed in them both, and know not well how to analyze your opposing doctrines. Free I am to say, I am not with him. Am I then with you? With you as much as you wish me? Let me pause ere I answer.

Indeed, both your letters are too important, too pregnant with serious conclusions, to respond, without retiring into one's self, and weighing consequences more than I now can do. Give me time then, and I will honestly answer you both.

What you say of England is convincing. They know not when they are well. But England is not Germany. Can we say that *we* are well? O! give to Germany but England's laws, and England's real freedom, and no act of mine would tend to change them!

Adieu for the present; more hereafter.

Your grateful,

KARL RHEINDORF.

LETTER XI.

Herzstein to Rheindorf.

Reproaches him for the coldness of his patriotism, and endeavours to rouse him in the cause of Liberty, by the example of England and Italy.—Fears that his zeal has evaporated in a romantic love of leisure, and the softer literature.—Proposes that he should join in exciting Germany to aid the cause of the Italians, who aim at throwing off the yoke of foreigners.

WHERE are you, Rheindorf? I had hoped in England; where, when you quitted the court so nobly, you were inclined to go, and I rejoiced. It is now the only land in Europe for a freeman to dwell in; though even there freedom is much depressed. Nevertheless there, at least, the warm spirit of philosophy grows; tyrants may be threatened with impunity, nay, even their taking off, publicly praised and recommended. There the heroes of liberty, falsely called traitors by our oppressors, and immured in vile dungeons, may,

though in another country, meet with defenders, who not only sympathize with them, but, in their character of sovereign people, may command their servants, the government, to interfere for their release.

This sacred duty is not disdained by the highest classes—the dignified, the rich, and the noble. Some of these, from fear, or from principle, no matter which, lay all their power at the foot of their sovereigns, the people; subscribe their fortunes to raise monuments to the departed saints; and defray the expenses of the living defenders of the sacred cause.

This is as it should be. This would kindle even *our* slow and sluggish spirits into a flame of holy vehemence. Would I could be among them!

But you, liberal-minded Rheindorf; you, who participated the ardour which inspires me, and are master of your actions,—far from seeking this free soil, which would invigorate your, I fear, wavering principles, have buried yourself in a ruined schloss, fit emblem of our own state, and allowed your noble fire to quench itself in a Bohemian slough, the very hot-bed of detested despotism.

I had better hopes of you when you so gene-

rously disdained the court, though it might have led on to fortune; and when you told me you thought of England, my impulse was to follow you in that sacred pilgrimage. But I was too fast bound by my duties here, and, truth to say, by the *res angustæ domi*; for I have not bread to eat, except by the teaching of useless things to slaves and tools—useless in comparison with the glory that otherwise seems to await me.

Yet why, then, should not those rich and generous Britons, who, lords and squires though they be, so bravely offer their purses to bear their countrymen when soldiers of liberty, harmless; why should they not extend their aid to their foreign allies, who would equally enlist under their colours, but for their poverty?

Were this so, I should not have delayed an hour to join you in England, had you gone there, and would have abandoned all my career here, my present livelihood, and hopes of the future, to have fought with you under those fearless patriots, who, give them but time, will certainly destroy this vitiated state of things, and restore the golden age.

All this, however, is now at an end; defeated, I must say, by your enervating romance of disposi-

tion, and your mind-softening love of leisure and literature.

Were your studies employed upon the all-ennobling discussions of liberty; the history of free republics, or self-devoted patriots who roused their country by their eloquence, or put down tyrants by their swords,—the Brutuses of antient, the Tells of modern times,—I might forgive you a temporary retirement. But, no! You read Klopstock, and Gesner, and Shakspeare, rather than Schiller, and Thomas Paine; and you have forgotten Sand, and the Burschen, to play with Amaryllis in the shade. In short, you would rather smell at roses, than mount a charger, though it belonged to Brutus himself.

O, shame! where is thy blush! Not, I fear, on Rheindorf's cheek.

I am perhaps more out of humour with you, from being more watched here. These hateful Prussians! They pretend to be happy, and yet their monarch seems more powerful than ever: on account of that very happiness,—said a weak short sighted professor, to whom I was observing it. I answered,—if you chuse to be a slave you are wel-

come ; for which I was repaid by the parasites with laughter.

The time however may come (I would it were) when we, not they, will laugh. But the truth is, since your departure, I am no longer so supported as I was ; and even you, I shrewdly suspect, derive no good from your guardian's lectures. Let me try you on this subject. A thought comes now and then across me, which I like to cherish and expand, in the hope that I may yet benefit the cause and mankind at large.

There are three countries in the world where liberty is yet talked of. In one, America, it is thoroughly accomplished. O ! glorious race ! The others, where she is ardently desired, but dares not appear—Poland and Italy.

The wrongs of Poland are too dreadful to think of ; for they never can be redressed. The legal executioners of the despot wear an exterminating sword, and if there were inclination, there is not power to resist it.

But Italy, notwithstanding the failures of the Carbonari, those generous assertors of freedom, still holds out a prospect of deliverance. The en-

deavour is secret, but strenuous, determined, and widely extended. Ought we, who love liberty, wherever she is to be found, to be indifferent to the impending struggle? Let us not shrink from it. I have correspondents in all the cities; they are impatient, as they ought to be, of a foreign yoke. Why is that fairest of kingdoms for ever to be a slave to priests or strangers? Why should not their ancient freedom, and their ancient integrity, be restored? Let their tyrants tremble, notwithstanding their armies. They may be made to do so, in the midst of camps. Arms may be long enough to reach them, even upon their thrones.

You start. The bugbear of assassination scowls, terrifies you. You still think too much of your nurse, and not of your real tutor here. Winter has more influence with you than Herzstein. He is as cold in nature as in name; but, on the other hand, remember I am heart of stone.*

This was not so with our high-reaching ancestors. I have often told you, I could wish the Secret Tribunal revived. The trial is in the dark; the cord and the knife, without knowing who struck them, would do more *against* aristocrats, and *for*

* Alluding to the meaning of *his* name.

the people, than even an armed multitude, who might be beaten. And yet the vengeance of that tribunal, though sure and efficacious, was not assassination. The culprits were all warned ; were cited to appear ; they therefore were, or might be, heard in their defence. They were punished, but not murdered. What moral objection then can there be to revive this ; to summon a prince from his throne, as princes were formerly summoned, for offences committed upon it, and condemn them if guilty, or contumacious, as they condemn others? I have heard that this tribunal exists, or did lately, in Ireland, for the protection of religion. And shall we do less for liberty, than the Irish for priests?

Read too (you are fond of English lessons in government), " Killing no murder," which made even Cromwell tremble. It was in the library here; but I have withdrawn it from the shelves, being sure that the slave who inspects them would never suffer it to remain. It has long been in my closet, and is my manual.

But, alas! with all your zeal, you are far from having reached this point. If we had you here, we could say much to you upon it, and give you old Winter and Becker into the bargain. At present,

I will content myself with reminding you of your admiration of William Tell, and your excellent theme, which got you such credit with our liberal association here, in defence of his punishment of Gessler.

I humour you with the name of *punishment*; but, gloss it as you will, you cannot distinguish it from what is vulgarly called assassination. The real difference is made by the cause. Had there been only a private quarrel between Tell and Gessler, something might be said; for the law might have decided. But here the whole human race was concerned, was insulted, was trampled upon by this execrable wretch, who had himself committed many murders. Even Tell's own life was in danger. Gessler had just put him in chains, and would have sacrificed the patriot, and a whole nation to boot, to his infamous tyranny.

The only escape from such horrors was, as you yourself said, through Gessler's death. Had he been tried and brought to the block, all the juriconsults of Germany, even Winter, would have approved. Then what great difference was made by the little fact, that the malefactor being met

alone, in an opportune place, received the death he merited.

These were partly your own arguments, and I defy you to answer them, though your heart has done beating, as it once so generously did. Assassination, therefore, is not necessarily murder, but must take its character from the character of circumstances.

This, however, is thrown away upon you now. There is Becker, too ! If you are not converted by this parson into a thorough-going imperialist ; if the air of Bohemia, tainted all over with slavery, has not yet corroded your powers ; if this does not find you dancing in the chequered shade, or tying up tresses in a pastoral knot, listen to a proposal I have to make you. We know your powers of reasoning, your logic, your forcible style. There are still enough of generous Carbonari left, notwithstanding their infamous persecutions, to form a nucleus for numerous other spirits to rally round, until they shall acquire a force irresistible by their oppressors. Their views are magnificently patriotic, and truly (not merely Italian, but) old Roman. The most powerful country of history, that which

subdued the world, has long been frittered into petty states, impuissant, because divided and torn by feuds among themselves ; fitted therefore at once for the fate that has awaited them, a prey to foreign usurpation, or horrible superstition. Where here could liberty rear its languished head, its withered body, strangled, or bleeding at every pore, by the iron hand of tyranny ?

Yet all these divisions of people are of the same race, language, and, for the most part, feelings. All feel that they derive from the ancient lords of the world, and ought still to form one of its greatest kingdoms, instead of those miserable dependencies which have almost blotted out its name from among nations.

It was this feeling that gave so much advantage to Bonaparte, in modelling and attaching them as he did to his standards. But Bonaparte did not go far enough ; his model was too contracted for their glorious views. In a word, the universal wish of the free spirits (I speak not of the slaves) is to overturn the papacy, and all robbers, foreign or domestic.

Whether all could be united in one vast and noble republic, composed of all the present states,

which would be a stupendous and unassailable fabric; or whether the framers of this grand scheme must content themselves with a federation of two or three great commonwealths; this may be a question to be settled hereafter. At present, all their efforts are directed to bring about the destruction of superstition, and the overthrow of thrones.

Does not your heart warm at the mere prospect? Do you not long to be an actor? Will you not feel ashamed of your pastorals, and throw your hen-hearted pastor into the river? Can any thing stand against the glory I have opened to you? And will you not join your endeavours to mine, in aid of the virtuous, the noble undertaking?

You would! I know you would, but for one stumbling-block—your fear of your guardian, and the thralldom in which he has kept, and still keeps you—not by reason; not by fair argument; not by any superior power of mind. In these, the lowest of the Burschen would, in a free discussion, put him to the foil. Ever has he been in total ignorance of the real nature of the rights of man; ever from his youth buried in the mire of court prejudices and court corruption. He writes to you, I know, lest, now you are absent, you should slip the

knot, and get free from his hands. Not a little would I give to see one of his sermons. Beautiful, no doubt, for he is always arrayed in a full suit of buckram, sword, and bag, and all the full costume of the ancient *regime*. A major-domo, you know, in the time of Lewis XVI., seeing the virtuous Roland, then actually a minister, going into the presence with strings in his shoes, pointed them out in a sort of agony to Dumourier, a brother minister: "Oui Monsieur," replied the general, "tout est perdu." This, I apprehend, is only of the same character with your grandad's letters; and verily you seem much to have profited by them. If you will indulge me with one, only one of them, I will have it framed and glazed, and lodged in the Museum. But to return. You ask how you could aid the glorious object I have opened to you, and I will tell you. The first steps must be through the press; and such is the jealousy, and total want of scruple, in our enemies, that as much courage and persevering effort will be required by writers and printers in their chambers, as if they were soldiers in the field. Italy is, however, by no means deficient in these brave spirits. Foscolo to be sure is dead; but many Foscolos remain, and will kindle Genoa, Milan, Venice, and Rome and

Naples themselves. In Rome, many high spirits are embodied. Were Italy, therefore, and Italians, only concerned, there would be enough of bold and emphatic writers to produce the impression designed. But, unhappily, the slave party is supported, and terribly too, by the whole weight of Germany; the powers principally concerned, through their bayonets; all the others by a corrupt neutrality. It is to combat this; to kindle a war of opinions; to rouse the feelings of every German in favour of his oppressed brothers in Italy, and deprive the despots of the depraved support they receive from our abject countrymen;—it is to these ends that I open this field to you.

I have said I know your powers. I have some, too, of my own. What did not the press do for France? What influence did it not give to the Mirabeaus, the Brissots, the Marats, the Robespierres? It made them masters of the public mind; it pointed, it nursed, it directed as well as caused the whole revolution. The court could not stand; the prejudices of ages gave way; the royalists and exclusives were exterminated.

May we not do the same here in time, commencing with sympathy for our Italian brothers,

and trumpeting *their* wrongs until we make our own people sensible of theirs? Shall we not be well seconded by the Radical, that is, the virtuous party in England? where the language of truth and vituperation ensures an ample subsistence to its professors; where high-soaring disorder, far from being repressed, is rewarded with honours, and dinners, and subscriptions, even by ministers themselves! Had we the tongues, what would it not do for us?

But these may be all dreams. You may have forgotten the exciting lessons we read together, in our Plutarch, and the glories of more modern story; the sublime aspirations of Rienzi; the patriotism of the Swiss; the destruction of Charles the Bold; the revolt of Doria, and the stern virtues of Hampden and Sydney. You may, for aught I know, at this moment, be "playing at mamnets with a lady's lips."

I do not accuse or suspect you of the perjury of Liebenstein, or the insolence of Rosenthal; but you may be a Rinaldo, and deaf to the call of your country when most wanted.

Should the yoke be really thrown off in Italy, may we not say to you, "Hang thyself, brave Gril-

lon ! we have fought at Arques, and thou wast not there." To be sure Grillon was not at Arques ; but he never abandoned his country.

I will say no more, for I have still hopes of you, and am still your admirer and friend,

HERZSTEIN.

The person who will deliver this to you may be trusted. He is going to Prague, but returns almost immediately, and will bring your answer.

LETTER XII.

THE ANSWER.

Rheindorf to Herxstein.

Thinks his plans too hastily concocted to be decided upon in a moment; above all, questions his opinions as to the Secret Tribunal, and assassination, and doubts the policy of disturbing a quiet state of things, though in support of a principle. Requires time for consideration.

Schloss Rheindorf, July.

You may suppose your letter startled me. I deserve not your reproach. My zeal is not evaporated, nor my fire quenched; certainly not in the Bohemian slough you think fit to suppose I am in. Still I would

“Rather be a villager,
Than repute myself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.”

But excuse me if I say you urge me beyond myself; you overstate my feelings, certainly my ob-

jects. You yourself drive too fast ; and, your junior in years, my views are sounder than yours.

Time may do what precipitancy certainly will not. Your sanguine temperament, your fearless enthusiasm in whatever you persuade yourself is right, particularly in favour of your goddess Liberty, o'erlook all difficulty, all opposition—nay, they plunge you into principles as well as practice, which I own I condemn, and which, without advancing the cause, may end in its destruction:

I know this would personally weigh nothing with you, if the object could be obtained. But ask your cooler judgment, *will* it be obtained? Will the sacrifice of yourself and a thousand friends bring you nearer to the point? Of what use is self-immolation if it carry no consequence?

You do not indeed propose to engage me in actual conspiracy, but only to prepare the way for it by literary exertion. Tell me if you are content with this, and if you *are not actually enrolled*, though afraid to disclose it even to me? If so, what must not be its character?—too fearful to think of!

Your glances at the revival of the Secret Tribunal, and your seeming defence of assassination, notwithstanding the glosses, which your inflamed

patriotism puts upon it, elicit from me nothing but *horror*—any thing but assent—least of all, approbation.

My own argument respecting Tell, which you quote against me, never supposed the case you are defending—where, in a state of security, of tranquillity, and of law, you assume a right to raise insurrection against acknowledged authority, and, in the midst of peace, to

“ Make ready for battle.”

You quote myself indeed. But remember my defence was of William Tell, not of assassination. His wrongs were not only beyond all bearing, *but he had not time to cool*. After injury and insult, such as one man scarcely ever bore from another, he was led away in chains to be punished more severely, probably by death. He escaped (surely under Providence), and met his oppressor, still breathing slaughter. Was this a time to wait for the law? or even if it was, was any to be found but the law of self-defence, that is, of Nature?

If, in a battle, I find my enemy looking for a weapon, or for assistants to kill me, shall I not strike first? Tell was in battle from the moment he had been forced to shoot at his son. The struggle had

not ceased ; one or other life must have been taken. It pleased Providence that the tyrant should fall, not Tell.

Is this any thing like assassination, as always understood ? Where one man lies in wait for another, *in seeming peace*—where, assuming to himself to suppose a case of delinquency, of that case he creates himself accuser, judge, and executioner—does the state of peace make no difference ? Will not the treachery, the hypocrisy of the conduct revolt for ever an honourable heart ? And can the object in view, even supposing we ourselves were not the parties to judge of its necessity, ever justify such a departure from right ?

No ! no ! Tell was no assassin. He killed a man intent on killing him ; reeking with slaughter, and in quest of his blood. He killed him therefore as a soldier slays his enemy in battle ; or a man whose life is attempted, when he kills his murderous assailant. He assumed no friendly character ; he violated no security ; he was hunted to be put to death, and turned upon his hunter, as he had a right to do.

What a real love of country might require, against a monster on a throne, I pretend not to

say ; but we have here no monsters. We have often canvassed the death of Cæsar. *You* never had doubts ! *I* never was satisfied, nor am I now.

As to the press, I allow much may be done, and done without that shock to public morals and public feelings, which your sterner and severer principles would advise, or rather suffer. To this I may lean, and of this I have thought ; but as yet without specific resolve.

The question of foreign interests is too unprecise, and you furnish too little light as to plan, means, preparations, numbers, or settled object, to give it unhesitating approbation. Nor, to say truth, am I so convinced as you wish me to be, and as you yourself are.

When things only run in their *wonted* channel, though they may wrongfully have got there, the policy, much more the lawfulness, of disturbing them by fire and sword, is more than questionable. Great and fervent as may be my notions of liberty, in the abstract, without actual, and *new* invasions of a state of things that has been acquiesced in, and works at least with tranquillity, I not only doubt the lawfulness, but the wisdom of attempting to alter them by force ; and I am by no means pre-

pared to draw a sword which may never again be sheathed.

I should wish therefore for more time than you seem disposed to give me, to determine on a co-operation in what may involve the happiness of millions.

Neither the pastor whom you wish me to drown in the river, nor my nurse (as you call the cool-judging Winter), nor even the black-eyed damsel with whose lips you suppose me to play at mam-mets, have any thing to do with my hesitation, which is all my own. Nevertheless, the gibes you have indulged against my second father—whose head, and knowledge of mankind, I begin to think are as sound and as extensive as yours or mine—have so wrought with me, that with a view not merely to show you how unjust you have been, but actually with some hopes (though I can scarcely believe it) of its producing good effect upon you, I send you copious extracts from the two last letters I have received from him.

If these affect you in one-tenth part as they have me, my present to you will not have been in vain. If not, a little trouble will have been thrown away, that is all.

To return to your proposal. Be assured I ponder it much, and when more matured shall be glad to talk farther. I therefore not unaptly conclude with the rest of the passage given to the noble Brutus by the divine bard, with the commencement of which I began this letter :

“That you do love me I am nothing jealous,
What you would work me to I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall re-count hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov’d.”

Your friend,

KARL RHEINDORF.

LETTER XIII.

THE ANSWER.

Reproaches for backwardness in not seeing the necessity for a regeneration of things.—Use of caricatures in enlightening the people.

B——

You have lived in the country, and milked cows to some purpose. Never at least was there such a milk-and-water letter. Why, instead of the burning spirit I expected, Becker himself, who has rotted himself at ease on Lethe's wharf—or, what is the same thing, on the banks of the Moldau—could not have responded more coldly (certainly not more prudently) to the fire of my proposal.

I do not know you, Rheindorf; you are not the man who seconded me when I chastised the abuser of Sand. You are afraid of the wholesome pruning-knife in politics: you would rather, no doubt, confine it to your apple trees. You tremble at a dis-

tance, and will not even disturb a quiet state of things, merely because *it is* quiet !

Where was quietness when Sand struck ? But you are now a gardener, and build pretty arbours, train vines, and what not. Yet if the vines are cankered and grow rotten, do you not, or would you scruple to hew them down, and cast them into the fire ? Even Winter, the milksop critic of men and of women, of whom, as well as of the scenes he describes, he absolutely knows nothing—even he allows that abuses ought to be reformed ; throughout all the long and dull tirades of his which you have sent me, there is not a line to show he disputes that truth. The whole is a weak attack upon men, far his superiors, and, though they might have had their faults, who were a set of heroes in comparison with himself ; heroes who sacrificed their own lives to their principles. If therefore they sacrificed others too, they paid for the right to do so.

Your letters, however, are full of importance, and be assured shall have their due weight : for till now, the character, influence, and ability of Mr. Professor Hermann Winter, never struck me in their proper light. Verily he will have his reward.

No wonder, now, that you are not convinced of

the lawfulness of my proposed undertakings. But O ! shame ! you have again to go to school. Or must the truth out, and are you really afraid ?

Why, you are as bad as Hotspur's friend, and just such another. O ! gallant Hotspur ! and O ! lost Rheindorf ! most forcible feeble !

You and the accomplished Schlegel have taught us Shakspeare with a witness ; and, truth to say, there is much to apply to you besides the passages from Brutus. Do you remember the scrupulous rogue of a friend, to whom the gallant Percy, in an ill-confiding hour, communicated his bold design ? Did you think of his letter, when you wrote yours ?

“ The purpose you undertake is dangerous.”

Can I do better than answer you with the daring Northumbrian ? “ Why, that's certain : it is dangerous to take cold ; to eat, to sleep, to drink ! But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety.”

But again—

“ The friends you have named are uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”

Mark what the Hotspur says in reply, “ What

a lackbrain, what a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I would brain him with his lady's fan ! You shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O ! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk, with so honourable an action."

Such is the picture of a *hesitating, would-be* patriot, or as you, no doubt, will call him, rebel, drawn by him whom his countrymen style the poet of human nature. Do you recognize no one like it for whom it seems expressly to have been painted, though above two hundred years ago ? And will you "live a coward in your own esteem ?" I fear you will. Nay—like Hotspur's friend, "you will to the king, and out of very sincerity of fear, and cold heart."—No ! there I stop. I have fixt you with enough of negative ; I will not add positive crime to my accusation. You may be timid, but you are not dishonourable. No ! you will not to the king ; nor even to Hermann Winter, professor of law and loyalty in this most loyal university ; whose hair would stand on end, even to the moving of his wig, were this letter shown him.

But what then will you do, or rather refuse to do? Will you quit the ruined schloss you cling to!—I fear not, though to rescue others from ruin.

Whether it was the muses of your father's library, or the tresses of your gardener's daughter, that made you write the ice and snow you did, I will not inquire. You were always reckoned comely by the women, and had no propinquity to "grim-visaged war"—

"But I, who am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
Have no delight to pass away the time."

In a word, with or without you, I will organize the plan, both in regard to the press, and to the bolder measures I have mentioned.

Why should I not speak out? Cold as you are, I am sure of your fidelity, and I will trust you, though with my life. The honour you have always shown still remains to you, though your zeal has dwindled to empty chaff. If honour should have fled, too, read no farther, but destroy my letters, or they will destroy both me and you. Trusting to your accepting these conditions, and hoping still to rank you amongst us, I proceed with my confidence.

I *have* organized the plans I opened. I have at least joined spirits as bold, and as far above nursery prejudices, as my own; and it is not one kingdom that will contain them:—throughout Europe, wherever there is tyranny, a blow will be struck, and freedom will flourish. Wherever a despot, *the sword or the bullet*.

If thrones do not escape, think you that their tools will? or that inferior oligarchs are safe?—No! let them all, all look to it; and if you hear of deeds of dreadful note, think of your once proclaimed vows for liberty, when here, and lament that they are broken.

Buried as you are, you must have heard what has been done already by the societies of young Germany and the young Swiss. The latter has done marvels in the Pays de Vaud; and, with little more than bludgeons, forced the tyrant council, who presumed to monopolize the power of making laws, to change the constitution by a single vote. Property is no longer any thing; numbers every thing. There is universal suffrage—the aristocracy is destroyed—democracy triumphant—and all without blood, but merely the fear of it.

Hence, there is comfort yet:—they are assailable

“ Be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecat's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hum,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.”

And if, in your vine alcove, or, like Sardanapalus, buried in the clothes of a woman, while the world is in arms, you hear of these deeds, again I say, think of your former vows, and lament the breach of them.

As to the press, what can it not do? Your assistance there was all I asked, fearing your infatuation for your doting tutor, had I proposed any thing more daring. But even without you, I have able, adventurous seconds in most of the principal cities, both of North and South Germany, who will rouse our stupid, contented countrymen from their dull sleep.

I send you a first effort, not indeed of the press, but what is perhaps better—the pencil. One of the old fathers said, that images from Holy Writ were the books of the illiterate. I have taken the hint, and applied it to liberal politics, which are, to generous and well-nerved bosoms, as sacred as religion, and far more important. The sketch I send is by young Muller, an ingenious artist, and an

unhesitating Radical. Mind, Sir, *unhesitating*. You there see the sovereign, whom you went to visit, stabbing his subjects, while your friend Altenheim claps him on the back, and cries, "Bravo! *point de quartier à cette canaille*."*

You will say the picture is a caricature, and false. It is no such thing. It is indeed false as to literal fact, because the sovereign never did stab his subjects *with a dagger*—never, that I know of, shed their blood, as here represented.

But what of that?—He does worse. He possesses too large an estate at their cost: for do they not till the land, and ought they not, therefore, to possess it?

Again, does he not withhold from them their natural rights?—Are they not forced to obey laws which they do not make? You will say, with your cold-blooded, calculating guardian, that he has given them a constitution by representatives, who now pass the laws which formerly emanated only from himself.

Given them!—Was it not theirs before he was born? Are *they* not his sovereigns—*he* their servant? And is this gift more than of a servant, who

* This is a genuine anecdote.

has robbed his master, and restoring the treasure he has stolen?

Go! you have yet much to learn.—Well! these usurpations upon the just rights of the people are worse than murder. Every law enacted, in which each individual has not had a voice—in other words, not by universal suffrage—is a dagger in their blood. You see in the sketch, how freely he uses it, and how he is encouraged to do so by the old ruffian who stands by.

Though the representation, therefore, may be logically false, it is figuratively true; and the picture is genuine, not a caricature. Laugh at this, if you will, and complain of my reasoning to your nursery-maid, Becker.

I have just come from an execution, which revolted me.—You may remember Markdorf, the usurer: he rolled in florins at the expense of the poor, of whose necessities he took advantage. One of them, whom he had thus deprived of thousands, wished only to get some of them back, to keep him from starving. He broke open his house, to be sure, but it was only to regain his own, which, by the law of nature, paramount to all social law, he had a right to attempt. Markdorf, hearing a noise,

came to the spot, sword in hand. He therefore made war upon the man he had oppressed, who fired at and wounded him in his own defence. Had he not a right to do this, also, by the natural law, paramount to all laws?—Yet for this the poor wretch was tried, condemned, and executed. By whom?—By his rich oppressors. O! divine Equality! when will thy reign, the *Saturnia regna*, return?

There are men here who condemn me for this reasoning; but the reasoning is good, spite of these cowards, who condemn the means, because they are afraid of the end. The drawing, however, has already done service: I have seen hundreds of the slaves here hanging over it in admiration. They cannot read, but they understand.

The impression is made, and would be greater, but that the accursed police (another atrocious invasion) has interfered, and suppressed the generous design.

There is another of these rich and efficacious instruments to rouse sluggish people just arrived. It is from England, the real emporium of truth and reason, which fill me with envy of that better-ordered people, who may declare their contempt,

and machinate with impunity the destruction of a constitution they do not like, though it is heaven in comparison with ours.

That is the true, the only liberty, and the English the only people who dare uphold the most salutary of the doctrines of the French Revolution—the *Sainte Insurrection* !

Never will Germany, nor even England, be what they have been, and ought to be, till this doctrine be not only revived, but made the law—the most sacred law of the state. This law prevailed in France, for a few poor years, after the first dawn of liberty was there seen. We read that any body of the people that pleased *might* (as they often *did*) declare themselves in form to be in *insurrection*.*

This, no doubt, is what he alluded to, when Fox, the great English patriot, declared this much-slandered revolution the proudest fabric of human

* Le 30 des membres du collège électoral, des commissaires des clubs, des députés, des sections, s'assemblèrent à l'évêché, se déclarèrent en insurrection, cassèrent le conseil générale de la commune, le réintégrèrent ensuite, en lui faisant prêter un nouveau serment; Henriot reçut le titre de commandant-général de la force armée, et les Sans-culottes eurent quarante sous par jour, tant qu'ils seroient sous les armes.—MIGNET.

wisdom. Without this, indeed, I see no use in agitating, or even carrying the clear, but shamefully opposed question, the people's right—at pleasure, and for their pleasure—to cashier their governors, and alter their government.

To *enlighten* the people, therefore, is the only thing necessary for us real patriots to accomplish. Accomplish it, no matter how, and our object is gained.

You will say, whatever the end, take care of the means. I say obtain the end, no matter what the means. As a specimen of the ingenuity as well as industry with which this is pursued in England, I add to the German sketch another from that better vater-land than ours—the vater-land of real patriotism—though not yet of real liberty.

You see in the second drawing the accursed house, self-called of Lords, who presume to talk such nonsense as that they were instituted to control the Commons when they thought them wrong:—you see them blown up by a second Guy Fawkes, in person like a Reformer of note. Yet is this Reformer but a puny cat in the adage, and will never go down to posterity even as a statesman: he laughs in his sleeve, however, as he sends the Lords into

the air, with legs and arms, and even heads, scattering around—a great and glorious homage to insulted rights!

One of the peers, who seems to have escaped the explosion, tells him to beware, for it will be his turn next.—“Be it so,” says he, “provided these reverend hypocrites show me the way!”—and the modern Guy Fawkes blows up my lords the bishops higher than the rest.

Observe, *en passant*, the wit of the inscription—“The true way for Bishops to go to Heaven.”—Is not this charming?—and will it not do good, and enlighten the people better than the deepest reasoning, which they probably cannot understand? Yes, it is worth all the reasoning of all the orators!—Happy island! where truth and justice is thus illustrated by wit, which may be thus publicly exhibited without the fear of law!

I shall watch your reception of this. I have at least no fear from it:—I still count you honourable, but I fear I do not love you as I did.

Yours, as you choose to be,

HERZSTEIN.

LETTER XIV.

THE ANSWER.

Rheindorf to Herzstein.

Refutation of the sophistries in the preceding letters, particularly as to the Secret Tribunal, and false accusations for a supposed good end.—Positively refuses to concur with, but will not denounce him.

Schloss Rheindorf.

HERZSTEIN, your letter is too peremptory; its tone too high; its reasoning sophistical; its character bloody; its recommendations dishonourable.

Accustomed as I am to your superiority of intellect, and still more to your sternness of purpose, I am not so dazzled or overawed by them as to give up my right to my own judgment, and yield blind submission against my own convictions.

You say that you do not love me as you did. What is my crime? That I dread to revive the Secret Tribunal? That I will not arm brother

against brother, or make a son plunge a knife into the bosom of his father? And on what authority? One conferred by no one, and self-assumed; which not only nobody allows, but no one sees or feels till the dagger is in his heart.

You talk, and, in many instances sensibly, of the usurpation of kings; but this tribunal would beat all usurpation that ever was assumed by the worst of tyrants.

It formerly drained life-blood, though invisible; it was worse than all murder, because it pretended to be legal. It added mockery to vengeance,—the mockery of a trial, which never took place. Open violence was surely more bearable, and even less extensive in mischief. A despot, an aristocrat, may destroy an individual with cruelty and injustice; but he leaves the mass of the people safe—the ties of society unbroken. Here society itself is undermined; all affections blasted; all confidence destroyed;—suspicion, fear, and treason introduced into the very bosom of families, and persons most dear to one another, made to become mutual executioners.

Can any gift, real or pretended, of liberty, repay such dreadful havock? Can any philosophy but

that of a demon, take pride in such a tribute to its power? Be it that you are a Spartan! Would a Spartan descend to infamous calumnies, even for a good purpose? Shall I by representations which I myself coin, knowing their falsehood, and therefore their infamy, hold out innocent persons to the detestation of the world, by heaping crimes upon their heads which they never committed?

This, however, you do to the Duke of — by the shameful slander of your caricature. With all your sophisms, can you prove that this is not spreading plague and pestilence, instead of health, over the body politic?

Grant all you say respecting the equal rights of property, (a point which, with all my respect for equality of moral rights, I never conceded;) grant the right of a universal voice in the making of laws, which I never denied; how can a departure from this be construed into murder, which exacts life for life and blood for blood? Should any heated brain, any Ravallac or Clement, feel instigated by your picture to take the life of the Duke or his minister, whom you have caricatured, whose crime will it be? I grieve to answer, and to add

to it the dishonour of wilful falsehood, in the excitement practised.

Suppose, in your secret chamber, you had worked upon some enthusiast to do this act, by assuring him that what the picture literally represented was allegorically true !

The deed is done—confession is made—you are brought to answer before, not a secret, but an open tribunal. Would your metaphysical theories of liberty deliver you from the disgrace of the lie, much more the guilt of blood ?

Your letter has pained me beyond all description. I forgive your taunts, and even your charge of cowardice. When you ask me if, like Macbeth, I would live a coward in my own esteem ? I answer with Macbeth,

“ I dare do all that doth become a man ;”

“ Who dares do more is none.”

’Tis true you acquit me of the baseness of compromising you ; and I feel I must be much changed before I could do that ; but not because your object is liberty. If that abused term is still to be a signal for fire and sword (the sword not of the soldier but the assassin), it is not that liberty is the

watchword would make me refrain from giving an alarm.

“Oh, Liberty! what crimes! what infamies have not been committed under thy usurped name!” Such was the apostrophe to liberty, of a female enthusiast on the steps of a scaffold erected as its altar. That enthusiast I once adored, but adore no longer. The scales have fallen from my eyes, and I have discovered the false colours of the idol I bowed down before.

It will increase your disdain when I tell you she was Madame Roland, your idol as well as mine.

Well would it have been for her, and for many others, if she had considered these words before she ran headlong into that false philosophy which justifies means by the end—which you now openly revive, and will probably rue. Had she done this, she possibly would have escaped the public axe, and her husband suicide. You will say they were Pætus and Arria. Alas! they had not the consolation of being wept as martyrs to tyranny.

The stroke that ended them was inflicted in the name of liberty, for which they sacrificed their lives, and were laughed at. But can I pass the ominous forebodings, the dark hints and meanings scattered

throughout your letter ! You confess you are enrolled, yet are afraid to tell me where. Better have said nothing, but kept dark thoughts in still darker obscurity. Better have treated me only as you rank me, with the slow of heart; with those who shrink from such daring as you announce, though obscurely: for even the little light you disclose may be dangerous to your projects, and you are evidently afraid of me. If you follow Brutus in his daring, follow him also in his caution.

“ O ! Conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O ! then by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To hide thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou hath thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.”

You will curse my retreat for having, by removing me from the burning focus of zeal, given me what zeal never does, opportunity for consideration in the cooler atmosphere of judgment. You will curse too the lessons which you are only right in thinking I continue to receive from your rival tutor at B——. I am not ashamed to say that I weigh

those lessons against yours, particularly your last, which are no longer confined to principles, but recommend such desperate actions.

The strokes you announce are ready, you say, to fall and astonish the world. They will of course astonish *me*. Yet your preparatory reasonings, your dark insinuations, your mystical illustrations, prepare me for a shock.

Pray heaven my guardian may be safe! But doubtless your flight is much above him. Yet I know not. If the reign of terror begins, where is it to stop? If the knife and the cord are to work as formerly, in the dark, and particularly if necessity, which he has well called the rebel's as well as the tyrant's plea, is to decide according to the will, how am I sure that the loyal Hermann is safe?

Heaven knows I would rather the secret knife should be directed against myself.

You have not therefore done well in confiding to me what you have.

Certainly my heart once responded to yours, whenever the abuses of society and the real tyranny of governments were the subject. The thought of a great nation righting itself by its own energies, *legitimately* exerted, kindled me like the sound of

a trumpet. The pilgrimage I made to the chapel of William Tell, and the portraits (still my companions) of the glorious three * who shook off the Austrian yoke and founded the Cantons, bear witness to the sincerity of my feelings.

But never would I lift my hand in secret against any one; never poison the mind any more than the body of those I would rouse. If wronged, and their wrongs are felt, they will speak for themselves, for they are trumpet-tongued, and need only to be stated. If imaginary, or they require metaphysics to prove them, let others listen, not I :

“ While ignorance is bliss,

“ ’Tis folly to be wise.”

At any rate, to calumniate first, in order to punish afterwards—to dabble in falsehood against an amiable sovereign, and call it generosity towards the people at large—this is a wretched sophistry, as well as baseness, to which none but one with a mixture of scoundrel in him could stoop. It cannot therefore be you who will do so.

You will hate me I know for this, and your hatred will make me unhappy; yet can I not retract a word of it.

* Walter Furst, Erni of Melchthal, and Staffacher of Steinen.

To attempt to bend you from your purpose would, I know, be hopeless; yet I am terrified to think what that purpose may be. If you succeed, tremble for those you threaten; if you fail, for yourself.

Why did I go so far into your letter? Why not stop, as you told me to do. You gave me fair warning not to proceed if I could not approve; yet I did proceed. Anxiety, fear, suspense, intense interest drove me on, and I had finished before I recollected your conditions.

I cannot betray you then, even if I would. But I would not even if I could.* I am wretched, and perhaps in danger under your confidence; but you are safe. Your letter is destroyed. My lips are sealed.

KARL RHEINDORF.

Pause! reflect! Arrest the uplifted hand,—or lift it for the real defence, not the destruction of liberty.

* Unfortunate young man! How little thinks he of the evils that may arise from this rash, though generous promise. How little of the serious dilemmas, between duty and a sense of honour, into which youth often plunge from mere inconsiderateness!

LETTER XV.

THE ANSWER.

Bitter and reproachful disdain.

RHEINDORF :

I have received your pusillanimous letter, and know not whether its ignorance or its cowardice surprises me most. Certain it is, I feel a deathlike shame to have trusted you, and exposed the noble spirits I am linked with to the fears of an informer. For myself, I should not care ; for you would not *dare* betray me. If I condescend therefore to write, it is for the sake of others, not my own.

Your old dotard is, I dare say, safe, from his insignificance. But I cannot answer. There may be those who may think such a life of little consequence, in competition with the incalculable objects which these gallant assertors of liberty are pursuing,

and which might all be endangered, defeated, or destroyed, by the neglect of the smallest precaution.

If a powerful king too is so far from being safe, that he is perhaps at this moment struggling with his destiny, what arguments or consideration can ward the blow, if necessary, from a worn-out tool of despotism? *

I will not thank you for your promise of secrecy. After, in spite of my warnings, you chose to possess yourself of my designs, you would be baser than the basest, to turn informer, whatever the stake.

L. H.

* He means Lewis Philip.

LETTER XVI.

RHEINDORF TO WINTER.

Presses him to come to Schloss Rheindorf immediately.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,

I have been in a thousand minds whether or not to leave the Moldau, and proceed instantly to the Rhine. Either I must do so, or you must come to me. It must be the last.

Start not—wonder not—delay not ; but let me not implore in vain.

It is absolutely, mainly necessary, that you should leave immediately. The atmosphere is poison, particularly to you. Ask no questions as to my meaning, but come at once. I can tell you nothing till you are here ; nor even then know I what I ought to tell. All I can say is, that I am very unhappy, but should be less so if you were here.

There has been a blow attempted at Paris, which

though it failed, has astounded me. I hear of others at Rome, and in Switzerland, where men, merely from being in office, have had their lives attempted; and one, a member of a secret society, suspected of being backward, has been tried in his absence, condemned, and put to death.

Your long letter is ever before me—my mind is tossed hither and thither. I tremble to think of what may be; and nothing but seeing you will satisfy me as to what is.

Do not stay to answer, but come. Your chamber is ready.

K. R.

LETTER XVII.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

Ratisbon—July.

HOCHWOHLGEBOREN !

It falls to my lot, though a stranger, to acquaint you with what will give you much pain.

A great crime has been committed, the consequence of which, though, under Providence, not altogether or entirely hopeless, may yet be fatal to a man whom all Germany reverence, and you in particular.

The professor Winter, in journeying to your residence in Bohemia, has been struck by the bullet of an assassin, and though found perfectly disabled, yet, as he lost no property, we cannot flatter ourselves that it was by a robber.

The event happened yesterday, and he was brought to my house ; where every care is taken of him, and I have the assistance of the best skill in

Ratisbon. But I grieve to say that the ball, which is in the side, is not yet extracted, and upon this every thing depends.

He has been sensible enough to beg I would inform you of this misfortune, but has not been able to say more, much less give an opinion as to the causes or perpetrators of the crime. He was found on the road insensible, by some countrymen, who brought him here. His horse, from which he had fallen, was grazing by his side.

Should you have any commands, or intend to visit your illustrious friend, I hope you will not scruple to make use of me and my house.

While writing, I learn that there can be no doubt as to the character of this dreadful attempt. The morning light discovered the following placard upon the walls of the church:—

“Citizens of Ratisbon—Be as usual, tranquil, and think nothing of the death of a mere tool of tyrant governments, who did not deserve to live.

“Be not alarmed, whatever happens, but let the sword of liberty do its work.

“None but slaves will be touched.”

Yours, respectfully,

M. KALKBRENNER,

Chirurgion-Major.

This letter, as may be supposed, was answered in person by Rheindorf, as quick as horses could carry him. His agony may be conceived; but his excitement kept him up. He neither ate nor slept till he had seen his guardian; but the respected man was insensible, and barely alive, the ball not having been found.

The whole town was in commotion; which was not at all lessened by the placard adverted to by Kalkbrenner, or the recent attempt upon the life of the king of the French.

Much was said of secret societies; of refugees, and attempts in Switzerland; but this only in whispers. Men looked at one another, as if afraid to speak. Security and confidence were flying fast.

It may be supposed that the surgeon's letter was shown to Becker, whose distress and eagerness to hear may be imagined. Rheindorf wrote to him on his arrival, but could tell nothing till the fourth day, when he wrote as follows.—

LETTER XVIII.

RHEINDORF TO BECKER.

Account of his examination before the magistrates relative to Herzstein—Legal and moral difficulties.

Ratisbon—August.

SOME light has at last broke in upon us ; but, alas ! it goes far to confirm my suspicions. The keeper of an hotel at Heidelberg has appeared before the authorities of Ratisbon, and desired to be examined. He has also produced a written document of a most formidable and important description, leading probably to decisive discoveries.

It seems that a person arrived at his hotel about a fortnight ago, bearing a leathern trunk full of papers, which he seemed anxious to secure from sight. At least, whenever the master or waiters went into the room, and the trunk was open, he hastily locked it, and showed a sort of confusion. In the traveller's book he entered himself Sicinius Krantz,

from Munich, but nothing more. During the first day he was alone, and totally employed in reading his papers, or writing others ; but went several times to the post-office, as the letters came in from France, Italy, or North Germany. In the evening, he said he expected two other gentlemen the next day, for whom he bespoke beds. They came, and all three were closeted the whole day, till late at night, seemingly much absorbed, but also sending several times to the post-office.

The account given by Krantz to the landlord was, that this was a meeting on commercial affairs. From a sort of mystery, however, about them, keeping the doors locked, and the trunk so carefully watched, the landlord conceived a great curiosity, if not suspicion, as to their business, which was not a little increased by their locking the outside doors of the two adjoining rooms, which were their bedrooms. A housemaid's closet, however, which had no door into the saloon, and was only separated from it by a wainscot, escaped them, and here the landlord took it into his head to listen. The voices, though sometimes apparently eager, were generally low, so that he could not at all follow any conversation distinctly ; but he plainly enough heard cer-

tain names of persons, and places, and sometimes a broken sentence. Among these he could distinguish the names of Herzstein, Winter, and Rheindorf, and the words "unfortunate Fieschi, the Poles, Baden, Geneva, Italy, and Lausanne." These did not much alarm him, as he really thought they might be merchants ; but not so when he made out, as he says, with certainty, the ominous words, "knows too much—must die ; deserves it ; perjured traitor."

The landlord waited till the conversation seemed to cease, when, much agitated, he left his concealment, uncertain what to do, except to consult a law friend of his who resided a mile or two from the town, and being much employed that day, he postponed it to the next. However, he sent the travellers' book immediately, to be filled up by his guests, which they delayed complying with, and the next morning they all departed on horseback, as they came, saying, it was then not worth while to scribble their names, and they should be too late for the steam boat at Manheim. One, however, talked of going to Strasburg, and another to Bonn. They had no servants.

Being asked as to his interview with his law

friend, Mr. Bertram, the hotel-keeper, said he made light of it; thought that the men were probably real merchants; that Fieschi was certainly an unfortunate man, as any murderer is; and that the words "must die, perjured traitor, et cetera," applied palpably to him, and his accomplices. With these reasons Bertram was satisfied, and thought no more of it till the lamentable catastrophe of Mr. Winter, at Ratisbon, began to make a noise, and he held it his duty to give this information.

Important as it seems, however, little might have come of it but for the incident I am now about to relate. Mr. Bertram having revived the subject at Heidelberg, on learning the disaster of Mr. Winter, and mentioned the name of Krantz to the postmaster of the place, the latter remarked that there had been some days a letter to that name in the office, lying unopened. Under the circumstances, therefore, the seal was broke, and the following sentences appeared; obscure, perhaps, but quite clear enough to shew the real character of the supposed merchants.

"We are unfortunate, but not disheartened. The markets have failed at Paris, at Rome, at Geneva, in Baden, and even in London. But they may be opened again, with patience, and a little

more spirit. Truth is, we have been too timid, and too *contracted* in our operations. There is opposition, contemptible, but yet influential, among the lower tradesmen, who impede our speculations. Some of their names are before the committee, and if they cannot be bought off—— Here was a hiatus, and then——“You will find many of them here, and example is wanted. It is unnecessary to go over the ground again as to the lawfulness. Where the trade is of so much consequence to the whole world, why be petty shopkeepers, with shop-keeping maxims, like the English, who must be sturdy republicans before they can be of any use to us. Commend me to the committee, to whom I again recommend the adoption of the firm I mentioned, of “The Sand Corporation.” It is very popular here, quite as significant, and yet less suspicious than that proposed. What have merchants to do with “Committees of Safety.” We should be exposed, and put down in an instant. Adieu. Be bold, be firm (particularly as to the opposing houses), and we shall yet do. Yours.

I think the Bohemian market may still be bought up, could the export of Rhenish wine be stopt.”

This letter, with the previous deposition of Ber-

tram, was shown me by the authorities at Ratisbon, as the nearest friend of the excellent Winter. The letter I absolutely devoured. I can scarcely tell you why (certainly not now), but I thought I might get some clue to the writer. I perused it twenty times, turned it in all manner of lights; examined it with a glass; but all to no purpose. The hand was evidently disguised, and so perfectly, that I was completely baffled, and gave the matter up. In the midst of my examination, one of the Stadt counsellors, adverting to the name of Herzstein in the deposition, rather startled me, by asking me, suddenly, whether he had not been a friend of mine, and whether I had not been his second in a duel against the Comte de Rosenthal, in a quarrel about the memory of Sand?

I, of course, told the truth; and said, "were it to do again, the same provocation from Rosenthal would produce the same conduct." I then asked in my turn, "what had produced the question?"

"We have every reason to believe," replied the Stadt counsellor, "that this Herzstein, though a tutor of youth, is a determined and atrocious rebel, and would hesitate little at cutting off all who opposed his views of reforming all govern-

ments ; and that he has held dark and threatening language against the professor, particularly, as he has said, for his seducing *you* from his party, to which, we are told, you were at one time attached ; and as all this supports conjecture that the Herzstein in the deposition is your Herzstein, we think it right to apprize you of it, in order that you may give what light you can, or make what comment you please, upon the subject."

I know not how to account for it, but a sort of mist suddenly came over me. I was loth to accuse, or even support an accusation against a man who might be innocent. I knew nothing as to fact ; and could not be sanguine even in conjecture. At the same time, the remark of the magistrate was so pertinent, that I could not deny its force. I wished to feel, rather than actually felt convinced, that the suspicions expressed were unfounded ; and I sorely, though secretly, felt that what had recently passed between me and Herzstein, afforded at least no ground for refuting the Stadt counsellor's suspicions.

I fear I looked confused, and angry with myself for being so ; and, with some pain, observed a whispering among the magistrates, and a sort of search-

ing look at me, as if they thought I knew more than I pretended to do, and consequently that the distress I had exhibited had not been genuine.

But I had a still severer trial to undergo ; for the same magistrate, who was by no means devoid of shrewdness, and was practised in taking examinations, began to question me as to my intimacy with Herzstein since I had left B——. “ You have not seen him,” said he ; “ but, from your former intimacy, and respect for him, to say nothing of similarity of former principles, you probably have had intercourse with him, and know his designs ; and I tell you fairly, that we have every reason to suspect he is a member, if not a leader, of a society which, under the pretence of the happiness of mankind, would no doubt for their own good, deluge great part of them in blood.” He said this with the air of a man who could speak with impression, and he waited my answer with something of keenness and triumph at the same time.

I own I was embarrassed. On the one hand, there was my duty to truth, and the justice of my country, which forbade all concealments or prevarications ; on the other, my solemn promise to Herzstein not to compromise him, by revealing his

dangerous and most imprudent correspondence. I recollected, too, how near I had formerly been to him, though many of his principles were unknown to me; that I had even been sworn (to be sure, in much younger days) on the altar of liberty, to endeavour after the same objects as his, though not by the same means as he afterwards thought fit to pursue.

Had I been certain that Herzstein had caused, or approved, the attempt upon Winter, I should have had little scruple in my answers. As it was, I never felt questions so painful, or so difficult to deal with. I hesitated, therefore, rather than pronounced an answer; "that I certainly had corresponded with him, as might have been expected between old friends, but that, differing from him in many of his tenets, I had withdrawn from his intimacy."

"Very good," said the magistrate; "and in a cause of such moment to the safety of the state, you will, perhaps, have no objection to disclose what those tenets were."

I felt this was unfair, and said so, observing, that it was creating myself into a judge, which I had no right to be.

"Have you the letters?" said M. Mollendorf, with emphasis.

"I have not," I replied; when there was immediately a sort of murmur in the hall.

"You have destroyed them?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because they gave me no pleasure. They might be misconstrued: in short, I really wished to forget a subject which gave me such little satisfaction."

"You have been very *prudent*," said M. Mollendorf, with something like a sneer.

There was then a consultation among the magistrates, who determined that this examination, discussion, or whatever it was, being taken down, should be sent to the minister at Munich, and I was, with some coldness, released from this unpleasant scene.

I cannot but think it extremely hard, that I, who love Winter as my own father, and am almost heart-broken at the blow struck at him, should have been regarded as privy to it; and that, having opened my eyes to Herzstein's mischievous principles, and broke with him accordingly, should be

thought to have approved them. It is certain, I might have told the story of my correspondence more unfavourably to him ; and, had I revealed his letters in all their extent, might have ruined him ; but, as I could not believe it possible for him to have planned this execrable blow, and attributed it entirely to his associates, the remembrance, not only of my ancient esteem for him, but my solemn promise not to disclose his sentiments, or designs, struck me with a sort of horror at being on the point of destroying him. Had I thought, or could I now think, that he was any way participating in the infamous attempt, I should have little scruple at revealing all I know ; because I should feel released from the restrictions of honour. But while he confides in that honour, and may himself be innocent, I feel I should sink under the infamy of having betrayed him.*

* Foolish youth ! not to see that, knowing the principles of this villain, self-deceived at best, (if, with such a disposition to rebellion for its own sake, he could be so,) he must have been cognizant of, if he did not plan the assassination. Foolish, but pitiable youth ! to have fallen into the error, generous though it be, of promising secrecy where the lives of individuals and the public might be at stake. Your dilemma here was unavoidable ; for, from your rash promise,

Farewell. I return to the bedside of the murdered Winter, which I only quitted for the magistrate's chamber. I believe he knows me, though he is apparently insensible, for he just now pressed my hand for the first time, and it opens a ray of hope to my sanguine temper. Could the ball but be extracted, Kalkbrenner, who is both skilful and attentive, would hope too. Once more farewell.

KARL RHEINDORF.

you must either have sinned against the state, or against Herzstein, who had bound himself by no condition in regard to Winter. The casuists deal largely with these *dilemmas*, as they are called, and wisely pretend not to remove them, but condemn the party entangled to one turn or the other. The only way to avoid it therefore is, to refuse ever to bind yourself in any case, where you are ignorant of the nature of the thing confided. If you hold your promise, you become a party; if you break it, you are dishonoured.

LETTER XIX.

Rheindorf to Becker.

Acquaints him with Winter's decease, and its consequences.

Ratisbon, August.

You are addressed by the most miserable of men. After the little gleam of hope I mentioned to you three days ago, and another vain attempt to extract the ball, the excellent Winter has expired, a victim to the most horrible wickedness, and abuse of reason (if even abused reason *could* have had any connexion with it) that a benighted world ever witnessed.

The beloved and respected martyr so far recovered, on the day I wrote to you, as to raise all our hopes; and he even spoke to me for some minutes, though Kalkbrenner was most anxious to prevent it.

Never shall I forget his words. "If I die, my dear son," said he, "which I am sure I shall, it will be a comfort to me if my death prove to you what

I have endeavoured to inculcate, that Enthusiasm generally ends in atrocity, and cannot be trusted as any proof of virtue ; and that the loudest assertors of liberty, when liberty is not invaded, are in general men of the worst passions. I am murdered by conspirators against the peace and security of social order, under the mask of being its best friends. The worst is, they persuade themselves that they are so, and their ruthless as well as self-interested nature prevents them from being reclaimed."

This, spoken at intervals and with much effort, was what I gathered from my sinking friend. I would fain, if possible, have obtained his opinion of the authors of the hellish deed, but his last struggles prevented it. I could only make out a name or two, which as they were not coupled with any observation, I will not repeat. It was some sort of melancholy satisfaction that Herzstein's was not among them, though there is a printed proclamation of the government, accusing him by name, and offering a reward for his apprehension.

My life seems to have received an irrevocable shock; the world appears a vast desert, without a friend, or a resting-place to go to. Of B—— I cannot think without shuddering ; and there is no

place else. Alas ! that I ever knew so much of it ! To bury myself at Rheindorf for the present, is all I have left for it ; and be assured I will seek it, as soon as the unhappy obsequies for which I stay here are celebrated.

M. Mollendorf has visited me. He seems to respect my affliction, but I thought him cold, and still suspicious. He asked me much about Herzstein, seeing my grief for the deceased. Perhaps he thought, if I knew any thing, this would make me reveal it. I thought it bad taste. At any rate I knew nothing, and told him so.

He knew more than I did myself ; and told me Herzstein had quitted, or rather fled from B——, which Krantz and Effler also had done ; a sure sign they were in league. Krantz and Effler were known to be at Basle, but Herzstein was supposed to be lurking in this neighbourhood. On stating this, he fixed upon me his searching dark eyes, as if he questioned my good faith.

However, at parting, he said with some interest, “ My young friend, let me caution you. You are in the hands of a villain, who will either force you to be one of his accomplices, or take your blood. I trust his will be taken first. Your intentions I be-

lieve are good ; and you have learned a great lesson—see that your conduct conforms to it. Herzstein is specious and able, but depend upon it, he is false. There are Jesuits in politics as well as religion, and both will swear that black is white, provided they can reconcile it to themselves that the end is worth it. I will say no more as to Herzstein, but ‘*hunc tu Romane caveto.*’ He has as deep a mark upon him as the first murderer, Cain—he is surrounded by officers of justice, who will hunt him to death—a death which all the world will say he has justly merited.”

Saying this, he descended the stairs that led from Winter’s chamber, and I saw him no more.

I own I was much affected—but what is to be done? From his manner, M. Mollendorf acquits me, (indeed the condition of grief I am in would do so,) of all co-operation with Herzstein ; but others of the council, and himself too, for aught I know, perhaps think I know more of him than I ought.

What to wish about him I know not. Even if innocent of Winter’s death, his precedent conduct has brought all he suffers upon himself. If guilty, what a horror for me!

I must leave this feverish place. To-morrow morning the ceremony will be performed—to-morrow evening I am, as poor Winter was, on the road to Rheindorf—the same fate may await me. I am scarce three-and-twenty, and yet I hardly care, so little good have I seen in the world. To meet you again, however, will be true pleasure to

KARL RHEINDORF.

LETTER XX.

Rheindorf to Becker, at Prague.

Of his misery in his solitude, and the wonderful incident that interrupted it.

Schloss Rheindorf, August.

I HAVE not thanked you enough for the consolations you afforded my misery, when I returned from Ratisbon; and I now feel the more, from the want of them through your necessary absence on the affairs of your church—I never was so little fit to be alone. My reflections are gloomy, almost to madness. It is not merely my loss, though that is irremediable. It is not merely grief, for

It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear; but it is a mixture of both with most unwelcome remembrancers. For how near was I once to those bad and infatuated men, who evidently caused this deadly blow to real liberty, as well as to virtue!

Say what we will, no feeling of public good, even where that is unmixed with private views—no benefit hereafter to mankind—can justify pre-

sent murder. Such is all death inflicted upon others by individuals, acting upon their own private opinions and convictions. The most honest of these can be but bloody zealots in politics, like those formerly in religion, whose cruelties to their species, under pretence of devotion to their Maker, make the blood run cold. But when we add to this, that those who perpetrate these devilish deeds, conceive, if successful, that they will profit by the changes they may occasion, how is all semblance of justification, even to themselves, lost under the load of suspicion of their motives! The blood-guiltiness alone remains; and dearly must they abide it, if not in their own consciences, in the execration of mankind.

These were almost the last lessons I received from the sainted man, (sage as well as saint,) who has been ravished from us by a compound of madness and wickedness, which makes me shudder to think of. Yet the men who did this were, some of them, once my friends! nay—I thought them generous, heroic, and almost inspired! I now think them nothing but bloody butchers, and hate myself more even than I hate them, for my former blindness.

These are the causes of the dreadful melancholy that has come over me since your absence. I cannot well describe it, but I am made up of fear and remorse—fear for myself and for the world, as if this blow was only the commencement of horrors to come.

I am aware that this may be enhanced by solitude, and the perpetual presence in idea of him I have lost. But my misery is too certain. It resembles the too eloquent and forcible curse of old:—

“A trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning; for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear!”

You may suppose that the future gives no comfort. This half desolate schloss never looked so desolate. All occupations, particularly rural ones, are stopt; the garden no longer charms—the elm no longer invites—even books are abandoned, and every thing gives way to unhappy meditations. If I read, it is only his letters, chiefly his last; prophetic, and full of impressions, made indelible by the event.

Come back, my dear Pastor, as soon as your

Bishop will let you come back, and help me to ponder the changes of the world, and the madness of men who, though happiness is the end of their being, will not be content without tearing one another to pieces.

The above was written last eve, and strangely was it interrupted.

It was past midnight when I wrote. My lamp was nearly expended; and though sleepless, from the waking thoughts I had poured out to you, I began to wish for bed, if only to alleviate melancholy, and as a relief from a storm without, such as I had never witnessed. The air thundered, and the tapestry of my room, agitated in waves by the wind, was illuminated by the frequent lightning.

At first, I thought it but a mere summer cloud; but soon the wind rose higher and higher, and the rain raged against my casements, as if it would beat them in. At this moment the casques and breast-plates of my old ancestors of St. Gall, which hung round the chamber, began to rattle, and their consecrated pennons waved to and fro as if in the outward air. I am not superstitious, but I confess, at such a time, and with such thoughts as employed

my loneliness, I felt a sort of awe I cannot describe ; such a prey are we to uncertain fears. This was not diminished by Pompey, the spaniel you are so fond of,—who after lying for hours quiet at my feet, became restless, and roamed uneasily round the chamber, till at last he leaped upon the couch, and fixing his eyes upon me, began to moan as I thought in a manner almost ominous. The moan soon changed into a bark, or rather growl, and that moment, notwithstanding the storm, I heard, or fancied I heard, voices in the air.

I listened, and soon I began to reflect on my situation with uneasiness. Hendrick and his family had long been gone to rest ; and besides, as you know, they inhabit a remote part of the building. The event I had been deploring to you, had not always left me at ease about myself. I had two sources of anxiety ; that accursed committee, and the seeming insinuations of Mollendorf on my connexion with Herzstein. No : I was not at my ease, and not rendered so, when unbolting the garden door to ascertain things without, a gleam of the lightning plainly showed me a man shrouded in the thick laurels that environ it.

He saw me, and, to my astonishment, mingled

with terror, he said in a low voice "are you alone?"

The sounds I thought I knew; but I had no time to think what I should answer, for the man darting quick at the door before I could shut it, rushed in, and the figure of Herzstein stood before me.

He was dripping—nay soaked with wet, and my God! how changed! His garments those of a filthy beggar, his beard squalid, and at least ten days old; his eye sunk, his cheek hollow, his whole frame emaciated, as if from long-endured hunger.

My surprise, my horror, my terror, were unspeakable: were I to live a thousand years, never should I forget the agony of that moment. I looked at a sabre which was close at hand, and I suppose gave sign to reach it. "You need not," said he calmly; "God knows I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

Agitated and alarmed as I was, do you know I felt a sort of comfort in this, but was too much overpowered to speak.

"Yes," said he, "I am sinned against by the world I have attempted to relieve, and only for making that attempt. It is two days, and more,

since I have tasted food ; nor have I slaked my feverish thirst, till this night's rain, with any thing but ditch water. Fear not, therefore, for your life. Behold my wasted arm, my bowed head, and ask what I could attempt against any one ? No ! for days upon days I have been so hunted by the hell-hounds of power, that I have not strength to war against a child. In fact, I come to place my life in your hands, not to aim at yours."

At this he threw himself into a chair, as if wanting support ; and his eyes began to glare upon me with a frightful light, which seemed to have borrowed all the dying flame of my flickering lamp.

By this time I had recovered myself so far as to attend to him with less agitation, and he went on :

" You have, no doubt, seen the proclamation against me, offering a large reward, the price of my blood."

I assented.

" It is in your power, then," added he sternly, " to obtain this reward, and, what is better, perhaps, avenge the death of the man you loved better than me, and followed, at the expense of all your principles."

I started with something like resentment, and would have answered ; but he prevented me, observing with emphasis, " that vengeance would be sweet ; and is in your power. We are alone ; but I will offer no resistance if you so determine."

Here again his lurid eye began to flash, and his breast to heave ; and I own my horror at seeing him began to give way to something like commiseration at his evident suffering ; I, however, could not help rejecting, impatiently, the allusion he had so unjustly broached, as to the abandonment of my principles, observing upon the strangeness of such an attack, in an interview so sought.

" You are right," said he with coolness : " I did not come here to bandy reproaches with you, but to surrender myself to your vengeance, if such should be your pleasure, or claim your assistance if you are equal to such a generosity ? Therefore ask you to help me to escape from an unjust persecution, already more intolerable than death itself."

" *Unjust* persecution !" exclaimed I. " Ah, if you could prove that !"

" I understand you," said he ; " you think I planned, or perhaps *perpetrated*, the punishment of Winter."

My blood boiled at the word.

"I see what is within you," cried he; "but I fear it not, and I will not stand to criticise a word. That Winter was a tool of oppression."

"'Tis an infamous falsehood!" I shouted, rather than merely exclaimed.

"Be it so," said he, with most extraordinary calmness; "I cannot here dispute your right to insult me, if you please. The gibbet is an excellent safeguard against resentment. I have told you, I am here with the halter round my neck, and, if you seek vengeance, you have nothing to do but to rid the world of an enemy. But a few days, and it was not so. Had I breathed but a hint, or wagged a finger, you would have been joined in death as well as in life with your beloved guardian, and the same grave would probably now contain you both."

Astonished and confounded, yet somewhat affected, I faltered out, in accents that showed my grief and detestation, "Then you *did* kill Winter, and are here to tell me so?"

"I did not," said he, looking me firmly in the face.

"Nor commanded his death?" asked I.

"Certainly not commanded it."

"But you could have prevented it?"

"Possibly, but not probably."

"And did not attempt it?"

"Ask me no further," replied he; "I am not here to betray my friends. It is enough that I prevented a bullet of the same pistol from striking you. I am here in misery; the hounds of the law, as I tell you, are at my heels; I have not a friend in the world, nor even a cave to fly to but this, if this be allowed me. Save, therefore, or destroy. I await your sentence."

At this he sank back in his chair, exhausted as much by his emotions, as the fatigue and privations he had undergone. The signs of this, indeed, were exhibited in every word he uttered, and every gesture of his body.

I was myself scarcely less affected. At length, recovering somewhat to a sense of this extraordinary situation, I addressed myself to his forcible application, and, as near as I can remember, answered him in these words:—

"Herzstein, this is no time to equivocate on either side; and I fairly tell you, that if you are the murderer of Winter, or in any way the con-

triver, or instigator of his death, I am your declared and deadly enemy; nor will your having prevented my own assassination, for having, as you say, abandoned principles I never professed, diminish one iota of the detestation I shall for ever bear you. But you deny the act; you are here houseless, defenceless, and, as you say, in my power. You are this by your own act, and, from a confidence which, though you had no right to form it, you did actually repose in me. This weighs with me to think you innocent of, at least this part of the accusations against you. I might indeed regard it as nothing, and no law of honour, or of the land, would prevent me from using my advantage. But, thus acquired, it is not in my nature. I will not, I dare not tempt you to sign your own death by questioning you farther about Winter; I will hope that what you say of your innocence is true. I will inquire no farther now, but endeavour to give you the relief you ask, and so much need. Whatever the house can afford (and it is very little) is yours; but I should entrap you if I were to tell you that you are safe here, any more than any where else. Of this, more to-morrow."

This assent to his request was only answered by a stiff inclination of his body, and a dry ejaculation of "as you please."

His countenance continued to bear that stern inflexibility which awed so many of his companions at B——; nor did he seem disposed to renew any part of his conversation, but allowed me in silence to set about ordering things for his accommodation.

This I did, by calling up the Hendricks, who got him such refreshments as were at hand, made a fire to dry his habiliments (which I saw surprised them), and prepared a bed, when I left him for the rest of the night.

In the morning, I had some difficulty in eluding the natural curiosity of my servants as to this strange adventure; nor was I, nor am I now, at all at my ease about it. That a miserable beggar, in the lowest state of destitution should enter a barred-up house at midnight; be welcomed by the master as if an intimate friend, and closeted for an hour in his room in such a condition, would have excited the conjectures of less curious and less suspicious people than those about me, however confident they might be in my discretion; and I saw, by their

looks and whispers while they were attending upon him, that they thought all was not right. They had also all loved Winter formerly, and the proclamation which had reached the village two days before, had been already the subject of much sad discussion among them. The mourning I bore, and the grief I was in, exempted me from any suspicion that I could knowingly harbour the assassin ; but still the evident superiority of the wanderer to his apparent condition, made them all alive to his every motion, and every word ; and the printed proclamation which had been left at the house, was now thumbed over with more eagerness, and attended with more keen observation of the stranger, than ever.

It was impossible not to see this, and, seeing it, not to point it out to the fugitive.

“ I have remarked it,” said he, “ but I am now so used to it, as to have got over much of the alarm. But may I ask, who are your principal neighbours, I mean among the gentry ?”

I mentioned you, when to my surprise he said, “ he is gone to Prague, to attend the visitation. Who else ?”

When I named the Baron de Quatre Tours, he

started, and said, "that is bad. I thought he lived several leagues off."

"You know him?" I remarked.

"He is known too well," answered Herzstein, and he seemed evidently uneasy. "When did you see him last?"

I told him yesterday morning, which made him more thoughtful than ever; and, at length, after striding up and down the room for some minutes in silence, and looking much at the sky, he said, "I think I shall do well to release you from a presence that cannot be agreeable, and may do you no good. I told you my object was Passau, and I had better not lose time."

I own I was glad, and said nothing to detain him, for, in truth, it was the greatest relief. For even if he had cleared himself of being the actual contriver of the assassination, he had professed so many cruel principles in support of his idol liberty, (which, as the wise Winter said, had been converted into a Moloch), that I could only endure his presence in conformity with my promise. I therefore gladly offered him my purse, to assist him on the way. He condescended to thank me, but only

took two or three ducats, saying that he expected a remittance at Passau, which was not far off.

I conducted him through the ruins, unremarked by the Hendricks, and when I returned to my room (which, I own, seemed to have been profaned,) I felt as if relieved from a horrid incubus pressing me to death.

And now, what shall we say to this agitating, this terrible scene? Did I do well or ill? Can I be justified? Ought I to have taken him at his word, and made him prisoner? At any rate, ought I to have so harboured, relieved, and dismissed him?

I own I am cruelly embarrassed, and want you, for I am not casuist enough to decide for myself. I took down my Puffendorf, and found in it many notes of my father. They condemned me on the abstract principle, but furnished excuses at least for particular cases, of which I hope this may be one.

I found a case in my father's hand of a Moorish gentleman and a Spanish cavalier, somewhat, but only somewhat in point. The Moor was walking in his garden alone, thinking much of an only son; when, on a sudden, he beheld on the other side of

the wall, a cavalier spurring his horse as if for life or death: who, seeing him, immediately leaped the wall and implored his protection, saying he had killed a man in a quarrel, and could not otherwise escape from his pursuers.

The Moor had compassion on him, and, plucking a peach, said, "eat of this with me, and I will protect thee."

The Spaniard had scarcely done so when his pursuers came up, bearing a dead body. It was the Moorish gentleman's son; but the father, as the story is stated, "remembering honour amidst his affliction," thus addressed the cavalliero:—"Thou hast injured me to death; but I promised thee protection, and have eaten with thee upon it. Fly hence this instant—I give thee half an hour; but after that, I will pursue thee to justice."

My father's note upon this is:—"he ought not to have made the promise without inquiring the circumstances; but having made it, as he was the party principally injured, and there was no paramount duty to interfere with his waving his private right, he was bound to perform it. Still, as far as the public was concerned, the law might hold him *particeps criminis*."

What say you, dear pastor—is my father right ? Is this case, my case ? Was I bound to detain Herzstein after having promised ? Alas ! why did I promise ? Or did his disclaimer absolve me from participating his crime, should it turn out to be false ?

I am embarrassed ; full of doubts, full of grief. Console, encourage, and enlighten me. .

KARL RHEINDORF.

LETTER XXII.

THE REPLY.

Opinions on the preceding.

Prague, August.

I AM astounded at your letter. It is full of wonders, scarcely credible, if you did not write them. Yet the man is as extraordinary as wicked, and he trusted to his old dominion over you, which I rejoice to see is so totally at an end.

I was amazed as well as shocked at the hypocrisy and impudence of the assertion, that he was more sinned against than sinning. Heavens! after what has happened, could he have believed himself? Yet that—any thing—every thing, is made credible by self-love, added to the self-deception of a revolutionist. The assumed name of friends of the people, by which they always mean themselves only, gives them a right to call evil, good, and “doubt truth

to be a liar ;" certainly to gild the means (though ever so hideous) for the sake of the end ; of which end they themselves are, by themselves, made judges. Thus the course of Jesuitism is revived, and the sticklers for liberty, who would beat down all authority, are as much slaves of authority as the slaves of the pope.

Your case is certainly puzzling, not as to your letting him depart after the promise, but for the promise itself. For it was no case of duress, but the contrary ; and he seems not to have deceived you. At any rate, though the strict law may be against you, all feeling is for you ; the man—the time—the scene ! It made my flesh creep.

Yet you may be in some danger of the law, or at least of censure. I trust the matter will not (it need not) be known. If it were, what would such a judge as M. Mollendorf say ? But he is a Bavarian, and has no power in Bohemia : yet there is a communication, and I can partly tell what was meant by the exclamation in regard to the Baron de Quatre Tours, " that is bad."

I saw the Baron the day after I arrived here, where all were still talking of your lamented guardian and the Secret Society ; and he told me he

felt fortunate that his fate had not been the same. It seems that, on the seizing Herzstein's papers, though most of them were destroyed, part of a correspondence was discovered with a committee, as they called themselves, for Austria and Bohemia, and though covered with obscurity, it was plain that, under certain designations, certain proscriptions had been at least proposed. Among these were the Baron, and, I fear, *you*, by implication,—for the designation is (I beg your pardon) “*the Apostate on the Moldau.*”

This in a measure explains what he meant by having saved your life; and I infer, that had he known Quatre Tours had been so near you, he would not have hazarded the visit he did.

As to his knowledge of *my* movements, I have little doubt that he learned them himself at the parsonage, whence I hear from my housekeeper, that a strange, and very dirty beggar, with a huge person, had called, and made very particular inquiries where I was, and how long I was to be absent, on the morning of the eventful night you describe. Had I been at home, he probably would not (knowing our intercourse) have asked the asylum he did.

But no matter, he is gone; why to Passau I cannot conjecture; but time will show. I should think he cannot escape. He has, at least, I will answer for it, saved no other lives.

Adieu, my excellent young friend! Keep up! There is always some good sent with evil. The death of Winter has been most disastrous to all lovers of order and real merit; but it has opened your eyes to the wicked sophistries that are prevalent, more than twelve months' reading or reflection could have effected. Adieu! You may still be happy, and yet the world not revolutionized.

Your friend and pastor,

MARCUS BECKER.

LETTER XXIII.

*Herxstein to Krantz. Directed to Matthias
Schneider, at Basle.*

Carlsruhe.

You are aware of the infamous designs against us. A proclamation has been issued by the Bavarian Government, founded on the report of the magistrates of Ratisbon (villains, whose turn ought to come next), offering a reward for the discovery of the members of the Sand Society, and in particular for the apprehension of you and me. The scoundrel Bertram, of the Golden Kette, where you met, furnished the clue. Should we yet prosper, his doom must be sealed.

You and Effler have done well to get to Basle. Could I have joined you at Heidelberg, I should have done so too; but I staid to destroy my papers, some of them of consequence. The list of the sworn members, however, is with you, and they are safe.

When you can again act, take care that they do nothing without orders from the committee. All must be regular, and no one cut off without inquiry by proper authority.

Fools and slaves will call this murder. You and I know better. Can a sacrifice to, and by a whole injured people, be murder? *

It was lucky that I sent the apostate Rheindorf's, and his doting nurse's letters, to the Committee. They acted upon them in the true spirit, which, if pursued, will still retrieve us, though at present a little disconcerted.

The roads are so watched to Switzerland since the proclamation, that I am forced to seek a totally different country, and get to you by Munich, if I can; though the Ratisbon transaction has raised all Bavaria, and I may have to make a wider *détour* still.

Perhaps I might be safer with some of the society at Prague. A bold measure (considering the Aus-

* This is in the veriest spirit of the vanity of a radical revolutionist. The owner of a heated head and a bad heart finds out some dozen of others as bad as himself, and they immediately persuade themselves that they are the people! Did Herzstein get his lesson from England?

trian government); but, on that very account, possibly, there would be less suspicion.

Fear not, however, for I am safe for the present, being disguised beyond all power of discovery; and shall, if necessary, pass through Ratisbon itself.

They say he is still alive, and I am sorry, for a great example is wanting to the preachers of slavery. As for old friendship, away with it. He corrupted Rheindorf, whom I had thought I had made my own.

Adieu! Though I feel that I am safe, I am without respite tracked and hunted by the Bavarian blood-hounds since the proclamation, and fear the Munich plan must be given up. Bohemia, however, lies open to me, and possibly I may get round by Passau and Inspruck into the Cantons.

You shall hear again, and meantime I direct as agreed, to your feigned name at Basle.

Yours,

Proclamation.

July, 18—.

Whereas there has some time existed a secret society for the propagation of rebellion against the different governments of Europe, under the name

of liberty, which society is called the Sand Association, and holds that all who oppose their doctrines, whether by writing, speaking, or acting, may be lawfully condemned to death, and taken off by them; and whereas Leopold Herzstein has, from proofs found among his papers, been mainly instrumental in forming the said society, and promulgating their pernicious doctrines, particularly the last-mentioned, of taking off their opponents by assassination; and whereas a dreadful murder has been committed upon the estimable man and good subject, Hermann Winter, which there is reason to believe was perpetrated by some member of the above society, at the instigation of the said Herzstein: This is to call upon all good men and faithful subjects of the different provinces and cities of Bavaria, to arrest the said Herzstein, wherever he may be found, and bring him before the High Tribunal of Ratisbon, in the neighbourhood of which the murder was committed, to be dealt with according to law. And we, the magistrates of the said city of Ratisbon, do promise, upon conviction of the said Herzstein, to pay to the person or persons discovering and bringing him to justice, the sum of five hundred thalers of Prussia.

Or to any one who will give information where he is now to be found, so as that he may be traced, and taken by the officers in pursuit of him, the sum of two hundred thalers.

(Signed) J. MOLLENDORF,
And the other Members of the
Stadt Council.

LETTER XXIV.

To Matthias Schneider.

WHEN the world has offered five hundred thalers for a man's head, who can be safe? The world *is* the world, and all the finest sentiments are contradicted by practice. I, who lived fifteen years in the hope and contemplation of being the benefactor of mankind, have lived the last fortnight in cellars and garrets, and almost upon black bread and ditch-water, through the ingratitude of the slaves and cowards I meant to serve.

But for some of the brethren whom I met with here and there, I should have been immured in a dungeon by some infamous magistrate. Yet even the brethren themselves looked coldly upon me; and some, when I complained, took credit to themselves for their virtue, in resisting the government reward!

Scoundrels! I knew not how little public virtue abounded, or that it was so difficult to resist a hue-

and-cry, with such a temptation as has been offered by the tyrants.

To owe one's life, too, to such wretches ! They are not worthy the liberty, to obtain which for them I have made such sacrifices.

Every word I speak, every look, excites curiosity, and the hope of the reward. Even my beggar's habit (for to that I am reduced) is suspected, and I am condemned to the dirtiest linen, because clean would be dangerous. As it is, it is too fine, and breeds suspicion.

Happy kings, to have all the world, far and near, leagued for your defence ! while those who would deliver mankind from your oppression, are hunted by the very people they would set free !

I have been forced to avoid towns, and the light of day. Villages or lone houses, barns, fellow-beggars, owls, and the night !—these are my resources, these my companions.

Yet even *these* are not safe, and my strength is nearly as exhausted as my purse. Yet I am farther than ever from you, and the frontiers both of Bavaria and Bohemia are so excited by the proclamation, that no stranger can shew his head.

The worst is, I observe no sympathy. The deed seems universally condemned, and mistaken ignorant sluggards call it murder. No one defends, much less blesses the action, except some few, some very few, of the brethren, when I fall in with them: and many even of them presume to blame it, though they will not betray. They would even set up for leaders, and question our measures. This is beyond bearing, and when I reproach them they look cold, angry, and threatening.

Let them inform if they will. I am unsubdued. The spirit, the detestation of kings, which led me to the part I took, keeps me from repenting, much more from receding, though I want bread.

I may die—but depend upon it not by the executioner, while there is poison or steel at hand. To one of these I may have recourse, if not otherwise relieved; for there seems a cordon all around, and the whole country is laid for me, for the sake of the reward. My chief security is my habit of a beggar, and my lodging a ditch side. Such, and offal, has been my portion these last two days, though now once more in a palace, because in the shop of one of the sworn; but even here I dare not stay. He has,

however, promised to forward this. If you get it, remit me what you can to Passau, to which perhaps I may beg, or pretend to beg my way.

I find I am at Rosenberg, in Bohemia, *impransus sed indomitus*.

Yours.

LETTER XXV.

M. Mollendorf to the Count ———,
Ministre d'Etat.

Ratisbon, August —

MONSEIGNEUR ;

I return, with many thanks, the letters and papers of the assassin Herzstein, which were seized by the Prussian authorities, and forwarded to your excellency, and which you have done me the honour to send to me for consideration.

On the occasion of the sad and detestable deed perpetrated on one of the best of men, it becomes my duty to obtain all possible information as to the persons supposed to be concerned ; but though the letter to Krantz and the information of Bertram, disjointed as they were, left little doubt as to Herzstein's guilt, and the letters and papers I have perused at your excellency's desire, open much more extensive views of mischief and treason than the fact of the single murder, dreadful as it was, I

am afraid we are by no means yet able to ascertain either the numbers concerned in the different societies of young Germany, young Swiss, young Italy, &c., or the extent of the intentions and objects entertained by them.

That the mischief designed is as dangerous to all social order, all property, and all personal safety, as the fanaticism is great which is contriving it, is clear ; but we yet know no further. Still, though nothing short of madness would aim, one would think, at some of the objects entertained, the success of which it would be ridiculous to fear, yet as madmen often strike fatal, though partial blows, it should seem that too much vigilance cannot be used to detect and defeat the designs of these desperate men. Their professed end is the liberty and happiness of mankind ; their proposed means, robbery and murder.

I am happy to tell your excellency, that we have almost providentially obtained the means of getting at the machinations of what is called their Secret Committee (in other words, their executive power), of which Herzstein is the head. Krantz, their chief secretary, has made overtures to a young man here, his relation, to become his assistant. For this he was to have a large reward ; and, in the true nature

of a spy, has promised to betray the betrayers. If discovered, he will undoubtedly be put to death, secretly or openly, by Herzstein and his crew ; but that makes him more zealous and active in his endeavours to defeat and bring them to justice.

That bad, but able man, Herzstein, has made an escape almost miraculous, through the very heart of the country he had so alarmed ; and I am most sorry to inform your excellency, that, if report say true, in this he was warmly, powerfully, and I may say, adventurously assisted by a young enthusiast, once at least, one of his own school, and still, perhaps, retaining much of its leaven ; I mean the Baron Von Rheindorf, who was his second in a duel, fought in defence of the memory of Sand.

And yet I can scarcely believe the report ; it is so contradictory to what came under my own knowledge, in regard to the attachment of Rheindorf to the person of the deceased Winter, who was his friend, guardian, and college-tutor. The grief he exhibited on the murder, was that of a tender son ; though, in rather a severe examination, which he underwent, he did not deny much former connection with Herzstein, and was evidently loth to speak out concerning him.

As the whole proceeding of the escape passed

within the jurisdiction of Bohemia, we cannot at present act, and I can only convey reports. My own opinion is, that we have no authority under the law for what was done against us in Bohemia ; nor can that government recognize as crime the breach of a Bavarian proclamation. Still it would be interesting to know what subtlety could prevail with an amiable and sensible young person, almost heart-broken by his loss, to promote the safety and escape of the wretch who had occasioned it.

Could your excellency induce the Bohemian authorities to dive into this proceeding, you would benefit, in no small degree, the endeavour of the magistrates of both countries to penetrate the conduct of this daring man, and thereby facilitate the preservation of the peace of this devoted land ; may I not add, that of all Europe, threatened as it is with what seems to be the universal madness of the times.

I await your excellency's commands, and mean time am your devoted servant,

The President MOLLENDORF.

LETTER XXV.

*The Count de W—— to the President
Mollendorf.*

August —

I CANNOT thank you sufficiently for your surprising letters, which have filled me with interest, and at the same time given me much embarrassment.

For his father's sake, but particularly his lamented guardian's, I am sorry for the predicament into which young Rheindorf has brought himself by his dangerous principles. A reformer, and the friend of reformers, and, as it too clearly appears, of something worse, the law will fall heavy upon him, as it ought, for harbouring and contriving the escape of one of the most determined hypocrites and villains of modern times. Answer for it he must, in some way or other ; but how, is a question on which, my dear M. de Mollendorf, I

shall seek your assistance. Indifference in such a case would be criminal, clemency imprudent, silence impossible. He must be brought before the proper tribunals; or, if that, in your opinion, is so difficult, the hand of power must do the justice which the law cannot. You, as a lawyer, may, and ought to have legal scruples; I, as a statesman, charged with the public safety, can have none.

It is not this state alone that is concerned, but virtually all others. To let him escape through forms would be folly. He has shocked all the universal principles of justice. To screen a murderer, and withdraw him from punishment, is little less than murder itself.

See to it, Mollendorf, and be assured you shall be supported. The Bohemian government will order his arrest, and he will be delivered to you. We will then determine farther. Farewell. Your conduct is approved where you would most wish it to be.

Your friend,

LE COMTE DE W——.

[Here end the Letters.]

NARRATIVE.—PART I.

Soon after the receipt of the above letter, an officer, at the head of a file of hulans, was seen to enter the great gates of the park of Quatre Tours, and proceed to the château on a round trot, where he inquired for its master, to whom he delivered a packet.

The baron immediately requested him to dismount, and in a few minutes the two gentlemen were closeted together in the baron's cabinet.

"You may depend upon it," said the baron, after he had perused the despatch, which was from the authorities at Prague, "that you shall have every facility I can give to your mission. At the same time I must express my deep concern for the young man, who, whatever may have formerly been his connexion with this wretch, has, I am very sure, repented of it, and sees that kind of reformer in his true light."

"How then," replied the officer, "could he have lent himself so efficaciously to his escape,

reeking, too, as he was, with the blood of his guardian and best friend?"

"That, I own," replied the baron, "is a puzzle to me inexplicable. Yet I cannot help trusting, as well as hoping, that he will be able to clear himself from disloyalty to the laws, and particularly from ingratitude towards poor Winter, whom I know he idolized."

"We must lose no time," replied the officer, who seemed to trouble himself very little with the character and motives of his intended prisoner; that was the affair of his superiors, not his.

"I will myself accompany you," answered the baron: "should he resist, I may be able to add my authority to yours; should he want a friend in the way of surety, or any thing else, I should wish to be on the spot."

"My orders are positive," observed the officer.

"Let us proceed," said the Baron de Quatre Tours.

How soon may a sudden, or unforeseen incident, cloud or defeat the best-considered and most hopeful human plans! But the evening before, the twilight just distinguished Rheindorf and Becker, who had returned from Prague, pacing the green

bank of the Moldau, in deep consideration of the existing crisis, and the most prudential plan for Rheindorf's proceedings. It was delightful summer. The air stole gently on the senses, and the melancholy of Rheindorf at his friend's loss had begun to be soothed.

"He is gone to heaven," said he, looking up at the stars which began to peep out as the light melted away. "I have lost the best counsellor I could have had in a difficult time, but not before he had much opened my mind to many errors. However, though fortune may close the doors of advancement upon me, such a charm as this tranquillity and freshness shed around me, and the serious employment which the studies I have begun will give me for long, with you too for a friend and partner in pursuits, I may leave the world to itself, and be happy here, spite of all disappointments."

At that moment Theresa, old Hendrick's daughter, came up with a hurried step, pressing to deliver a letter to her master, which she said had been brought by a stranger in a blue blouse, who had entered the kitchen-yard, and desired it might be instantly given into her master's own hand, as

it was of the greatest consequence, perhaps to his life.

“ May all the Saints bless us !” cried Theresa, in the greatest agitation,—“ but I have never known a happy moment since that horrible beggarman put us all into such a tribulation. I am sure I said he boded master no good, and his good-nature to him would cost him dear ;—and so it will, I’ve no doubt. Oh ! I never saw such fiery eyes ! A cat’s in the dark are nothing to them. But do pray, Sir, come to the house, and read your letter, for you cannot see here ; and perhaps you will speak to the young man.”

At this, the distressed Theresa, anxious for her master, began wringing her hands, and led the way back to the house, stopping every three or four paces, to see if they came on fast enough.

Rheindorf had lately been in so many agitations, that this fresh one did not much alarm him ; though his friend the pastor changed colour, and was by no means so quiescent. He had, indeed, heard things at Prague which made him uneasy for his friend ; and his ease was not restored, when he found that the bearer of the letter had instantly decamped when he had delivered it to Theresa.

By a lamp which she hastened to bring them, they then read the following :—

“ Citizen—The devil has been busy at Prague, in the shape of a judge, who will soon sign your doom if you consent to wait for it. You are accused of belonging to *us*. I know not that. But you saved the noble Herzstein, and it is fit we should save *you*. Slight not this notice, but fly the instant you receive it. To-morrow will be too late, except to have your legs tied under a horse’s belly.

“ Yours, one of the brethren.”

“ What think you of it ?” said Rheindorf to his friend when they had read it.

“ That it falls in too well,” answered Mr. Becker, “ with things I heard at Prague, which make me think you ought not to slight the advice, evidently of a friend.”

“ A friend !” exclaimed Rheindorf ; “ what, a member of the Sand ! Impossible !”

“ At least he cannot be an enemy,” replied the pastor ; “ and my counsel is, that you comply.”

“ I am innocent,” said Rheindorf with dignity.

“ Of belonging to the Sand, yes ! but not of

having had Herzstein in your power, and letting him escape."

"I can hardly repent it even now; the circumstances—"

"Alas, yes! The circumstances! But what circumstances will a subaltern of hulans, sent to arrest you by the Government, consider?"

"I have broken no law of my country," persisted Rheindorf.

"True; and that will open the gates of the castle of Prague, no doubt, when once you are lodged there," resumed the pastor.

"Could you say any thing more forcible to prove our slavery?" asked Rheindorf. "No! pastor, I will not fly."

"My dear young friend," cried the pastor, with tears in his eyes, "you will be shot, or shut up for life."

"They dare not," exclaimed the Baron, his fine countenance glowing with indignation.

It was in vain that Mr. Becker reiterated his intreaties, his representations, and even his intimations that the impression at Prague, on the reports of his conduct as to Herzstein, were against him, and that there had been an open talk of his arrest.

Even stronger appeals than this were resisted; for Theresa, and her father and mother, and also her sweetheart, who had come to sup with them, having been too much interested by the arrival of the letter not to listen to this conversation, now all broke into the room, and on their knees implored their master to listen to reason and the good pastor.

“No!” said Rheindorf with firmness, “never will I fly like a guilty one, when I know I am innocent. I am no traitor; and as to Herzstein, if a murderer, may God forgive him; but after his denial, and having promised him hospitality, I cannot repent not having betrayed him.”

He said this with so firm an air of being right, that though it added to Becker’s respect for him, it also added to his grief, at thinking of the ruin of such a man.

The servants were all dismissed; but all, together with Becker, remained up the whole of the night watching, and anxiously listening to every sound, within or without, that could in the least be construed into the approach of the visitors.

It was broad daylight when the devoted young man insisted upon the pastor’s leaving him for

bed. "It is evidently," said he, "a false alarm; perhaps a foolish trick of some one who envies my tranquillity, and loves mischief for mischief's sake."

The pastor, perhaps a little encouraged from the delay of the expected danger, obeyed his wish, and left him for a few hours to himself; but not to sleep, for, such was his anxiety as to the event, that instead of seeking the appointed couch, he climbed the belfry of the schloss, which gave a full view of the country round, and remained full two hours intensely watching the different roads which traversed the plain through which lay the course of the Moldau, and led to the neighbourhood of the castle.

At length, looking in the direction of the chateau de Quatre Tours, he saw a party of some eight or ten horsemen issuing into the plain from the wood in which the chateau rises, and advancing at a brisk pace across it in the direction of the schloss.

Instantly he descended, and found his friend calm, and refreshed by some sleep, but astonished at his having withdrawn himself from the apartment allotted him. He heard the news he had to

tell him with great self-possession, observing, that as he had refused to fly from principle, so he would go through with his fortune, whatever it might be. He then deposited in Becker's hands a packet of letters and papers, to be used as he should direct, or occasion require: his only further observation being of surprise, when informed of it, that Quatre Tours himself seemed to lead the party.

All conjectures, however, were now lost by the arrival of the hulans, who entered the court-yard without ceremony, and Quatre Tours and the officers giving their horses to their men, advanced on foot into the house, to the dismay of the small but devoted train of domestics, of whom the officers rather roughly demanded where was their master.

"You need not seek him," said Rheindorf, advancing. "I knew of your approach; but as I never intended to fly, I here present myself as the person you seek."

"Baron Rheindorf," said Quatre Tours, "this is an unfortunate visit; and if you are surprised at seeing me on such an occasion, it is, I assure you, only as a friend that I come. Knowing your honour, I have offered to this gentleman to give bail for your appearance at Prague; but he says his

orders are precise to conduct you to Ratisbon, there to abide the determination of the Bavarian government. Now, as I have the honour of being joined with *yourself* in a proscription by those, particularly Herzstein, with whom you are accused of being in league, I conceive it morally impossible that the accusation can be true; and you will permit me to accompany you before the magistracy of Ratisbon, where (particularly with Count W——, who, I understand, comes there expressly on your account) it is just possible I may be of some service."

Rheindorf thanked him cordially for his goodwill, and offering them refreshments (to Theresa's indignation as well as astonishment), which they declined, requested half an hour to get ready, which was granted. That time having expired, he mounted his horse, and the files closing in upon him, he left his old schloss, where he had so recently talked of enjoying a lengthened tranquillity, as a prisoner, never to return.

NARRATIVE.—PART II.

THE letters which have hitherto composed our story being almost entirely exhausted, we shall continue it under the narrative form, happy if it open anybody's eyes to the prejudices which govern this poor nether world in almost all its operations, but in particular to the dreadful mischiefs of self-deceit.

The cavalcade which guarded Rheindorf entered Ratisbon without much observation; but when it was known who he was, and spread, as it was by many, that he was an accomplice of Herzstein in occasioning Winter's death, which was still fresh in the remembrance of the city, the concourse to see him, and the execrations of the multitude, were immense. Such are some of the lightest evils of the prejudice we have glanced at.

The orders of the officer who conducted Rheindorf being to deliver him to the disposal of M. Mollendorf, he was escorted to the house of that gentleman, accompanied by the liberal Quatre

Tours, and both were received with civility by the magistrate.

M. Mollendorf testified much regret at seeing Rheindorf in a situation, so unexpected when they parted, in which there was no reason to doubt his sincerity. He also testified concern that he would be forced to keep him in suspense till the arrival of Count W——, who had desired to assist at his examination, without which, therefore, neither he nor his brother magistrates could act.

“How different,” thought Rheindorf, “from enlightened England, where no minister of state dare interfere with a minister of justice, and where no man can be detained an hour by an order of government.”

The question was, how to dispose of the accused after receipt given by M. Mollendorf to the Austrian officer for his person.

“I should be most loth indeed,” said M. de Mollendorf, “to make his restraint too irksome; but restraint there must be. I trust M. de Rheindorf knows my good-will.”

Rheindorf bowed; but of the good-will specified he was by no means clear.

“One of the purposes,” said M. de Quatre Tours,

for which I accompanied this gentleman, who is my neighbour, to Ratisbon, was to deliver him, if the forms would allow it, from the privations of a prison, until at least he could be heard ; and I offer any security that can be demanded for his appearance when called upon, provided, in the mean time, he may be released on his parol of honour."

This had an effect upon the magistrate, who, though his zeal, loyalty, and *esprit de corps*, made him take a peculiar interest in the case, had really so much leaning towards the accused as to wish a favourable issue to the examination, and meantime to give him every indulgence that was consistent with the safe custody of his person. It was therefore finally settled that he should take the Baron's parol for the parol of Rheindorf not to attempt escape ; and meantime, that he should confine himself to the upper chamber of an hotel, with a sentinel at the door, instead of being sent to the city prison.

That day Quatre Tours dined with the magistrates at the Hotel de Ville, where much or most of the discourse turned upon this eventful occurrence, pregnant with the fate, good or bad, of our young philosopher ; and the Baron, even had he known

more than he did of the case, would perhaps have had considerable difficulty to satisfy the pointed arguments adverse to it, which he heard from almost every one present.

In this, probably, they were swayed by the expressed opinions of the minister, Count W——, in a despatch which M. Mollendorf had received from him.

“It would be scandalous,” said the Count, “if a man evidently in league with a murderer, and at best, guilty of a gross misprision, should escape for mere want of jurisdiction.”

But the Count also took a distinction as to jurisdiction, which staggered most of those present, and fearfully impressed the Baron.

“There is a difference,” he said, “between crimes against mere municipal enactments, and against the laws of nature. Had Herzstein simply broke through some Prussian or Bavarian regulation—to punish his abettor would be of little consequence; but his accusation was of murder, which was or ought to be punishable *any where*, by the law of nations, and, therefore also, he who aided and comforted him, knowing the fact, could not be exempt. At any rate,” added the minister, “should

local magistrates be afraid of assuming this power to themselves, from scruples drawn from locality, it would not tie the hands of Government, which always proceeds upon the general laws of equity and nature, and look far beyond the technicalities of courts."

This intimation of the opinion entertained at the fountain-head, boded no good to the unfortunate Rheindorf. His friend the Baron de Quatre Tours was uneasy as to the event, and M. Mollendorf was grave, thoughtful, and any thing but satisfied. He however repelled with warmth the accusation of too much lenity, brought against him by some of his colleagues, in having allowed the prisoner the benefit of a parol, instead of committing him, as they said he ought to have done, to the common jail.

The next day Count W—— arrived, and assembling the stadt counsellors, laid before them the king's orders to proceed to take cognizance of the case ; for which purpose Rheindorf was brought guarded from his chamber, to undergo an examination, which was conducted with keenness and ability by the Count W—— in person. In this examination he insisted much upon the insub-

ordinate spirit that was abroad, and had pervaded all nations, and was the more dangerous, because of the hellish maxims and principles by which it was supported; of which the murder in question was an unhappy proof.

That danger, he said, was still more enhanced by the wicked sophistry with which it was defended, and which went to prove that the most detestable crimes might become patriotic virtues, if gilded over by the self-deception, or wickedness, of the perpetrators, in thinking that their own notions of right and justice were to prevail at their bidding, against the rest of the world. This placed the lives and fortunes of all who differed with them at their mercy, and tore up all society by the roots.

Herzstein, the Count went on to say, had been the principal instigator of these opinions, and had seduced many into them who, under him, had formed themselves into societies, both in and out of Germany, for the destruction of all governments but what they should approve; and there was reason to believe that the prisoner had acted with him in this attempt, and, after the murder of Winter, had aided him in his flight from justice; in itself a great crime, but made more flagrant by

being in the teeth of a proclamation of the Bavarian government.

These were to be the objects of their inquiry. Even though they might feel incompetent to try, and pass sentence on the prisoner in form, from supposed want of jurisdiction, it would be their duty as magistrates to sift the facts, and return a verdict upon the case, which would then become a matter of state for the government to determine.

It must be owned that the impression produced by this representation did all for it that it was intended by him who made it. The count, in fact, piqued himself upon his knowledge of the civil law, and his talents for jurisprudence, quite as much as upon his general knowledge of state affairs. He had early made himself master of the hundreds of ponderous tomes which compose the German *corpus juris civilis*, and he proportionably enjoyed the reputation which this gave him, not merely with his brother statesmen, but with the heads of the law themselves; their deference to him, when opportunity offered, afforded him almost as much gratification as his sovereign's approbation of his political abilities.

The present was a fair and uncommon occasion

to show him in his favourite province, and hence his personal attention and active zeal in a case which he thought afforded him peculiar opportunities to display his known power in unravelling difficulties, and answering legal subtleties, either by the law itself, or by allowed maxims of policy above the law.

In other respects, he was a just man, and honourable, with a fair portion of candour, and open to generous impressions, where he thought there was no insincerity, or design to deceive him.

He found the council quite alive to his merits in these respects, and ready to second all his plan of proceedings; they were, therefore, most of them ready to decide, upon an instant trial in form, but were stopt by the integrity and reasoning of Mollendorf.

That magistrate began with observing, that there was nothing so dangerous to the real ends of justice, as the being carried away by feeling, so as that, to promote a temporary good, however great, a lasting injury to first principles might be inflicted; that, granting the proof of this, and even greater guilt than was attributed to the prisoner (which was by no means clear,) still, if the wish to punish

it, however popular, should hurry them into a usurpation of power that did not belong to them, all land-marks would be removed, and that, which ought to be most certain and defined in the institutions of a state; that, which was of most consequence to its happiness and security; would become the most uncertain and fortuitous, most liable to abuse, and most fertile in mischief. He argued that no tyranny could be equal to an indefinite judicial power; and hence the chief argument against the omnipotence of popular assemblies. The despotism of a single person could not be worse. He was, therefore, against all usurpation of authority, even for a good purpose; and that what was proposed, (which was not so much by the minister as his brother magistrates,) was usurpation, a very simple statement would prove. If the prisoner had enrolled himself in the illegal society under Herzstein, it was at B——, and the cognizance of it belonged to Prussia; if his guilt was only the breach of a proclamation, it was a proclamation of Bavaria, and the alleged breach was in Bohemia, where it had no power. Then, as to the distinction so ably taken between crimes against municipal law, and the law of nations, though that might, (if it might,)

justify the seizure of a murderer, and putting him to death wherever found, it would be only by an act of state, and as an enemy *flagrante bello*; he could not be tried by a court whose sole power was to enforce municipal, not natural law.

The cogency of this argument was felt by all, and by none more than the Comte W—— himself. But though, with all his high notions of prerogative and political necessity, he was too able not to see, and to defer to its strength, and though he had candour and generosity enough fairly to say so, still the hopes inspired by it into the Baron de Quatre Tours, and Becker, who were all alive to it, were dashed in a moment by what he added.

“Should the council defer to this reasoning of the learned magistrate,” said the count, “which I am free to say will not surprise me, the alternative is, that Baron Rheindorf must remain under strict custody, until his own government and ours decide upon his fate. The proofs of his being the associate of the villain who, under the pretence of reforming, is the enemy of mankind, are too clear, to allow him to escape.”

A trembling came over poor Becker at these words. Quatre Tours began to think of his being

shut up in the mines of Saltzburg for life, and Mollendorf was considerably moved. He said something of a possibility of the treatment being mitigated, upon a frank avowal of all he knew concerning the association, its members, and its proceedings. But Rheindorf, who had hitherto kept rather an impatient silence, interrupted him :—

“ I am sorry,” said he, with a manner and tone of high dignity, “ that M. Mollendorf should think so meanly of me. Were I guilty of any, except one, of the facts imputed to me,—and to answer for for which one I stand here by my own act, when I might easily have escaped to those with whom I have been slandered by being told I am in league, —were I really, I say, in principle or in action, one of those (I now believe) wicked and bloody conspirators, who, under the false name of patriots and enthusiasts, seek their own advancement through their country’s destruction, I trust (I hope at least) that M. Mollendorf does not think I would be such a dastard as to betray them.”

Count W——— frowned at this exordium, and was about to interfere, yet could not help admiring the firmness and generosity of the speaker. He listened, therefore, to Quatre Tours, who was

at his right hand, and to Mollendorf, who intreated his patience ; and Rheindorf went on.

“ If really I thought or acted with those with whom I am called an associate, instead of execrating them as I do for the bitterest blow my life has yet experienced ; if their views were my views, and their principles my principles, should my country think I deserved the block if I did not impeach them, to the block I would go—for never would I falsify my sworn promise. It is because I would not do so, though I grievously repent it, that I am at this moment here. But, having made this candid avowal, let the same candour be shewn to me, and let me be believed when I say, that nothing can be more abhorrent to my nature than the maxims and proposed objects of the Society ; and that I combated their principles long before I knew their extent, much more before I knew the individual beings whom, in their madness and wickedness, they had proscribed. The clear proof of this is, that, according to report, I have myself been set down as one of the victims.

“ To the charge of having been privy to the dreadful crime which deprived me of the man I loved best, and respected most in the world, the

father of my infancy, and the guide of my youth, I will not condescend to answer; if I did, there are those near me, even in the court itself, who saw me in my agony when the blow was struck, which bereft me of all I valued. To those I might appeal, could I stoop to it, to acquit me of insincerity in my feelings upon it, and thereupon of all participation in the crime."

Here M. Mollendorf, somewhat affected, seeing Rheindorf pause, could not help admitting that appeal in its fullest extent, and intimated that suspicions which his confessed connexion with Herzstein had generated, had been fully dissipated by the deep and genuine distress he had exhibited on that occasion.

"Still, however," observed Comte W., in a reproachful, though less stern tone than before, "we call upon him, without disguise, to explain the full extent of his knowledge of the villain's views; the nature of his connexion with him; and, above all, if he so disapproved his crime, how he came to favour his flight."

"I knew not then that he was himself guilty—I know it not with certainty even now," said Rheindorf.

"But you know his maxims, and might have suspected, perhaps *did* suspect him, when you let him escape," observed the Count. "If you are so candid, let candour take its course. I need not tell one who professes sincerity to conceal nothing."

Rheindorf paused a moment, as if to recollect himself, and the bench of councillors leant forward in intense interest.

The pause was not long ; for almost immediately he proceeded :—

"If I meant to conceal any thing, I should not now be here ; for I had notice, and might have flown from the arrest, which I disdained to do."

"And who was the loyal betrayer of the order?" asked the Count, with indignation.

"I know him not," answered Rheindorf ; "but I will go on to say, that from the letter left at my house, I think he must have been one of the Association."

"Can you produce that letter?" demanded the Count.

"I have brought it with me on purpose," said Rheindorf.

"That was, at least, candid," observed W., as

he looked over it ; “ but he evidently supposes you one of the Association.”

“ On the contrary,” replied Rheindorf ; “ he says he knows not how that is.”

“ He saves you, however, because you saved Herzstein !” reiterated the Count.

“ I do not deny that fact,” replied Rheindorf ; “ and it was to state the truth of it, and clear it of the falsehood with which it has been enveloped, that I chose not to fly.”

“ Proceed,” cried the minister.

“ Then I deny, *in toto*,” said Rheindorf ; “ I even claim to assert the contrary, that I ever approved, much more belonged to the Association. I deny that I knew what were its *specific* designs, though I thought them dangerous. I deny that I knew who composed it, with the exception of Herzstein, and him I combated with all the force I was master of, to the rupture of our ancient friendship—as I have letters from him to prove. I have also a disclaimer from him of any design himself against the lamented Winter ; and when he threw himself upon my mercy in that dreadful night, when he sunk down before me, famished as I thought to

death, I probed him as to his share of that horrible deed."

"And did you succeed?" asked the Count, ironically.

"I did not," said the prisoner.

Here a sort of triumph sat upon the Count's features, and most of the counsellors murmured an incipient conviction of the prisoner's guilt. The Count, however, who was perfectly able to appreciate fairness of mind, whether in a friend or enemy, said his answer was honourable; and desired him to explain how, when Winter's death-wound spoke to his very heart, he could have allowed a man to escape who, though he denied it, he was not *sure* was innocent of the crime.

"It is here," replied Rheindorf, with great compunction, "it is here, I own, I have offended, not only against justice in general, but particularly against my own most acute feelings. Nor do I know how to account for, still less to justify my conduct, except by explaining the very peculiar situation of surprise, doubt, grief, suddenness, and perhaps former confidence, and, above all, a perhaps mistaken sense of honour, which, all together,

shut up my senses, and blinded me at the moment to the real situation of things."

"All very good," said the Count, still rather ironically; and you no doubt are able to particularize and describe these different emotions which so disarmed you, so as to make us understand them better than we do."

Rheindorf again paused, when, as if suddenly struck, he observed, "I wrote every part of the scene down, warm as it happened, in a letter to a friend. That friend is in court, and has possession of the letter, and if you will be troubled with it, as your end being truth and not vengeance, you no doubt will, he shall produce it, whatever may be its effect."

"By all means," said Count Weissenbourg, seriously struck with the openness of the accused.

Becker now advanced, and took from a packet of papers the eventful letter to which Rheindorf alluded, and which, the reader will recollect, gave a full and rather awful description of the rencontre with Herzstein at midnight; the fury of the storm; his reduced situation; his appeals to compassion and mercy; and denials of a participation in Win-

ter's murder; the promise, as it were, *surprised* from Rheindorf in consequence; and the pleadings of honour (mistaken or not), which afterwards compelled him, as he thought, not to break it.

The recital had all the effect that could be hoped for, on all the audience. Every countenance was filled with interest, as expectation was raised, gratified, or disappointed, according to the different turns of the story; but, in the end, all concurred in attributing the permission to escape, to the indiscretion of a youthful, though mistaken generosity, rather than an approbation of crime.

"These are the facts," said Rheindorf, with a mournful countenance, but firm voice; "this is the real representation, whatever the event, and whether for good or for harm, of the conflict I sustained in that agonizing night. You will recollect, too, that I was then in a country wherein my conduct broke no law, and I swerved from no allegiance; the proclamation, which I am accused of having disobeyed, required no obedience from *me*; my sovereign was not Herzstein's sovereign, nor *my* country's peace, that country's peace which he had invaded. You will recollect, too, that I had no warrant, no legal authority (for the proclama-

tion was none) to detain him in Bohemia. When I let him escape, I told him that I only did it, in the hope that what he disclaimed, (the guilt of Winter's blood,) did not belong to him ; but that if it did, I would ever afterwards pursue him as an irreconcilable enemy. Shall I, or not, again add, to prove his opinion at least of my sincerity in this, the rumour I have heard, that since his reunion with his associates, I am myself marked for destruction, for my refusal to join in their criminal designs."

Here Rheindorf ceased, and whatever might have been the prejudice against him, before his explanation, even in Count W. himself, it had now much abated. Of being a member of the Sand Association, he was acquitted on his own assertion ; and although it appeared clear, that he had known and concealed too much in his correspondence with Herzstein, yet all were struck with the candour of his confessions, and the manly and unequivocal disavowal of his opinions, when he discovered their danger.

The Minister, as we have seen, though a firm and determined enemy to revolutionary spirit, and a shrewd detector of it under whatever disguises,

had himself a high sense of honour ; and though a minister of state, was, as we have before said, when his suspicions were calmed, generously alive to openness of character, and he now gave Rheindorf the full benefit of that disposition.

One only thing was wanting, he said, to complete the weight of the explanation : a confirmation of Rheindorf's assertion, that he was marked for proscription by the bloody apostles of Reform. And this was in some measure, at least, supported by his new, but zealous friend, Quatre Tours, who related to the council the intelligence he had received at Prague, that such was the decree against himself and the *apostate* of the Moldau.

This made impression. But Providence did not stop here : for while still deliberating, a packet was put into M. Mollendorf's hands, which, as soon as read, he delivered to the Count, who, by his countenance and gestures, showed the powerful impression it made upon him.

It may be recollected that in a letter from M. Mollendorf to the Count, soon after the death of Winter, intimation had been given of the employment of a relation of the conspirator Krantz, who was secretary to the committee of the Association,

as a spy upon his proceedings. Strange as the coincidence was, it happened that the first-fruits of this measure had at this very moment arrived, and were delivered to Mollendorf in the two following copies of letters, which had been received by Krantz, evidently from Herzstein.

No. I.

(Enclosed to M. Mollendorf.)

Anonymous.

B —, June.

I will answer with strict truth, though it shame me, the question you have put by order of the committee. I *have*, though with the best intentions, been indiscreet, rash, and dangerously communicative. Personally dangerous only to myself; but, what is worse, hazardous, I fear, to our glorious object. As to myself, I was forced to put myself into his power, in order to succeed, but no other person was compromised. My grief is, the design itself may have been hazarded, for nothing is kept from Winter by the apostate. If I have ruined the cause, I would willingly pay for it with my life; but my

life would not save it. A better security would be *his*. My former attachment is known ; but he has proved unworthy, and I abandon my scruples, as I would were he my brother and a renegado. The committee, therefore, may use their discretion, for any opposition they may receive from

No. II.

(Enclosed to M. Mollendorf.)

To Matthias Schneider, at Basle.

We may sing a pæan ; the tyrants are defeated ; their victim, the intended martyr, has escaped. I am at Zurich ; I shall soon be at Basle ; and the cause of liberty and revolution will go forward.

The hen-hearted apostate of the Moldau has mainly contributed to this ; but no thanks to him. His heart still quails ; and had I not come upon him in a thunder-storm, and at midnight, when he was alone, perhaps over his bible, and far off from neighbours ; much more from authorities, to authorities he probably would have delivered me. He is still, by his own account, the renegade the committee

would have joined in fate with Winter, but for my expressed interest about him. That interest I no longer feel. I abandoned him once before, when I only suspected his fidelity ; though, finding him quiet, my old regard prevailed upon me to save him.

He has declared open war against me ; has forsworn his principles, or rather denied that he ever entertained them ; and (*conditionally to be sure*, that I am proved to have been privy to Winter's just punishment, about which the fool cannot have a doubt), has sworn to be my interminable enemy.

You will see, he will to the court, where he may have his peace to make for letting me escape. Yet even this will not make him resume the right path ; and if so, I need not tell the committee, who know me so well, that to do justice, to relieve the oppression of the people, is every thing—private attachments nothing.

I allow, however, that he saved me either from starving or the axe ; for how could I have avoided one or the other, in that dreadful day and night, except by the resolution I took to throw myself upon his mercy.

My pursuers over-ran me not far from Rhein-

dorf's schloss, when, as a last refuge, and certainly with little hope, I resolved to throw myself upon him. But the hunters prevented this till midnight, when they were dispersed by the storm. I long watched the apostate's lamp in a garden chamber, till I thought his people had left him for the night ; and then, when most opportunely he opened the door, to judge of the weather, forced myself in.

I need not tell you the particulars of our interview. It is certain it was not very amicable. The apostate never loved me, but always him who has justly perished. This produced altercation, yet in the end something like generosity. I was housed for the night ; my necessities administered to ; and my pursuers not thinking it possible that the schloss itself could be my refuge, remitted the chase. I found, however, that that other court slave, Quatre Tours, whom we denounced, and who still ought to be punished, was his close neighbour, which made me alter my plans. I had no wish to encounter this despot's despot, in so defenceless a condition ; I resolved, therefore, to decamp, though I had been three days without a sous. Rheindorf coldly offered me his purse ; but though I hold it no evil, nay even a duty, to plunder an aristocrat

wherever I find him, my disdain of him as a renegade, made me take no more than would carry me to Passau, where I hoped, and was not disappointed, to receive the remittance the committee sent me. I had but one more danger to encounter; the road to Inspruck. That surmounted, I was soon in the noble Switzerland, the refuge for oppressed freemen, and all great unfortunates. The Poles here may really lift their heads; the still unsubdued French patriots make their enemies, even those on thrones, to tremble. I seem to tread in air, and shall be with the committee in two days. I hope the Society increases. Let the tyrants look to it.

Your friend and brother;

L. HERZSTEIN.

P.S. Our first care, since the existence of the Society is discovered, though the members are not, must be plainly to tell the world, and particularly the oppressed orders in it, what are our views and objects; namely, equality of power among nations; of rights among citizens; brotherhood, and universal benevolence among men. And if for these grand and divine objects a few slaves, or wrong-

heads, are to fall, are we to be stopt in the glorious career, by the old women who whine at the fate of Winter?

Upon all this I have much to say. Should the subscriptions allow it, the committee would do well to associate with you, as a sort of under-secretary, some confidential man of ready abilities, to take from you part of the labouring oar, which, may be too much for you. More at meeting. Increase and multiply.

The reading of these letters had, as we have said, an evident and deep effect upon the mind and manner of Count W. He crossed himself, and appeared astounded; not so much, as he afterwards said, at the plans of the Reformers, as at the wicked ingratitude of their chief, and the ineffable effrontery by which he disguised it to himself, under the name of love for the people. Be this as it may, the letters produced the final determination of the Count's mind, how to deal with the important case which had so long occupied him, and he addressed the accused as follows:—

“Baron Rheindorf: it has been my painful duty, for the last hours, to sift a case which might have much affected your liberty and reputation, and possibly your life. I approached it, I fairly confess, with no friendly sentiments, rather I own, speaking as a minister of state, not as a judge, with the hostility which all good subjects must bear to what appeared treason. I will not shock you by saying that I believed you capable of joining this wretched and bloody hypocrite, in taking away the valuable life that has fallen a sacrifice to a most disgusting, as well as atrocious theory. But I did believe you were a member of the dangerous association he had formed, and that you favoured his escape, because you approved his schemes.

“Such, I confess, were my impressions when the case commenced. Such, I am happy to say, they are not now. You have, indeed, not delivered yourself from the imputation of great imprudence, in allowing the escape of such a consummate villain, the real enemy, though pretended friend of mankind. But the facts plead for you: the situation; the time; the helplessness; and the confidence shown, so operative on a youthful mind; added to

your being blinded by his denial of guilt as to Winter—all this tells in estimating the extent of your fault. Above all, the manliness of your refusing to fly ; your confession of former connexion, and your total renunciation of it, from a conviction of its criminality ; these cannot but change whatever unfavourable opinion might formerly have been entertained of your principles.

“ You are totally acquitted of favouring, still more of belonging to this infamous Association ; and the vengeance threatened you is only an additional proof, that your talents, which might have been used for evil, may, as I trust they will, be used for good.

“ May that vengeance be averted from your head by the wisdom of Providence, who may have hitherto allowed the existence of what you yourself own to have been errors, for the better introduction of sounder opinions, never now to be renounced. Need I say that you are discharged ?”

This address seemed to give general satisfaction. The Count very cordially shook Rheindorf by the hand ; Mollendorf, Quatre Tours, and most of the Stadt counsellors did the same, and joined in congratulating him upon the event.

You may be sure friend Becker was not behind-hand ; and Theresa and her parents, who had been sent for as witnesses, jumped for joy.

But who can tell for an hour the dependencies or prospects of this vale of tears ? Who, the inscrutable, unfathomable behests of heaven ?

That Providence which Count W. had implored to protect the head of this ardent and generous young man, had (perhaps that the measure of iniquity might be full), determined to allow wickedness to prosper a while longer. Some of the brethren, who, no doubt, had received their instructions, had been in court the whole time of the examination, and heard Rheindorf's address.

At eight o'clock, in the twilight of the evening, after dining with M. Mollendorf and the Count, the noble, but ill-fated Rheindorf set off on his way to Rosenberg for the night, meaning to reach his venerable schloss in the morning.

In one hour afterwards, his body was found lifeless on the very spot where Winter's had been found a month before.

It was pierced with three wounds : two from bullets, one with a dagger. The latter seems to have been given after life was extinct : for the instrument

fastened a paper to the body, on which was written,
“ So may all enemies to the people perish.”

Here we will, though rather abruptly, close our eventful history : for the reflections that form an appropriate sequel to it may be safely left to our readers themselves.

THE END.

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